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### BOOKS OF THE DAY.

*Reviewed by the Editors: "Verbum Dei," "The Origin, Growth, and Character of the Bible," "Facts and Fictions of Life," "The Works of Henry George, Ten Novels by Stinson Jarvis, "In the Wake of Columbus," and "Mazes and Crosses."—Reviewed by Mrs. H. C. Flower: Lee & Shepard's Holiday Volumes, and "Only a Flock of Women."—Reviewed by C. A. Danby: "Born in the Whirlwind,"—Reviewed by C. Howard: "A New Philosophy"—Other Reviews: "Christ the Creator," "Helpful Words," "Not Angels Quite," "For Every Voice," "Epithets of Heart and Will," etc., etc., etc.*

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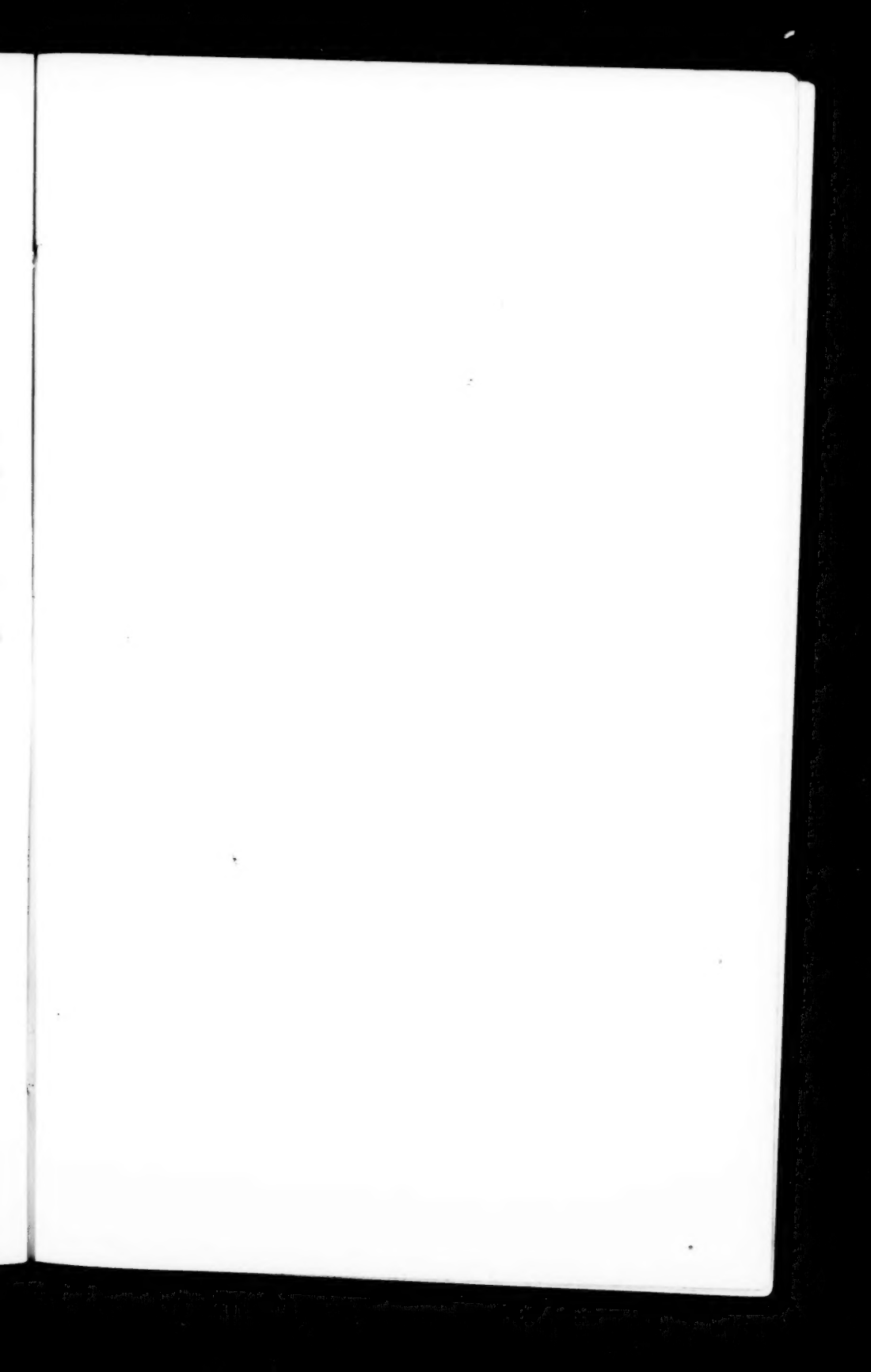
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Franklin  
Stinson Jarvis

# THE ARENA.

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DECEMBER, 1893.

## THE ASCENT OF LIFE: OR PSYCHIC LAWS AND FORCES IN NATURE.

BY STINSON JARVIS.

### I.

ONE truth is apparent, that life, from its lowest to its highest, is a succession of ascents, a succession of grades or plateaux, each one intermingling with its commencing edges in the plane below and with its later or upper edges merged in the plane that is next above it.

To students of natural history, this is already sufficiently clear. The advances from the fish to the amphibian, and from this to the animal, and later on to man, besides others too numerous to mention, all indicate the continuity of the principle of improvement.

The question therefore arises: Is nature to be expected to cease its order and sequence as soon as it has produced the human grade? If man remained exclusively an animal in all his instincts and passions, the necessity for the question would not be so apparent. But when we find in human beings evidences of still higher planes of existence — which alter, control, and eradicate the animal disposition — then we have to consider whether nature will proceed with the same sequence and order which she has exhibited throughout.

What, then, is the next higher plane of life that is found in us side by side with the animal? What is this in us which is neither fish, flesh, nor fowl? Nature keeps every one interested. She has developed her silvery fish, her

myriad iridescent birds and beetles, her monstrous winged lizards, her huge animals, her inquisitive monkeys, and then the student of herself, with a searching brain — a thing that looks for God. The question arises: Is she giving him that which he looks for, or at least the next advance towards what he seeks? We find that no living thing of nature has ever instinctively craved for anything unless it was proper for it to do so; and the fact is suggestive while we seek an answer to the question. There are indications that nature has, for our own world, produced enough of swimming, crawling, flying, leaping things — has dealt sufficiently with materials, and is now allowing man to see, partly, how her processes deal with essences. Wherever there has been life, she has, from the earliest times, dealt with these. But now the indications are that she is passing, with us, to the stages wherein she has less use for cumbersome machinery.

Man's place in nature is therefore at an interesting stage. As he progresses from the physical plane into the next higher grade of existence, it is clear that nature intends to increase continually in beauty and charm as she leads him delightedly on.

Most people, whether educated or not, believe in their possession of souls. This belief is brought home as a truth in many ways. Some seem to hold it on mere hearsay. Others refuse it for equally unsubstantial reasons.

Those who claim that the soul's existence is "not proven" have a right, for themselves, to say so. This means that it has not been proved to them. The agnostic must be taken at his word. When he says he is ignorant in regard to certain questions it must be accepted that he is so. On this question, some people seem to have possessed, from childhood upwards, such a lucidity of intelligence (coupled with natural purity) that they have never doubted their intuitions. But no one can be expected to form his life on other people's intuitions; and the agnostic is, in a way, a general assistance when he refuses to believe in any postulate, the truth of which has neither been realized by his intuitions nor scientifically proved by experiment.

Science has not produced this proof. The reason is clear. So far as it has yet advanced, science is confined by its own methods to the material. It is true that its best thinking has tried to explain thought and memory. But in all its

approaches to the immaterial it has signally failed, and must of necessity fail as long as it is limited to its present methods.

This inability of learned men to assist and affirm nature's best developments by their scientific thought and processes has had results that were both beneficial and disastrous. By producing the mental attrition of the age it has led to enormously valuable results; but, on the other hand, it has been exactly what criminals desired. Although science has not denied some fundamental truths of religions, its agnosticism has given opportunity to low-grade men to jump to the conclusion that no higher world than the animal one existed. The truth is that, with its present apparatus, science has been almost as unequal to proving the higher grades of existence as the criminals themselves were. Further lamentable results followed when the above-mentioned failure divorced many best of men from that which ~~has~~ been formerly a part of their highest happiness.

Science makes sure as it goes. Nothing in the history of the world has been more useful than its inexorable demand for certainty. But there are other methods of gaining certainty besides those which science has hitherto utilized. Circumstantial evidence, when complete, removes doubt quite as thoroughly as direct proof. He who knows of no soul has a right to demand that its existence be proved. But, in the ordinary course of nature, soul (meaning its sympathies and range) is only appreciable by soul. The difficulty has been to make soul appreciable to intellect. This can, to some limited extent, be done. The existence of the soul, and also some of its powers, can be proved with all the certainty which science requires. For the material intellect to understand, when unassisted, the range, sympathies, and peculiarities of a higher plane of nature is not to be expected. It would be like expecting a fish to understand an amphibian. The amphibian, being partly fish, might explain as best he could, but his land experiences must remain a complete blank to the fish, except in the form of almost incredible hearsay.

If, then, soul can be known to soul, why has science not discovered some of the powers of one soul upon another? That some individualities influence others is believed by many, and to be expected by all. But how to place the soul

in position to subject it to scientific examination has been a difficulty. The strangely grotesque visions of the lighter forms of sleep cannot be classified because we do not understand the extent to which the soul, with its marvellous powers for knowing, is being liberated. The vagaries produced by automatic brain sensations during incomplete sleep are evidently of no importance, and merely resemble or reproduce with exaggeration the more prevalent thoughts of waking moments. But there is a depth of sleep at which, when reached, strange things happen. Perhaps all people have had sufficient personal experience of this to provoke inquiry. If, therefore, the deepest of all sleeps can be artificially produced, we then have the human soul in such a condition that at least some of its powers may be scientifically inquired into. It must tell of itself through the mouth of its possessor.

There have already been many investigations into phenomena of this kind. But, except in France, the results have been unsatisfactory. There are at least three grades of mesmeric sleep; and while a patient may converse readily, he may be in one of the less profound degrees of sleep, in which the greatest intelligence is not shown. In the presence of a party of curious and perhaps talkative scientists with whom the patient had no habit of sympathy, he would naturally retain certain degrees of that protective alertness which in the lighter grades of sleep is ready to awake us when anything unusual occurs. This alertness during sleep is present and on watch, with human beings, especially women, and with all animals, especially the more timid, when the faculty has not been obscured by overeating or the like. In experiments such as above mentioned it might, in cases where women are the patients, prove a barrier to the most successful results when sympathies and confidences have not been established.

Any results from experiment which are more instructive than those obtainable in crowded drawingrooms can only be arrived at when the patient has unlimited confidence in the actuator and is entirely willing to trust him with soul, will, and even life itself. In such case the interior protective alertness is dispensed with by the will of the patient. But the slightest timidity, or what is called "nervousness," at the presence of unknown strangers and antipathetic indi-

vidualities, would, I imagine, have its effect. Consequently the actuator may produce a grade of sleep and control thought and remove the appearance of being awake, and yet —end at this. Thus he does not produce in the patient that deeper grade of sleep in which the soul with its wonderful attributes may be inquired into. And this condition cannot be arrived at unless both the body and its immaterial keeper are completely in the power of the actuator.

Space is here devoted to explaining why some scientists have failed to discover in mesmerism as much as has been claimed for it; though it must be remembered that most of the phenomena mentioned in this work have for years been known to the scientists of Paris. An investigation was held at Edinburgh, and the men engaged in it were skilled in scientific and material methods. The class of experiments were of the simplest, such as beginners try, and in their report they in some way attributed what they saw to the effect of "suggestion" on the mind of the patient. Any one who has gone far in mesmeric experiments must regret that these investigations were not more satisfactory.

But what is this process in nature called mesmerism or hypnotism? To say it is the effect of soul upon soul or mind upon mind tells but little. We find it in every condition of human intercourse. In business, in preaching, in the social life, and throughout the animal kingdom it is everywhere present. We are all mesmerizers; though the majorities are better adapted, through comparative weakness of individuality, to be patients rather than performers. Those who are powerful of will and soul rule, in a wordless but thoroughly compelling way. The majorities know their superiors and are ruled.

One paragraph on drawingroom phenomena may be inserted, even though the reader may have witnessed them often. Two people of strong will-power secretly prearrange some simple act for the patient to perform. They then place their hands on the shoulders of a third person who is quite ready to submit to the silent influence. If the two performers concentrate their will-power in coercing the patient towards doing what was prearranged, she will soon move forward as if of her own volition and obey the silent direction. This simple experiment is mentioned because it illustrates the first uses of a power which, if increased, will



produce what appears to be sleep, and all grades of sleep, even to the trance. It is also mentioned because it places before those who know nothing of mesmerism a simple form of it, regarding which all parties can satisfy themselves by trial. And it is of importance that everybody should be convinced of the reality of at least a few effects of will-power, because without some acquaintance with its subtle and silent influences the largest part of human life is inexplicable and chaotic. Julius Cæsar, Bonaparte, Bismarck — no commander of men can be understood without it. The necessity of the knowledge, for personal safety, and in unnumbered other ways, cannot be too strongly urged; and this little drawingroom performance scientifically proves a great truth — that human beings may be coerced into performing an infinite number of acts by the unspoken direction and command of other people's wills.

And if the experiment be carried a stage further, that is to say, after the vibratory sympathies are thus first thoroughly established and the mind of the patient has become entirely submissive and trustful, then the performers, or rather the actuators, may find that they can exercise their wills with the same effects on the patient from a distance.

It will be seen that no attempt is made to explain these things at this stage of the work. Some facts, effects, and results must first be given, and then the reader can see the deductions to be made therefrom.

Such words as "mesmerism" and others are used merely to explain intended meanings to readers. Except for this purpose, they are misapplied. It has been proved that the power here referred to has nothing to do with magnets or magnetizing, which words originated in one of Mesmer's impostures. Yet the word "mesmerism" is used, instead of hypnotism, etc., because it gives more people an idea of what is meant. Unusual words make difficult reading, and the attempt here is to render the subject as clear as possible. So much will be difficult to believe, that to impose an unnecessary tax would be a mistake. Readers are invited to come as fellow searchers into a region which is so trackless and so little reduced to the geography of thought that it is here approached with diffidence and sense of solicitude. It is probable that those who have experienced a lifelong hunger for knowledge will agree that the urgency of our necessities

prevents us from much considering the source of our knowledge so long as knowledge comes. Except as to the facts of the writer's experiments, this work must be understood to be put interrogatively, and solely as an appeal to the reader's sense of the probable. That which leaps into the heart as a truth will there create its own dogma; and this is the only kind of dogma which is desired.

No one regards the teachings of science regarding man, together with his religions, the histories of his developing moralities and the progress of civilization, without being oppressed, at the end of it all, by the sense of how little one knows. Except by the scientists of Paris, hypnotism has been so denounced as a delusion that this chapter must face a great deal of prejudice. All that can be said is that if any one practises the same experiments as here shown he, too, will necessarily have sufficient faith to remove at least his own mountains of prejudice.

It has taken the writer many years to muster sufficient courage to face in public print this overwhelming prejudice. He has not been exceedingly brave over it. Ever since the first discoveries the knowledge has been continually added to—not by further experiments (except in one case), but owing to the fact that an insight into some of the more or less hidden processes of nature explains an extraordinarily large number of human affairs, and has thus assisted in revealing many peculiarities of life which are elsewhere referred to in this work.

Another impediment to earlier publication will be readily understood. The experiments were chiefly impromptu—resulting, usually, from conversation on the subject and the curiosity of the patient leading towards a desire for trial. Excepting the masculine patients, these were ladies of refinement and social position; so that the writer felt unable to produce testimony in support of his own. The inability to give the names of patients might, to outsiders, suggest deception. This, however, has been in part remedied by late correspondence. If satisfied that it is in any way necessary for scientific reasons, one, and perhaps two, who assisted towards the most advanced phenomena will corroborate the statements as to the experiments, over their own signatures. This is mentioned merely to show that, if necessary, further proof can be given.

While understanding this difficulty, the reader will also glean that there is much force in the desire to give the results of these experiments. The extraordinary truths involved in the discoveries have urged an evasion of obstacles which would block progress to the desired end.

The following recital of the author's experiments will be made in the first person. It will sound too egoistic; but to deal with many pages of experiment in any other way would seem strained.

Among my first experiments was that one in which a certain law clerk was the patient. He was of a kind disposition, very honest, and possessing a taste for music. He was writing, one day, about eight feet from me. I sat behind him and partly to one side. The idea came to me to see what could be accomplished without contact. I concentrated my will on making him stop writing. After a good deal of effort on my part he laid his pen down before him and sat looking at the paper. He did it so naturally—as if he were tired writing—that I thought it a mere coincidence. Then I silently ordered him to continue writing. He did so. And then I seesawed him, each way, half a dozen times, until there could be no doubt he was obeying me, though slowly. I afterwards explained what I had been doing, and he was interested.

Subsequently we had a number of different trials. Apparently he never passed into the deepest sleep, though not remaining fully awake. His eyes usually remained partly open, and he seemed to be in one of those half-way conditions such as those to which I have previously referred. In this phase he readily took the impressions of my own mind and could witness any scene I memorized. In one of the upper rooms of the offices we met, by appointment, on Sunday afternoon. Here, when he was under the influence, I would show him various scenes in foreign countries. I took him through Egypt, Syria, Athens, Rome, etc.

As to this patient, I have no means of knowing whether or not he was actually clairvoyant as in the cases of other patients. My method was simply to say, "What do you see?" repeatedly, until he commenced to describe the scene I had fixed my mind on. And yet he often saw more than I saw or was thinking of. For instance, when I was bring-

ing to his view the obelisk in front of St. Peter's, at Rome, he commenced with a description of the great oval arcade of pillars which surrounds the piazza in front of the cathedral. I was struck by this, because I was not thinking of these pillars but only of the obelisk itself. However, my mind may, unconsciously to myself, have taken in the pillars also; just as a spectator *in situ* would while viewing the obelisk almost necessarily include some of these in his view.

It was interesting for both of us. I had a quantity of photographs with me, and when I roused him after each experiment he would run over the pictures until he came to the scene he had witnessed, when he would immediately recognize it and hand it to me. It will be recollected that there were no words used on my part except my one question, "What do you see?"

In early boyhood I was much taxed by that biblical story of Christ being taken to an exceeding high mountain by the devil and being shown all the kingdoms of the earth. But now I found that I could do something similar myself. My patients were almost as pleased as if I had taken them bodily to the foreign scenes. I devised the experiments with the photographs in order to provide a certain amount of proof of what the patient saw; because, until then, I could not be sure that he was not describing scenes in words that my own concentration in some way forced. His recognition, afterwards, of the photographs cleared any doubt on this point; though, as to this particular patient, I am not prepared to say that he witnessed anything more than was in my own mind. He may not have been in a sufficiently deep sleep to be what is called clairvoyant, but perhaps merely in that condition in which minds can be read. The phase was evidently similar to that exhibited by the widely known and proved experiments of Mr. Stuart Cumberland, who possessed the faculty of putting himself, while awake, into a condition in which he discerned the whereabouts of an object upon which a spectator fixed his mind.

But whether the clerk was or was not clairvoyant (in ways subsequently described), matters little for this experiment. That is to say, whether he saw the actual scenes or whether he saw them only in my memory, a marvellous fact is disclosed — namely, that there is a power within us which is capable of knowing not only the wishes of others but

also of viewing any scene which is in the actuator's mind ; also, that this power is capable of establishing a mental correspondence between human beings in which words are unnecessary.

Now the reader will see, after a moment's thought, that the necessary outcomes of this extraordinary fact are infinite. It proves what materialists refuse to believe, namely, that we have within us a faculty for acquiring intelligence from without. I cannot give names to these existences, because to me they seem unnamable ; but, for want of better language, it may be said that the soul or mind of one person can be invaded by other souls or minds, and be taught and uplifted in a way that really enforces a teaching and elevation beyond the patient's power of resistance. The assistance and confirmation which religion may gain from similar proofs is immeasurable ; and it explains, among many other things, how we always feel uplifted and strengthened when in the society of the best of human beings.

The fact must be emphasized that any man of some will power and concentration can, with a suitable patient, arrive at the same results. To give any one the idea that the powers described were peculiar to myself would do much to nullify the effect of my work. Readers will sympathize with the desire to publish the phenomena without incurring the imputation of being, or pretending to be, peculiar. When an experimenter of the above kind shows a suitable patient "all the kingdoms of the earth," it is not necessary for him to be the devil — but merely acquainted with some powers which all men possess, though ignorantly.

This power in men which is capable of influencing others without bodily contact and without their knowledge of it, and which possesses the abilities here described, is a purely natural existence. That is to say, with every human being it is just as much part of himself as his foot is.

If one wishes to understand life as it is, and also the deductions which follow from the showings of mesmerism, one must keep the last-mentioned fact in view. Without the teachings of mesmerism, human existence is almost a chaos. With this knowledge, and the extensions of it, all life becomes one marvellous uniformity. Before the reader has completed the perusal of this work he will see that the principles of nature here dealt with are not confined to

human life,—but that they exist in all grades which are lower than the human one, and that their promise is that they will continue on in similar unbroken sequence of development until after LIFE has ceased to be regarded chiefly with reference to its humanness. For, in the consideration of LIFE as a whole, it will be gleaned that its human hour is but a stage in its development.

*Par parenthese*, a word must be inserted here to remove any impression, which the second-above paragraph might give, that this work is produced from a materialistic standpoint. It will be quite clear before the last page is reached that this is not the case. Yet first impressions are lasting; and I do not wish the reader, whether he be religious or materialistic, to become prejudiced as we go along, but to leave his opinions in abeyance. Opinions prove nothing—facts are what we need. In our present development there is no religion without some materialism, and it may be guessed that there are few materialists without some religion. Similarly, in this work there is as much materialism as nature insists upon, but also as much spiritism as nature may be proved to contain.

On the other hand, materialists must not say, "Oh, if he's going to talk about spirit life, that ends my reading!" Unprejudiced students of human nature (if there are any) have no doubt been intensely materialistic at some times, and at other times have believed in the spiritualities. This is natural, and for the sake of knowledge to be deplored. Without the necessary materialism, wrong religion may grow wild. Without religion, materialism may grow brutal. Both, unless intermingled, have sometimes run to the absurd. As to the word "spirit," which I have been unwilling to use at this stage of this work, I will say, that if my materialist friends can explain my experiments, or their own similar ones, without a belief in the human spirit, then this word may be removed from our mental vocabularies forever.

I do not here relate the experiments in the order in which they came to me, but rather in the sequence which, proceeding by degrees, will least tax the credulity of the reader. Doubtless some of the minor ones have been forgotten, and as to the more important, I will only mention one or two of each class, because one perfect proof is as convincing (if belief be at all accorded), as many wearisome repetitions.



A large number of minor matters were tested, which went no further towards proof of the existence of soul than the abilities of the law clerk as above described. For instance, one patient was peculiarly quick at naming and describing objects which I had closed in boxes, jars, or other receptacles which may be found in drawingrooms. When the patients were in the deep sleep they sat up in the same attitude in which they had been conversing, though sometimes they rested partly against the back of their chairs. During the experiments, when they were intently searching with their interior faculties, the head was always inclined somewhat forward, as people generally sit during mental effort.

The attitude was nearly always that of a person trying to read a book that is held at a distance. Generally the eyes were lightly closed, or half closed; but sometimes, when all will-force was being applied to compel towards the search for something difficult to find, the eyes would open in a wide, unseeing way. At these times they focused on nothing in the room. There was no intelligence in them, and of course no sight, for the body was so bereft of sensation during the trance-like condition that I have no doubt it could have been cut to pieces without pain to the patient.

The appearance of the wide eyes was inclined to be slightly alarming at first. Yet there was no resemblance to insanity in their appearance. They were simply a blank; and perhaps only opened because the eye muscles obeyed the command to "look and see." Then sometimes the face would strain forward slightly, the eyebrows pucker, and the eyes open blindly—all, no doubt, as part of the bodily habit of the effort to see. Any stranger coming into the room could not have known, except by the eyes, that the patient's condition was peculiar. If his entry did not disturb the condition (and I do not know what the effect of this would be) he would have found them conversing in an ordinary tone of voice, sometimes a little wearily, as if they were tired of their own effort; and at other times with interest in what they saw, and with a rapid precision of speech and a wealth of detail which could leave no doubt that they actually saw what they described. It was as if one person standing in a room explained to a blind man that which was going on in the street outside—with this difference, that the patient, besides seeing all the details of



motions and costumes, etc., could know also the thoughts of the people she was describing. But when I write this last sentence I am getting on too fast.

Of course we soon tired of all the experiments with secreted articles. Anything I picked up in the drawingroom and secreted in books, boxes, or jars would be described—sometimes so instantaneously that I could almost believe that the patient had watched what I was doing and was playing a trick. The patient I now speak of sometimes went into the deepest of sleeps in a moment—certainly in less than four seconds, possibly in less than two—when she was anxious for a successful experiment. Very often I could not believe that she had passed into the trance.

Marvellous as they are, we soon thought very little of these minor experiments, because the patient might be simply reading my own knowledge concerning the secreted articles. She, however, denied that this was so, and claimed that she saw into the box. No doubt this was correct, for she described more than I knew—for instance, the position of the object in the box, which, after I had shaken it, I did not know. I wished to devise some way to test her sight as to the appearance of an object I was unacquainted with.

I will relate only one experiment of the following class. To me it was a great triumph; for it proved that she did not acquire her knowledge by reading my mind. In the city I saw a friend handling some coins. I asked him to lend me an old one with its date still clear, and to hand it to me wrapped in paper so that I could not know the date. He did so, and on that day I called on the patient and told her what I proposed to do. She saw the importance of the idea. I laid the coin, still wrapped in its paper, on a table apart from both of us. She was so interested that when I turned and said, "Now go off and tell me the date," she replied almost instantaneously. Yet in that moment she had passed into a deep sleep. I think her reply was "Seventeen ninety-five." I thought she was merely guessing, and was still awake; because she replied as soon as I spoke my direction. But I had to command her waking before she resumed the normal state again. Then I unwrapped the paper, which I wished her to see me do. As I did so, her interest in the experiment seemed very slight. She knew—she took it for granted, that her reply

had been right. She knew she had seen the coin. Before an experiment she often doubted her powers. After an experiment, and while still partly sleepy, she evidently took it for granted that the power within her could not go wrong. The date on the coin was the one she stated. After the lapse of so many years I cannot be certain of the date that was on that particular coin. I think it was 1795, but this is immaterial—whatever it was, she told it right.

This was a simple experiment, but it was the first one which could be connected in no way with my own knowledge. It was my first absolute proof to myself of the existence of a soul. I should mention that this proof, which to me had such unlimited meaning, and which in its method was so scientific and conclusive, was taken by the patient as a matter of course. She seemed to experience no surprise. With her, in her extreme purity and refinement, the reliance on soul intuitions seemed to be an every-day occurrence; though apparently she thought no more of it than I would of taking an umbrella with me when the atmosphere promised rain. For instance, several times when I was proceeding towards her home to make an unexpected call I have met her on the way. When I spoke of the meeting being lucky, she saw no element of chance about it. She would say, "I knew you were coming, so I put on my hat to come out and meet you."

"But how did you know?" I would ask.

"I cannot explain. It came to me that you were just crossing —— Square, and that you were coming to call. So here I am. I knew just because I knew!"

Now these last words, which thousands of men have heard from thousands of women, contain the truth of the soul knowledge. She "knew just because she knew." This is the kind of statement that science abominates, and which makes men look blankly interrogative, and which women appreciate. Unless their animal nature has been built up till their souls are, as it were, walled in, women use their soul knowledge more frequently than they use their teeth for eating. It is so simple, so correct, so entirely independent of education; it makes so many who are called common women so beautiful.

But this is a wide subject. Let us return before it lures us too far from the straight line of our task.

There were many interesting mind voyages taken, and described in minute detail, by my patients; but as I could not afterward prove what people were doing—say, in Europe, at a certain hour—I do not set out these here because I could not verify them. Yet although these are useless for the purposes of this treatise (being without proof), I may mention one or two, merely to show the methods I adopted and the oddness of the results.

When I wished to ask regarding any friend who was travelling in Europe I would first send the patient to the sleep. To do this I never used “passes,” having regarded them as a foolish survival of Mesmer’s charlatanries; although they may perhaps assist in rendering the mind of a patient submissive, by giving him the idea of force being exerted. I simply sat quiet and “willed” the patient to perform some little action, such as to open or shut the eyes, or turn the head sideways. If I could not soon procure obedience, I ceased trying, because the continued strain tired me. Sometimes the patient, without obeying as to the shutting of the eyes, would pass into the sleep first. But let us take the one I am now thinking of and suppose, as in her case, that she had gone into the sleep immediately. I describe the search for one person, then in Europe—an old friend.

I would say, repeatedly, “Do you see her? Where is she? Look for her!”

Then the patient would perhaps lean forward with a searching look on her face and say slowly, “I can’t see her. I can’t see her anywhere!”

“But you must see her. You must. Look for her!”  
(Pause.)

“No! I see faces—multitudes of faces, and strange shapes—but not her! What strange shapes!—all misty!”

“Well, for whom are you looking?”

“Why, for Dorothea Brooke, of course. She is the one you wish me to see.”

(The patient would always name the right person, though his or her name had not been mentioned or referred to.)

Then, after a while, and after much effort, she would see the person sought for, and say: “Oh, yes! now I see her. She is sitting in the window of a large house. It is a hotel, I think. There is an awning outside the window. She is looking down into the street below. Such an odd town!—

houses so queerly built! There's a long, narrow street below. And I suppose those are cab-drivers, aren't they? What wretched horses they have!"

"And what is Dorothea thinking of?"

"She is thinking about whether she will go out for a walk, and about a new cloak she has. Oh, there is her mother!" (The patient had not, if I recollect rightly, ever seen "Dorothea's" mother; but she described her as accurately as if she saw her in the ordinary way.)

"Her mother is talking to her about going out for the walk. Now her mother is moving away from her. She has gone into another room."

The whole scene would, in the way this recital indicates, be described calmly, and with interest, if anything interesting was to be seen, and with amusement if the people said anything funny. Sometimes I could make a guess at the city, by the way it was said to be built, or otherwise.

My patients had some European and oriental travel at exceedingly small expense, though as to the whereabouts of acquaintances in those regions I was never able to verify. The intentness of the patient on the scene and her vivid description did much to suggest that she saw all she described. As to picturing my acquaintances whom she had not before seen she never made a mistake. In one case it took a long time to find a certain man. But, when found, her confidence was absolute. "He is on a railway train," she said. "The train is now going over a bridge." She then described the progress of the train, and what it was passing, with as much calm and uninterested certainty as could be found in any brakeman on board the train. I only half proved this case, so I will not mention it further. My friend was travelling between Chicago and New York about that time, but could not remember the exact day.

As I have said before, I gave up these experiments years ago, for a number of reasons; chiefly because I thought it was the exercise of an undue power, partly because I never could be entirely certain that in every case it was safe for the mind of the patient, and partly because I had proved all I could think of. So, to take the teachings in their order of advance, but not in their order of time, I pass now to my latest experiment, which took place two years ago, and will then return to the earlier ones.

In June, 1891, I was rather anxious about a friend who at that time was living in one of the most remote of the United States. The distance was, I think, between two and three thousand miles. But distance makes no difference for these experiments. I was sitting talking to a clever woman one evening, and, as the conversation swung around to some point that suggested the idea, I asked her if she would tell me how my friend was. I explained, and she consented readily. I did not think she would prove a satisfactory patient, because she possessed so much personal force and individuality; but she contributed, by her own will, towards submission. It was the first and only time I ever mesmerized her, and the results were astonishing—even to me.

It took her a long time, after passing into the sleep, to find the friend; and then the same certainty, as before described, reigned. She seemed to first approach the house over the town, because the locality struck her as being an unpleasant place to live in, and she described it. Then her account of what she saw was like this:—

"She is sitting at a table writing a letter. It's to you, I think. Wait!—yes!—it's to you! I can see over her shoulder. It is addressed to you. She has her back to me. I am at the window. Such a wind blowing through the room! Oh, my, such a wind! It is blowing her dress, and making the light almost go out. Now she hears her sister coming in. Oh, what a bright, clever face that sister has! So bright and full of fun. She is telling a joke—wait!" Here the patient stopped and laughed quite heartily. She had never seen the sister, but described her most accurately. At the time, no recollection of the sister was with me, and in any case my mind was merely receptive. I simply sat and listened—not having to ask any questions, for the patient's usual eloquence and curiosity were with her as much as ever, and she missed nothing, apparently.

"Oh, I do like that sister!" she continued. "Very tall, isn't she? Not pretty—at least not very so—but a nice, good, humorous face—so clever! Now they are both laughing together."

The patient described it all fully, and then grew weary and said her head ached. Other patients have also spoken of their "heads growing tired," when the trance is prolonged. I always woke them and ended the trial when they

said this. I did not know what this headache might mean, and I wished to be on the safe side. I was working, at these times, in a trackless region—feeling confident of myself and of the patients as long as they did everything happily; but when their pleasure in witnessing the strange scenes began to end, I always woke them up. I told this patient to remember all she saw, because unless this is done they forget when they awake what they have seen. She was in the deepest of sleeps, and as I did not hurry her waking, it took her some time to do so. At first she had no remembrance of what she had seen; but gradually I suggested parts of her vision to her, and then she recalled the whole of it distinctly.

This experiment is not put forward because it contains proof, because it does not. It is mentioned in this place because it leads up in some ways to the final and conclusive proofs. The reader will understand that, beyond writing one letter in this case asking questions to verify, I really cared very little for verification, because at that time I knew from the proved experiments and from the demeanor of the patient that she could be making no mistake. When a patient is not to be relied on, her own doubt, as shown in her answers, will be apparent. But when she is in the deepest sleep, and finds the person searched for, there is an intense vividness and lucidity about all she describes which I think could leave no doubt in the mind of any observer.

I have thrown the explanations of methods used and appearances produced, etc., into previous experiments, so as to leave the conclusive proofs short and unsurrounded by the verbiage which may distract attention from the main point. I give only two of these. They were very simple, but they left me without any desire for further proof.

It may be that both the experiments I now relate were on the same day. I remember that they were both on the afternoon of Sunday, which day was usually chosen because I was at leisure. I preferred the daytime for these experiments. In the first of them I asked a patient as to what a certain friend of mine was doing who lived with another friend. These two usually took a walk on Sunday afternoon, and I expected to have them both described as passing along some country road. But the patient said, when she found him : —



"He is reclining on a sofa, smoking a pipe, in a room, and talking to ——."

I knew by her accurate mention of all the furniture that she was describing their private sitting-room. These two men were great friends, and the patient was evidently amused at the expression of their faces, or what they said.

As in other cases, the conversation was not repeated fully, though evidently heard. On such occasions, the amusement of the patients indicated this; though in their desire to tell things in their own way, they did not usually repeat the phrases which for the moment provoked a smile. At such times the patients apparently did not realize the importance of repeating the words heard. It was exactly the same as if they looked through the window and did not think the talk worth repeating. A silence sometimes ensued while the patients listened. The reader may imagine how strange it seemed to me to watch the patients, in all such cases as this, listening to conversations that were being held, sometimes two miles, sometimes several thousand miles away.

On the evening of the same day I called on one of these men, and found that they had not taken their walk, but had remained in the sitting-room as mentioned. They had also worn the coats described. Their positions in the room were also as depicted—one of my friends in an armchair, and the other reclining on the sofa, smoking a pipe. The interior of the apartment had never been seen by the patient.

The single experiment which I shall now give is as conclusive as if I gave many. They could be easily multiplied so as to produce weariness. On that day I had dined with my parents. At dinner, after church, I heard my father say that a certain banker would call for him at three o'clock to take a walk; so that, later in the afternoon, perhaps about four o'clock, I felt sure that he would be described in the experiment as walking with this banker along some street or country road. However, this was not so. When the patient found him there was no doubt in her tone:—

"He is sitting in a large armchair, asleep. The chair is a reddish one."

"Can you see anything more to describe?"

"No, nothing, except that there is a newspaper lying across his knee."



This seemed to be all there was to ask, so I inquired about my mother. When she was found the patient said:—

"She is standing at a long window which reaches almost to the floor. Outside, there is a veranda and trees growing. She is looking through the trees."

"And of what is she thinking?"

It took some time to force an answer to this, for the patient asserted that she could not tell. But finally she issued the answer with haste:—

"She is thinking of Harry."

Now, Harry was a young uncle of mine whom the patient had never seen. Very likely I had mentioned him before, but beyond that she knew nothing of him. He had died within two months of that time, and the mention of his name almost startled me, for he had been a lifelong friend. I ceased the experiment, and inquired as soon as possible of my mother.

I discovered that Mr. Y——, the banker, had not called, and that my father had slept all the afternoon in a large crimson armchair which was his favorite. In answer to my further question, my mother said:—

"Yes, he was reading a newspaper as he fell asleep, and I remember that it rested on his knee during the time he slept."

She also remembered standing, about the time mentioned, at one of the front French windows (in which case she would be facing trees) and thinking over the lawsuit which at that time was causing trouble in reference to her brother's will.

It was no slight matter with me to find that I had proved beyond the possibility of doubt the existence of a soul.

Since about that time there have been no more experiments—except the one in New York in 1891. I have not since thought of any methods which could be more conclusive or more entirely scientific. There could be none. Perhaps I cannot expect that all strangers will believe. If any are incredulous it is to their loss. To all such I say, "Go and do as I have done, and then disbelief will be impossible." Nature has, happily, given no man a monopoly. Every one who possesses earnestness of purpose and self-control can prove these things for himself, with a suitable patient. Yet I am far from suggesting that every one

should try. There are times when fright or loss of self-control in the actuator might (as I imagine) have disastrous results on the patient, whose soul, whose whole existence, is delivered into his keeping. This is the opinion of the French school, and it is probably correct. Unless a man be confident in his own interior calm, even in the presence of shock and surprise, I think he should not try. Still further am I from suggesting that any should consent to be patients, unless the intuitions tell them that the actuator will prove sufficient and be honorable. It must be remembered that the patient, when under full control, has no will but that of the actuator.

The next question which arises is this: Is the soul, when acquiring knowledge at a distance, projected through space by the will of the actuator? Or is it a faculty unexplained, for "knowing simply because it knows," similar to that which we were taught to regard as the omniscience possessed by the Deity? In other words: Does the faculty travel, or is it continuously resident in the patient? Some results of my experiments seem to answer affirmatively to the first question, and others to the latter. The abilities suggested in the second question would, if present, dispense with those referred to in the first. There were several peculiarities which suggested that the seeing quality travelled. For instance, when great distances were required to be overcome there was always a delay of one, two, three, or perhaps more, minutes, during which the patient would be apparently making effort of her own. During these times she would converse in a contemplative sort of way: "No, I don't see him [or her]. I can only see faces, strange faces, many of them—strange shapes intermingling." At this period of search the patient often expressed her doubt and inability. Then, suddenly, she would say, "Oh, yes, now I see her." And from that moment all doubt ended, and the person searched for was described with certainty, rapidity, and precision.

This seemed to indicate a period of flight, whereas in telling the date of the unknown coin which was close at hand, the answer was instantaneous. Again, in the New York experiment mentioned on page 17, the seeing quality of patient apparently passed over the town in the distant state before entering the house where the person searched for

resided. She paused, evidently curious, and remarked in the most matter-of-fact way as to the streets and their general desolation. Her explanations as to her own position in the room were the same during her vision as they were after I waked her, when we talked it over. The patients always spoke as if they were actually present in the body at the distant scene.

The New York patient made this clear. She explained, during the vision, and also afterwards, to this effect: "I was at the window, standing behind her [the person searched for]. I did not see her face—at least only a part of it—though of course I knew her by her figure and by her voice when she spoke to the sister. I could see the address on the letter over her shoulder, or around her arm."

The patient considered that she was present in her own person, and that she occupied a certain spot in the room while she watched. This opposes the idea that the seeing quality is a resident one, which might be expected to view all sides of the person searched for. The fact that she always said, "*I stood there,*" and "*I see the sister,*" etc., suggests that the individuality, that is to say the soul-ego, of the patient did the work. There was no exception as to this in any experiments.

These peculiarities, which lead to much delusion, are dealt with in the next chapter.

As to the ability of a customary patient to resist the influence: this, I fancy, depends on many things—on the varying will strength of the actuator, on the extent of the patient's susceptibility and habit of submission, etc. In one case a patient came as far as the door of the room where I was, and then laughingly defied me to make her come in. I stood against the opposite wall and did my best. She derided my efforts and vowed antagonism. The combat lasted a long time, certainly for half an hour, and just when I was thoroughly exhausted, I saw her face lose expression, and she turned and went away. I thought she had won the struggle, but I walked after her and found her, three rooms off, lying on a sofa, in the heaviest mesmeric sleep. It was like the trance of the East Indian fakirs, and, while not hurrying, it took perhaps five minutes to effect the awakening. It was to this patient that I succeeded in conveying my commands from a distance. When she did not

know I was in the house I have brought her into my presence by will power. Then I would ask her why she came. She has replied, "I was at my sewing [or other occupation], and suddenly I felt that you were here and wished me to come." This occurred two or three times. On other occasions, though, the attempt failed. Unless the patient was at some occupation like sewing, which leaves the mind almost a blank and readily susceptible to impression, the effort did not succeed.

Before concluding this chapter I must relate a case with which I had nothing to do except as spectator. The particulars of it would no doubt be corroborated, if necessary, by my mother, my sister, and my brother-in-law. I do not bring it forward in proof of anything set out in this book, because I object to mentioning the work of professional clairvoyants. In the meantime the reader will not object to hearing an account which may be amply authenticated.

My mother's sister, who then lived in Chicago, was rather fond at one time of consulting clairvoyantes. When my aunt visited us, somewhere about 1877, she said her clairvoyante in Chicago could tell the fate of one of my brother-in-law's vessels, which was then three months overdue on a return voyage from some South American port. When she returned home she consulted the woman, and I was present when my mother read the report as to the vessel, contained in aunt's letter. I can almost give it in the words I then heard: "The vessel is not lost. The delay has been occasioned by an accident. When in shallow water, the ship struck her keel against the bottom and received an injury. However, she is all safe, and has arrived in port, but will have to go into dry dock for repairs."

My brother-in-law, the owner of the "Edward Blake," was present at the reading of the letter. I saw him growing intensely interested. When it was finished he drew from his pocket a letter which he had that morning received from the captain of his ship, giving precisely the same information. His letter was from Glasgow. When seeking shelter in some obscure South American harbor, the "Edward Blake" had struck the bar. The captain had for a long time been afraid to proceed on the voyage because he could not tell the extent of the damage. The letter went on to

say that the vessel was just going into dry dock for repairs.

I have tested the work of professional clairvoyantes. It is always unreliable, but not always incorrect. Some have a faculty for putting themselves, at will, into a condition of light sleep. It is not the deep, almost fathomless sleep which sets free the soul in the way I have described. But it deadens the influences of the body to some extent, and thus gives the interior faculties a better chance to become cognizant of truth than in the more waking state. There is nothing peculiar about this. Thousands of women, in all ages, have been reported to possess "second sight." It is merely an ability to partly remove the effects produced by the body and its sensations in "walling in" the soul. If these people could remove the bodily wall sufficiently they would arrive at absolute truth.

The truest saying ever known has not been generally known in the whole of its truth, namely, that "Truth lies at the bottom of the well." It comes to us through the old Arabic, and doubtless had its origin in the ancient oriental occultisms. Absolute knowledge lies at the bottom of the well of the human being—that is to say, in this soul's correspondence with the all-knowledge. Remove its enclouding envelope and it knows with certainty. Because clairvoyantes, mind readers, second-sight people, etc., only commence in a small degree to do this, their "revelations" are not more reliable than those in the lighter kind of dreams. Besides this they are, when in this condition, very susceptible to impressions that are prominent in the mind of the person who inquires. For instance, people who are crazed with jealousy rush off to a clairvoyante, and seldom fail to get some further conviction as to the correctness of their absorbing idea. Clairvoyance is an unquestionable fact. It is entirely a question of the depth of the sleep. In the deepest and most complete trance of mesmerism, when all bodily sensation is dead, the soul, with its unexplained completeness of knowledge, is set free. And in any of the approaches to this deepest sleep the interior faculties are more or less freed. Clairvoyantes, if honest, have a perfect right to make their money as they do—only this, that no one should ever rely on them. The one who told about the "Edward Blake" was doubtless in a deep sleep. She

honestly earned her five dollars. But with the next patron she might be almost awake, and then her answers would be most likely useless and full of absurdities.

People say these things are too marvellous to be believed. Not at all! In the study of the soul they cease to be marvels—at least, the surprise of them ceases. Probably every one has composed music and uttered lines of poetry in sleep. When I have been anxious about important law cases it has been said that my addresses to imaginary juries and judges were more rapidly delivered in my sleep than they were in court. This accorded with what I recollected of my dreams. Of course everybody is in similar case. The interior faculties are liberated by the sleep of the body. All these small matters point in but one way. They tell some people more than is dreamt of in their philosophy. The real wonder is that any one should doubt.

But it is in their application to the understanding of LIFE that the knowledges are useful.



## THE AIMS AND METHODS OF THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

BY W. SANDAY, A. M., D.D., LL. D.

THE "higher criticism" is in some respects an unfortunate term. Strictly speaking, it is opposed to the "lower criticism" in the sense that while the one deals with the smaller questions of text and the genuineness or otherwise of words and sentences, the other deals with the larger questions of the authorship, integrity, and historical character of whole books or parts of books. To this use of the terms no exception need be taken. But associations are apt to gather round words which were not intended by those who first used them, and thus it has come about that the term "higher criticism" is frequently employed, by both friends and foes, not as relating to the subject matter of the criticism, but to the way in which it is handled, and as if it meant criticism of a superior kind wielded by superior persons.

This use of the term ought to be rigorously suppressed. It is equally bad for all concerned. It is bad for the critic himself, because it is apt to foster a spirit of self-complacency, to which even without encouragement he may have some temptations. And it is bad for the general public, which naturally resents pretensions of this kind and conceives a prejudice against those who, rightly or wrongly, are supposed to entertain them.

The true temper for the critic should be the very opposite of that which has just been described. He should wear, metaphorically, a hair-shirt next his skin. He should constantly remind himself that he has to deal with sacred things, and that he will have to deal with them by methods which were not in the first instance fashioned for things sacred. He will have to be on his guard against himself so as not to let any of the subtler forms of self-seeking or self-assertion spoil his work by giving it an unconscious bias. His task will often be a delicate and difficult one. To hold the balance even between complete candor and complete reverence,



to show at once a proper tenderness to the consciences of others and a proper loyalty to one's own conscience, will often tax the critic's lightness and firmness of hand to the fullest extent which they will bear. He will have to reconcile very different requirements to the outer world; and in order that he may do so, he must first have thought out the reconciliation in his own mind.

A task like this is not to be undertaken lightly. And the first question which it is natural for us to ask is, Why it should be undertaken. In other words, What reward has criticism to offer, either to the critic himself or to those who listen to him, commensurate to the risks which he and they alike run, and to the difficulties which they will have to encounter? The one reward which criticism offers, the one object which it proposes to itself, is the *better understanding of the Bible, and along with it the more vital apprehension of that which the Bible enshrines*. Not that we are to confuse criticism with exegesis. Criticism (the higher and the lower together) is not exegesis, but the indispensable preliminary to it. Criticism lays down the conditions under which exegesis works, and marks out the lines upon which it is to be conducted. How does it do this? We are speaking for the moment of the higher criticism. And we reply that the higher criticism prepares the way for exegesis chiefly through the application of the *historical method*. The use of this method is to place the reader of a book as far as possible at the side of the writer, to enable him to approach the study of it with a full apprehension of the circumstances under which it was written, and to see the relation of its contents to those circumstances. The movement of history is a living movement. The development of God's purpose in the world is a process of growth and of life; so that rightly to understand it, we need to be placed, so to speak, in the current of the life, to feel the vital forces as they arise, and to see them as they expand and express themselves in outward manifestation.

Before we can do this for any book, we must know who was its author, and when and where it was written. This is the main group of questions with which the higher criticism deals. But along with them it necessarily takes up others. All parts of the book may not have the same author, and therefore one question which has to be discussed is that

of integrity—how far the book was from the first a complete whole as it has come down to us. Again, included within the question of when and where would be the further questions, For what readers? On what occasion? With what motives and with what result? And lastly, to crown all, there is the question of permanent value—in the case of a historical work its character as history, in the case of a doctrinal work its place in the history of doctrine. We are getting here on to somewhat higher ground, which hardly comes under the head of criticism. But criticism must at least supply some and check others of the data by which it is determined.

Into some such heads as this the higher criticism (so called) of a book may be resolved. They represent the different aspects in which the book as a whole is envisaged. I have stated them in general terms, because the higher criticism was applied to other books before it was applied to the Bible, and it has been the experience derived from this earlier use which has suggested and defined the methods employed in connection with the Bible.

Was this extension of them legitimate? Whether legitimate or not, I think we may be sure that it was inevitable. If it was not carried out by friends, it was sure to be carried out by foes. As a matter of fact, both have had a hand in it; but the friends have learned that it was not wise on their part to hold aloof, and that the only way in which the enemy can be effectively met is with his own weapons. Apart from this, however, I think we may say that the extension was really legitimate on all grounds which determine legitimacy, both as being in accordance with precedents set by acknowledged authority in the past, and as judged by result in the present.

We are apt to forget that the early church had its *δόκιμοι τραπεζίται*—"approved money-changers," or bankers whose business it was to discriminate the counterfeit from the genuine—as well as that of our own day. The letter of Julius Africanus to Origen on the Septuagint additions to the Book of Daniel, and Origen's reply to it, were specimens of the higher criticism precisely similar in kind to those which we see now. In like manner the discussions which we get in Clement of Alexandria and Origen about the Epistle to the Hebrews, and the famous criticism of the

Apocalypse by Dionysius of Alexandria, have served as models to the scholars of our own time. The points raised may have been worked out in fuller detail, more comprehensively and systematically, but the main lines of the criticism of these books were traced more than sixteen hundred years ago.

And then, if we turn to judgment by results, is it not certain that the higher criticism has been justified, in principle at least if not in all its details? I confess that I am not fond of a phrase which we hear, as I think, a little too often — “the results of criticism.” Criticism is a process, a great and far-reaching process, which is going on in full swing all around us, and I do not think that we ought to be in a hurry to estimate its “results.” The results when they come will be far more solid and assured if we take our time about them, and set to work to obtain them in a large and comprehensive way. “Results” are nothing unless they are assimilated. And whatever they may be on the continent of Europe, especially in Germany, thoroughly critical methods as applied to the Bible are a comparatively new thing to the English-speaking peoples.

I would therefore deprecate hasty pronouncements, particularly in reference to the more outlying *dicta* of current critical opinion. But there are some things which we may regard as really established. It has been proved in principle that the Jewish traditions respecting the sacred books are not wholly trustworthy. I do not say that they are wholly untrustworthy — that is another matter, but that they are not in a class by themselves, apart from all other traditions; that they are mixed in their character — sometimes good, sometimes bad, sometimes doubtful — just like other traditions; and that they require to be carefully sifted before it can be ascertained which hold good and which do not.

Of course where a large inquiry like this which we call the higher criticism of the Bible is going on, there will be all sorts of shades and degrees of reason and unreason, of success and failure, among those who are concerned in it. No doubt very many of the propositions which are put forward are highly tentative. Still it must be maintained that there are others which have really been made good, and that on the whole there has been a steady advance. There is enough upon which we can look back as verified to give a

strong assurance that more which is at present in the tentative stage will one day receive verification. Critical methods have been in use now for something like a hundred years. All this time they have been gradually improved and tested; and, although they may be still some way from perfection, they are much too firmly established to be thrown over altogether.

On the intellectual side it may be taken as certain that criticism has led and is leading to a real gain in truth. We may expect to see its extravagances one by one stripped away, and the whole reduced by degrees to a firm and compact structure. The consummation may not be reached in our day, though it may be hoped that some of the present generation may live to see it. But the question which is most earnestly asked does not relate to this purely intellectual and scientific side of things. Can we give a like reply when it is asked, What has been the effect of this higher criticism upon religion?

I do not doubt, for myself, that here, too, it has had a good effect. If it has really, as we claim that it has, contributed to a better understanding of the Bible, that alone must surely be a gain. To be enabled to see the heroes of the Bible as they really were, to understand the times in which they lived and the great spiritual forces which they set in motion, must needs be helpful. The old understanding of the Bible was apt to be mechanical. It was apt to consist in the application of proof-texts detached from their context and hardened into dogmas. The new understanding brings the reader of the Bible into living contact with inspired men, and with the unfolding of great principles. It sets before him the kingdom of God as divinely founded and conducted to that spot of space and time on which he himself stands. To feel that one is oneself a part in all this grand movement, to feel that the same God Whose hand is so visible in the history of His ancient people of Israel is now guiding us to the yet further accomplishment of His purpose, cannot fail to be at once stimulating and elevating, humbling and encouraging. It cannot fail to move at once to wonder and to gratitude; in other words, it cannot fail to touch the deepest springs of religion.

But does the critical process really leave the hand of God as present in the Bible as it was? Is it equally consistent

with a firm belief in the divine operation? Or does it explain that operation away until it becomes something so vague and general as hardly to have any true significance at all? We are approaching the point at which the higher criticism has excited the gravest suspicions — suspicions for which it must be confessed that the exponents of that criticism, or at least some of them, are themselves largely responsible. It is now time that the relation of the higher criticism to this question was placed on a frank and clear footing. If it has not been so hitherto, the fault has been rather intellectual than moral. A certain confusion of the issues was perhaps inseparable from the early stages of so large and so complicated an inquiry. And it was only natural if some of those who were engaged upon it allowed their views on other than strictly critical matters to mingle with their criticism.

It ought, however, I think, now to be distinctly understood that the higher criticism of the Bible as such makes no assumptions of a philosophical or theological character, and certainly none which interfere with a full belief in a real objective inspiration of the books to which it is applied. It is what it professes to be, and it does what it professes to do, and nothing more. It discusses the authorship and date of the biblical books by the same methods as those by which it would discuss the same questions in the case of a classic of profane literature. When the book to be examined is historical, it discusses also its character and value as history; but it does this on grounds which come properly within the province of criticism, and it entirely refuses to be bound by any such postulate as the impossibility of the supernatural. If there are critics who adopt this, they do not do so *as critics*, and my own belief is that by doing so they spoil their criticism.

For my experience is that criticism leads straight up to the supernatural and not away from it. I mean that if we let the biblical writers speak for themselves, they tell us in quite unequivocal terms that they wrote by divine prompting; the spoken word of prophet and apostle was put in their mouths by God, and the written word was only the spoken word committed to writing or on the same footing with it. If we take a plain and unsophisticated (though strictly critical) view of what the biblical writers tell us, we

shall accept them at their word. We are willing to explain them, to set them in their proper place in space and time, to give them their true position in the development of God's purposes; but we refuse to explain them *away*. We refuse to account for them in ways by which they never would have accounted for themselves.\*

Here I cannot but think is the true dividing line. To the right of it I do not see that there is any valid reason why Christians of the newer type who are prepared to go along with critical inquiry should not remain in full spiritual brotherhood with Christians of the older type. They believe in all the same essential verities. Their religion is the same bowing down before a Power which if it moves in is also external to themselves. But on the left of the line the case is different. There, it seems to me, is a real gulf which is not so easily crossed.

I may illustrate what I mean by two examples drawn from your side of the Atlantic. Only a short time ago I had sent me from America, through the kindness of some one whom I am glad to take this opportunity of thanking, a book entitled "The New Bible and its New Uses," by Joseph Henry Crooker, Boston, 1893. The author is distinguished by great clearness and definiteness of opinion. There is nothing in his mind hazy or vacillating; and with many, though by no means with all, of his views on the literary problem I find myself in agreement. And yet in spite of this measure of agreement, and with all respect for his abilities, I cannot disguise the fact that the differences which separate me from the author are fundamental.

It happened that nearly at the same time with Mr. Crooker's book I was reading some delightful American stories, "A Far Away Melody," etc., by M. E. Wilkins (for which we have a Scottish counterpart in "A Window in Thrums"). And I could not help saying to myself that Mr. Crooker's religion, though I could understand its attraction for him, would not do for a race of which the men and women in those stories were representative.

On the other hand, when we hear reports on this side the water of one of the ablest and most learned of American

\* As the working out of this idea is the main subject of a course of "Bampton Lectures," delivered by the writer of this in the spring of the present year and shortly to be published by Messrs. Longman, he will venture to refer the reader who may care to see it more fully developed to them.



theologians arraigned and condemned by the body to which he belongs, on the ground of his adherence to critical methods, we cannot help expressing our deep regret and concern, not only on the personal ground, though on this our sympathies are strongly enlisted, but still more for the sake of our common Christianity. It seems to us that a stand is taken at the wrong place, that one whom we know to be essentially moderate and essentially loyal is treated as if he were neither, that a veto is practically put upon inquiries which have a certain future before them, and that a line of partition is drawn at a point which cannot be permanently tenable.

"Concern" is the word which expresses the frame of mind in which we in England regard this matter. With us the battle has been fought, and to all intents and purposes won. And the consequence is that English Christianity has a feeling of hopeful energy and expansiveness about it such as it has hardly had since the days of Milton. There are also signs not a few that the best self of America shares in this feeling. We do not doubt that in the end the two countries will march forward together, and that the time is not far distant when this momentary check will be looked back on as a regrettable episode which it may cost some trouble to get over, but which must be got over, and consigned to speedy oblivion.



## THE BANK OF VENICE.

HONORABLE JOHN DAVIS, M. C.

THE city of Venice in its origin was a child of the sea — a foundling cast upon the waters. When Attila, the Hun, early in the fifth century, had broken to pieces the Western Empire, and with his trampling hordes was devastating the provinces of Northern Italy, the unhappy people sought refuge among the marshes and lagoons of the Adriatic. The impassable swamps were a protection against the horsemen of the conqueror. The people carried with them into their places of safety the civilization of Christian Rome. They founded settlements and built cities, at first temporary, then permanent. Shut off from the land, they betook themselves to the sea, and engaged in commerce.

Venice was located on a cluster of islands near the head of the Adriatic in northeastern Italy, "where the sea feebly imitates the tides of the ocean." The islands are separated from the land by shallow lagoons, and protected from the waves of the sea by long slips of land which admit the entrance of vessels through narrow channels. The inhabitants at first were mostly fugitives from Padua. Thus located, and thus peopled, this foundling by the sea — this fragment of Roman civilization — this atom of the empire of Augustus, in the course of seven centuries, became the "Queen of the Adriatic," whose empire embraced the Mediterranean and all adjacent waters. This was the origin and growth of the city and Republic of Venice, which afterwards, for six centuries, was the centre of the world's commerce.

The history of Venice is a history of continual wars on land and sea, waged for the protection of her widely extended commerce from the pirates that swarmed in every sea and infested every coast, and for the purposes of conquest and extension of trade. Venetian merchants were to be found in every commercial city of Southern Europe, Northern Africa, and Western Asia. Though living in foreign lands, as citizens of Venice they were entitled to the protection

of the republic. These duties and the resulting wars and expenditures gave rise to the Bank of Venice.

This institution was born of necessity. Its birth has a definite date, and the circumstances, facts, and details are matters of well-known history. The emperor of the Greek Empire at Constantinople, having quarreled with the Republic of Venice, seized the persons and property of all citizens of Venice in his dominions. This was promptly resented by the republic. A fleet of one hundred galleys compelled the emperor to make amends, and to submit to terms of peace very humiliating to his pride. The republic being oppressed by the charges of this war, and by the expense of long continued hostilities with the Roman power, the duke, Michel II., was obliged to levy a forced loan on the opulent merchants and citizens of Venice. In the year 1171 a chamber of loans was established. Citizens were compelled to contribute in proportion to their ability, with no expectation of return, except a very moderate annual interest of four per cent on the amount of the contribution.

This chamber of loans, by successive improvements, gradually grew into a regularly organized government bank. It became very popular; so much so that all interest on deposits was abolished, and the bank credits went to a premium of twenty to thirty per cent above the current coins of the country. To avoid fluctuations, the premium or *agio* was fixed at twenty per cent above the current money of the times. That is to say, eighty ducats in bank funds were equal to one hundred ducats current money. This premium remained fixed for a period of four hundred years, until the government and the bank were overthrown by the French troops in 1797.

The details of the workings of this most satisfactory government bank, established on such judicious principles, and conducted through the trials and revolutions of so many centuries, with such prudence and success, deserve the most careful scrutiny and candid consideration. Every merchant in Venice felt it to be not only his duty but to his interest to support his government with his purse and his influence. It was a matter of profit as well as patriotism. He supported his government that, in turn, his interests as a merchant, at home and abroad, might be protected by the government. It was practicable for the holder of coin to surrender by way

of deposit, the whole amount to the government, and still to use the whole of it in the form of bank funds, in his business transactions. And, although he could never more recover his coin from the government, yet he found no difficulty in selling his bank credit to other merchants for more than its face value in current coin. The bank credits were made a legal tender in all payments, both public and private, and were exempt from execution for debt. These advantages were so great that the bank credits became extremely popular, and it was found not only practicable but quite necessary to abolish the annual interest.

In practice the process of making payments in bank was very simple. It was merely a change of credits on the bank books. Suppose A and B are merchants doing business in Venice. After the transactions of a day, a week, a month, a year, or any other specified length of time that suits their mutual convenience, they make a settlement with each other. It is found that A owes B ten thousand ducats. They repair to the bank. They find the clerks or bookkeepers of the bank arranged in alphabetical order. They ask the clerk at the letter A to transfer from the account of A to the account of B, ten thousand ducats. The clerical work of the transfer is made by two clerks at the same time in separate books. The date and circumstances of the transfer are set down by the two clerks in the same words in the two records. No money is seen or handled, no receipts are passed; the debt is paid. B is ten thousand ducats better off by the transfer. He is now able to meet his creditors and to pay his debts by similar transfers. In this way a thousand debts or balances could be settled in half a day. The records on the books were all the vouchers needed. They were at all times subject to inspection by parties interested. The bank was the bookkeeper, as to ultimate settlements, of every merchant in Venice who did business in the bank.

No coin or bullion was ever paid out by the Bank of Venice to depositors, and this fact was well known and understood by every man who made his metallic deposits in the bank. The metal was used by the government in its foreign wars. This gave to the government, as a loan without interest, all the coin and bullion which the merchants of the republic could spare, and to the people a credit money

better than gold and silver, far safer and more convenient than coin, free from levy by the sheriff, and not subject to incumbrance by mortgage.

In the course of time it was found convenient, in order to meet the wants of small depositors, to attach to the bank a branch, known as the "cash office." In this office coin and bullion were received on deposit, and were subject to check in the same manner as in our modern banks of deposit. This cash office was completely successful for the purposes intended, but it in no way interfered with the satisfactory working of the main bank. The demand for bank credits was incessant, and the deposits in the main bank continued to flow into the public coffers, as the demand for bank funds was usually greater than the supply. For a period of more than six centuries the bank continued to do business in a regular manner, through all the trials of peace and war, without a single break or panic; and it is said that there is not a line or word on record that any merchant or citizen of Venice was dissatisfied with their money system. No man ever lost a ducat by the closing of the bank doors in the face of depositors.

The late Peter Cooper has recorded the fact that during his long business life in this country he had witnessed ten disastrous money panics, every one of them caused by the contraction or suppression of the currency. The financial system of Venice did not admit of contraction. The bank deposits increased with the growth of the republic, and with the increase of wealth and business of the city. Credits in bank were the money of business. Deposits once made could never be withdrawn. As there could be no contraction, there could be no panics. No safer, sounder, or more just and simple money system could at that time have been devised.

The history of the cash office was not so favorable. On two occasions the cash office was compelled to suspend cash payments. But the main bank lent to the branch its credit and influence, and business was not seriously disturbed. Some writers run into grievous error and mislead their readers, by confusing the main government bank and its branch, or cash office. We cannot be too careful on this important point, if we desire to arrive at the truth. Let me, then, repeat the facts by way of comparison of the two systems.

The main bank was in successful and satisfactory operation for a period of two centuries before the branch office was established. The main bank received deposits of coin and bullion, and gave in return credits on the bank books. These credits were legal tender for all payments of every sort, both public and private. They were not subject to execution by the sheriff, nor to incumbrance by mortgage; and from these combined advantages they were always at a premium over coin. The main bank never paid out coin or bullion, and there was no promise nor pretense that it ever would. The coin was used by the government in its various and numerous wars, in foreign countries, and among barbarous peoples, where paper credits could not be used. The coin and bullion, when deposited in the bank, were as much beyond the reach of the depositor as if they had been sunk in the ocean; they could never be recovered by him. The book credits rested entirely on the quality of legal tender. They were wholly and solely a fiat money, with no other basis in the way of redemption, except receivability in the government revenues, and being legal and final payment of all debts between man and man. Such were the nature and attributes of the bank money of Venice, which for six centuries commanded a premium over coin, without a single suspension of the bank.

The cash office received deposits the same as the bank. It entered credits on its books, but these credits were not lawful money in payments. They were merely redeemable in coin, and the depositors could have their coin whenever they chose to call for it. This cash office was on the plan of our modern banks of deposit. The credits in this office were never at a premium over coin; but on two occasions, when the bank was short of specie and was compelled to suspend payments, the credits fell to a discount of from ten to fifteen per cent.

By confusing the bank with its cash office, some writers of prominence have asserted that the Bank of Venice paid cash on deposits, that on two occasions it was compelled to close its doors, and that its credits went to a discount. As to the cash office, this was all true; but as to the main bank, no part of the statement is true. The main bank never either promised to pay, or paid, cash on deposits. It was never compelled to close its doors for the want of cash, and its

funds never went to a discount, but were always at a premium. So distinct and separate were the bank and its cash office, that it was sometimes found convenient by contemporary writers to speak of them as two banks. The *Negotiators' Magazine* of London, published in 1739, more than half a century before the overthrow of the bank, says:—

There are two banks in Venice. In the one money is paid in current, and the other in bank money; this last money being always reckoned better than the former by twenty per cent, which is the established *agio*.

In the main bank the accounts were kept in livres, sols, and grosses. In the branch, accounts were kept in livres, sols, and deniers *picoli*, or current. The livre was valued at ten ducats *banco*, or twelve ducats current. Ducats *banco* meant bank funds, or credits in the main bank. Ducats current meant the current coin ducats of the realm. Ten bank credit ducats were equal to twelve current coin ducats.

The Bank of Venice had its rules of bookkeeping, which required and received the closest attention; and for this purpose it had regular days of closing, for the posting of books. For example, it was closed every Friday in each week in which there was no holiday, and twenty days in each quarter of the year, which were definitely fixed and well known to the business public. These closings in no way affected the course of business, as men continued their transactions, and postponed nothing except the payment of balances. Another rule was six days' grace on time paper, after it fell due. If the time of payment in bank came during the days of bank closing, payment was deferred until the day of opening, with no detriment to any one, as the law operated on all alike. In conclusion, it may be said that the Bank of Venice, in which no coin was ever paid or even promised on coin deposits, was so satisfactory that Venice became the clearing house of the commercial world, and all great merchants and bankers, and even princes, were glad to make deposits there.

The Bank of Venice was the longest continuous money system known in history, and it clearly proved that the law of general legal tender by a government which honors its own credits by receivability in the revenues, is of greater value and far safer and more convenient than specie redemption. The fiat or credit funds of Venice were at all



times of greater commercial value than her coins. With a moment's thought the reason of this will be plain. Men always prefer to receive in all payments the most convenient form of money which they can use. The demand for payments being the highest and greatest demand that is made for money, this form and kind of money may rise to a premium over less convenient forms which, at best, can only be used for the same purpose. Non-legal paper which depends for its value on coin redemption can never rise above coin, as a stream cannot rise above its source. But, on the other hand, it always falls below coin when there is any doubt or inconvenience as to the matter of coin redemption.

It is very difficult for the mind accustomed to the doctrine of coin redemption to appreciate the power and effect of the fiat of a stable and responsible government. As a simple illustration which all can understand, let us lay down on the counter sixty cents' worth of silver bullion, and lay by its side a standard silver dollar, of the same weight or even less. Every merchant will take the silver dollar and call it forty cents more valuable than the uncoined bullion, because of the government fiat. Again, let us lay down one dollar's worth of gold bullion, which is said to be worth as much before coining as afterwards. By the side of this gold bullion (coined or uncoined), lay down twenty-one coined nickels, containing but a fraction of commercial value. Every merchant, banker, or business man, or every sensible child, will prefer the nickels, because of the small amount of fiat given them by the government when it made them a legal tender to the amount of twenty-five cents in one payment. By the contemplation of such examples it will become practicable for any one to comprehend that government fiat is the will of all the people enacted into law. Although unseen, it is the most powerful thing in existence, in the line in which it operates.

The entire world of men, for a few centuries, experienced great difficulty in comprehending the foundation of this earth. It was supposed to be flat and to rest upon rocks. If any one asked what the rocks rested on, it was found easier to silence him with an edict than to answer his question. And if he suggested that this great, heavy globe of ours, with its lands, oceans, and mountains, was round,

and rested on the fiat of the Builder, he was considered a fit subject for cremation, or to be shut up in a dungeon. Yet the fiatists have gained their case, and now all civilized men agree that

This earth is round and like a ball  
Seems swinging in the air,  
And sky and stars surround it all,  
And the sun is shining there.

In other words, the earth is supported by the fiat of the Issuing Power — of the Builder — of the Creator.

*no on the  
people*  
So money, which can only be issued and created by a sovereign government, rests directly or ultimately on the fiat of the issuing power. If a non-legal paper is made to rest on coin, the coin must rest on the fiat of the coining and issuing power, or there is no money in either the paper or the coin. Money, then, first or last, must rest on law, or fiat. The history of the Bank of Venice proves that credit money resting directly on the law, that is, on the fiat of the government, is from twenty to thirty per cent more valuable in the commercial world, than non-legal currency which rests first on coin, and the coin on fiat. In any and every case, the non-legal or non-fiat money is worthless for commercial purposes. Non-legal gold bullion is not money because there is no fiat of the government attached to it. All good money is fiat money, whether made of metal or paper. It is the law that makes and unmakes money.

To the sticklers for the redemption of money, I will say they are partly right. All money must be redeemed. That is what money is for. Money must be redeemed, and an "irredeemable currency" is not money. Agreeing in this, now let us not be deceived by terms. Swapping dollars is not redemption. All dollars need redemption. They cannot be used to redeem each other. Receivability in the revenues of the issuing government is primary redemption. All good money must be thus redeemed. In addition to that, all good money must have conferred upon it the quality of legal tender. Without this quality there can be no good money, either metal or paper. When money possesses the quality of legal tender, conferred by a responsible government, all men will advertise their eagerness to redeem such money with all the values they have for sale. Such money rests, not on the value of the money material, but on the

values that are behind it. Such money does not rest on a handful of coin in the hands of rascally bankers or dishonest officials, but on all the property of all the people, in the hands of all men eager and clamorous for the privilege of redeeming it with all the values they have for sale. Such a money is like a broad and solid pyramid, resting on its basis of all values, as was the credit money of Venice. There can be attached to it no danger of panic or disaster, so long as the issuing government stands.

How unlike this is our modern gold basis scheme. The modern gold standard nations are now trying for the tenthousandth time the absurd experiment of trying to balance a pyramid on its apex. It is shaken by every breath in the commercial world, and by every mere suspicion so easily set afloat by the great financial wreckers, whose business it is to live and fatten on the misfortunes of industry, trade, and commerce.

It may be asked why the Bank of Venice did not issue circulating notes? The answer is plain. Such notes are always subject to the arts of counterfeiters, unless they are, like our greenbacks, executed in a style of art beyond the skill of the counterfeiters. In the times of the Bank of Venice, the arts of printing, engraving, and paper-making were rude and easily counterfeited. The silk-threaded, linen paper of our modern notes, engraved and printed in the highest style of art, is the most difficult of all forms of money to counterfeit. In this connection, it may be stated that money is valuable in proportion to limitation. An unlimited money is a worthless money; hence the importance of having a money beyond the arts of counterfeiting, otherwise the counterfeiters will inflate it to the point of worthlessness.

As Americans we may learn a lesson from the Bank of Venice, and improve upon the system. We may admit the deposit of gold and silver in the treasury as Venice did, and, instead of placing it to the credit of the depositor, we can issue him a legal tender government note. That note should read, "Receivable in the revenues of the government, and lawful money in all payments." The deposits, and the issuing of notes in the proper denominations and amounts, should end the transaction. There need be no money held in the vaults of the government for redemption purposes.

Venice kept none, and none was needed. Those who prefer paper to metal would have their choice once for all, and that would end the matter. Redemption would be left to the people themselves, in payments to each other, in the purchase of property, and in payments to the government. The holder of notes would find no difficulty in buying in the market all the coin he might need with his legal tender paper. The government would cease to be the huckstering servant of the money gamblers, with thousands of employees daily, nightly, and hourly running and working at the beck and call of the gold speculators. Finance would be a science conducted on fixed principles. With no promise to pay out coin on deposits, the government would never be at a loss for coin. And as there could be no contraction of the currency, there would not be any money panics. The people would gladly redeem their own money with their own values, and there would never be even a lack of "confidence," about which we hear so much in times of panic. To show that I am proposing nothing new or visionary, I call attention to the following statement of the redemption of money by the people. It comes from the highest possible financial authority.

Mr. E. G. Spaulding, a banker in Buffalo, N. Y., in time of the war, chairman of the Subcommittee on Ways and Means in 1861, 1862, and 1863, and known in financial history as "The Father of the Greenback," has discussed commodity redemption of money as follows:—

Every time a hundred-dollar bill passes from one person to another, it is a practical redemption of it by the person who takes it. Every time a merchant at Chicago pays to a farmer five hundred dollars in national currency for a carload of wheat, the farmer by the operation redeems such national currency, not in greenbacks nor in gold, but in a commodity better than either, namely, wheat, a staple article useful to all. So every merchant in New York that sells a bale of cotton goods and receives his pay for it in currency, redeems such currency, not in the way that banks redeem it, but in cotton goods, which is far better, because it performs the true functions of money by facilitating the legitimate sale of commodities. So every time that a merchant or manufacturer pays his internal revenue tax to the United States collector in national currency, the government redeems such currency by receiving and discharging such tax. So every mechanic or laborer that receives national currency for his services redeems such currency by the labor performed. So it will be seen that just so long as the national currency is practically redeemed every day in its passage from hand to hand in the payment of

commodities and services, and in the ramified operations of trade and business both with the government and the people whose operations it greatly facilitates, there is not the slightest necessity for resorting to the expensive and risky operation of assorting and sending it home for redemption. — "Spaulding's History," Appendix, p. 10.

If the government should adopt the plan of accepting deposits of metal, and paying for it with legal-tender notes, leaving the subject of redemption entirely with the people, it would enable the government to pay out the coin on all coin payments, and thus put the coin afloat along with the paper, leaving men free to use which they prefer. It would double the monetary supply of the country almost from the first, and eventually would do more than that. In fact, it would do for us what the same system did for Venice, giving us an expanding and growing system of money, which would increase with the increasing needs of a growing and expanding country. Suppose a given quantity of metal is deposited the first year, for which notes are paid out. Through the coin payments of the government, the coin would find its way into circulation also. Men acquiring it would again deposit it, receiving other notes; this would further expand the money volume. Further deposits with payments in notes for metal, and the further use of coin in all coin payments by the government, would create and perpetuate a growing system of finance, suited to the needs of a growing country.

This is the lesson taught by the history of the Bank of Venice. It may not be the best system that can be devised, but it is founded on long and successful experience. It is not a new or untried experiment. The Bank of Venice was the oldest, the most severely tried, and the most successful financial institution known in history. If my readers desire to study for themselves the practical workings of the Bank of Venice, I refer them to an able work on the finances, entitled, "Ways and Means of Payment," by the late Stephen Colwell, Philadelphia, 1859; also to the following: McPherson's "Annals of Commerce," London, 1805; Postlethwaite's Dictionary, London, 1755; and Hayes' *Negotiators' Magazine*, London, 1739.

The money question is the most important subject that can engage the attention of a civilized and commercial people. There is a power in money which none can resist.

Nations and peoples are made and unmade by the right or wrong systems of finance which they may adopt. Finance is a game at which all must play, whether they will or no. None can escape it. All must take their chances in every great move on the financial chess board, and woe unto him who does not understand the game. He must go to the wall. All must study the subject or suffer the consequences. It is especially the duty of the plain, common people to inform themselves, as it is upon their shoulders that all the great financial burdens must be borne. Ignorance in this great world-wide game of the ages means slavery for ourselves and our children, and ultimate death to American liberty.



## THE WONDERS OF HINDOO MAGIC.

BY HEINRICH HENSOLDT, PH. D.

It is a significant fact that some of the foremost exponents of Western science, such as Spencer, Tyndall, Thomson, Carpenter, and even Huxley, have, in recent years, manifested a far greater readiness than formerly to investigate and, in a measure, credit the strange experiences related by reputed travellers or residents in the far East. True, they still express themselves in very guarded language in reference to the alleged miracles performed by Hindoo adepts and esoteric initiates, but we no longer notice that implacable hostility and determined scepticism which they once assumed when things were brought to their notice which suggested the existence of occult forces, or phenomena running counter to the general experience of mankind.

Indeed, those who can read between the lines may have observed that, far from discrediting wholesale the reported stories of Eastern magic, our most advanced scientific reasoners, in their more recent utterances, appear quite interested in the subject, having come to recognize that there may be such things as natural forces, or substances, on this planet of ours, which have, as yet, eluded the grasp of Western science — forces which our chemists and physicists can neither gauge, weigh, nor measure; and that there is a possibility that among a subtle race like the Hindoos, which is immeasurably older in civilization and experience than our own, some of these forces may have been discovered, even thousands of years ago, and preserved among the wisest of its representatives, who, in consequence of such knowledge, can perform feats which to our limited understanding are perfectly miraculous.

Apart from the material progress, or mere outward development, which the Hindoos had already attained in times which we are apt to call prehistoric (as evinced by the splendor of their buildings, and the luxuries and refinements

of their civilization in general), it would seem as if this greatest and most subtle of Aryan races had developed an *inner life* even more strange and wonderful. Let those who are imbued with the prevalent modern conceit that we Westerners have reached the highest pinnacle of intellectual culture, go to India. Let them go to that land of mystery, which was ancient when the great Alexander crossed the Indus with his warriors, ancient when Abraham roamed the plains of Chaldea with his cattle, ancient when the first pyramid was built; and if, after a careful study of Hindoo life, religion, and philosophy, the inquirer is still of opinion that the palm of intellectual advancement belongs to the Western world—let him lose no time in having his own cranium examined by a competent physician.

It would seem as if the Hindoos, owing to that intense love for solitary meditation which has been one of their most pronounced characteristics from time immemorial, had acquired mental faculties of which we, as a race, are totally deficient. This need not in any way surprise us, especially if we hold that, in conformity with the principles of evolution, even outward organs may be developed through persistent efforts, or tendencies manifested in a particular direction. We have abundant evidence of the fact that a nation may acquire mental traits, dispositions, or talents of which another is utterly deficient. There are latent powers in man which are susceptible of the highest culture, and it is more than probable that a faculty once aroused and persistently exercised for a number of generations, may develop into a permanent characteristic.

The wonderful talent of the ancient Greeks for plastic art is a case in point. The æsthetic principle among them was not (as some might think) confined to a limited few, but was a national inheritance, of which the meanest Bæotian shepherd possessed his share. The early Egyptians developed a perfect mania for stupendous buildings; among them the "constructive instinct" was abnormally stimulated, and became a fixed peculiarity. The Chinese are noted for their passionate fondness for book-learning—in no country in the world are more books printed and devoured than in the Celestial Empire; and the modern Italians are born musicians.

But it would seem as if among the Hindoos *speculative*

*philosophy* had been the ruling fancy from a very remote antiquity, and, moreover, that kind of philosophy which does not depend upon an interchange of ideas for its advancement, but is based almost entirely upon *intuition*, viz., upon the cultivation of certain mysterious innate faculties, which are presumed to lie dormant even in the breast of the savage. While *our* forefathers, driven partly by the exigencies of an inhospitable climate, were chiefly engaged in establishing a material prosperity — thereby unconsciously stimulating the acquisitive or accumulative faculty, and transmitting to us the desire for wealth as a rooted instinct — the Hindoos have descended into the abysmal depths of their own consciousness, and have tried to solve the great world-riddle by mere force of meditation. Whether they have accomplished much in this way, I will not here attempt to discuss; in my opinion they have come much nearer to the truth than we, with our endless empiricism and experimental torturing of matter.

But if they have not succeeded in solving any great fundamental problem, they have discovered a number of strange facts of which *we* are practically ignorant. Like the alchemists of old, who, in their search for the philosopher's stone, stumbled upon porcelain, sulphuric acid, and other substances of great practical utility, so the Hindoos, in their effort to raise the veil which hides the mysteries of time and space, discovered forces which are apt to cause extreme surprise in the Western neophyte, and which are destined to play a great part in the future of our race.

One of their earliest triumphs in this direction was the discovery and application of that strange psychic force known to us as hypnotism. We have only just begun to realize that there *is* such a force, and are on the threshold, as it were, of a dominion which is as boundless as it is marvellous; but the discoveries which we are making to-day were made ages ago by the early Sanscritic Indians and Iranians, and while *our* knowledge of the subject is chiefly derived from, or based upon, the experiments of a few investigators during recent years, the Hindoos have the experience of at least fifty centuries behind them.

Our most skilful hypnotizers, such as Charcot, have already accomplished results which are wonderful enough in their way. They can, by mere "suggestion" (I am using

this term in the sense applied to it by our Western specialists), start a train of thought in any given individual which is utterly foreign to that individual in his normal condition. They can make an ignorant person discourse learnedly on subjects of which he knows nothing; cause a person to eat quinine and imagine it to be sugar, or make him do things which are altogether contrary to his habits. They can even influence several individuals at the same time, so as to render them perfect slaves to their will. But all this is as mere child's play compared with the feats accomplished by Eastern adepts, and practised by them, in furtherance of certain objects, from a very remote antiquity.

For there can be little doubt that the performances of Hindoo conjurers, which are a surprise and a revelation to the traveller from the West, and which have excited the wonder of all ages, have their source in an advanced knowledge and application of hypnotic phenomena. In stating this opinion I do not, for a moment, wish it to be understood that the term "hypnotic phenomena" contains in itself an explanation, or affords any kind of clue to the secret of these marvels. We have not, as yet, the slightest knowledge of what hypnotism really is; to all intents and purposes it is an occult force, and to say of an apparent miracle that it is worked through hypnotic influence does not detract from its marvellous character. If the brain of another can make me see, hear, feel, and taste things which either do not exist at all, or are in reality quite different from what I imagine them to be, it only renders the phenomenon all the more mysterious. And it would seem as if Hindoo adepts had brought hypnotism to such a degree of perfection that, while under its influence, our senses are no longer a criterion of the reality around us, but can be made to deceive us in a manner which is perfectly amazing.

As it has been my fate to travel in India, Thibet, Burmah, and Ceylon for a number of years, and as I have made a somewhat close study of oriental life, history, and philosophy, I may, perhaps, be qualified to advance an opinion on this subject. In the following I shall, therefore, endeavor to relate some of my experiences in the line of Eastern magic.

Hindoo conjurers may be divided into several orders, and there certainly is a division of caste between them. Their

secrets are never communicated to outsiders, but among performers of the lower order are transmitted from father to son, and among the higher from adept to disciple. The members of one order always perform the *same tricks*, which have been handed down to them from antiquity, and which they never vary in the minutest detail. These tricks have been performed in precisely the same manner for thousands of years, and the fact of their still exciting the same surprise at the present day shows how well the respective secrets have been kept.

Our conjurers perform their paltry tricks at night, in an artificially illumined hall, on a platform, surrounded by an arsenal of apparatus. They can do little or nothing without the aid of apparatus. They also usually perform in full dress, and are thus enabled to conceal a multitude of things in pockets, etc., made for this purpose. Now the Hindoo Pundits, Yoghis, and Rishis exhibit their astounding feats in broad daylight — not in halls or on platforms, but in the streets, gardens, and public squares of India's great cities. They usually work alone, permitting the spectators to approach them very closely and to surround them completely. They appear half naked, and if they make use of apparatus at all, it consists merely of one or two commonplace objects, such as a couple of short sticks and half a cocoanut shell. But with these they will do things which are perfectly marvellous.

The lowest class of conjurers are certain Fakeers, whose performances one can witness daily in the streets of Calcutta, Delhi, Hyderabad, and other Indian cities. They perform tricks which are insignificant compared with some of those of the higher orders, yet are marvellous enough to cause extreme surprise even in those who have seen the cleverest jugglery in Europe or America. These tricks give one at once the impression that some totally different principle is at work behind them than the mere legerdemain or substitution trickery of our Western specialists.

For instance, a Fakeer will take a large earthen dish, pour into it about a gallon of water, and hold it steadily in his left hand, the other hand being raised to his forehead. Then the vessel will diminish in size while you look on, growing smaller and smaller, so that at last it would take a magnifying glass to recognize it. Then it disappears com-

pletely. This will occupy about a minute and a half. Suddenly you see again a tiny brown object, not bigger than a sand-grain; this enlarges in the most inexplicable manner, till, at the end of another minute, the original dish, a foot in diameter, filled with water to the brim, and weighing at least fifteen pounds, is again before you. (I have seen this trick performed several times, and, on one occasion, was so near as to be almost in contact with the Fakeer.)

Or he will hold out one half of a cocoanut shell at the end of a stick, and then slowly withdraw the latter, leaving the shell without support in the air, as rigid as if it were part of a stone pillar. On one occasion I saw a Fakeer pour out of a cocoanut shell, which he held high with his naked arm, enough water to fill a dozen large buckets.

Another class of Hindoo jugglers are styled Pundits. Pundit, in Hindostanee, signifies a "wise man," and there are, of course, thousands of Pundits in India who are not jugglers. But the Pundits who are jugglers are simply Fakeers of a superior order, because they also perform their feats as a means of getting their livelihood, differing in this respect from the Yoghis and Rishis, who are veritable sorcerers, and who never accept money, for reasons which will presently be explained.

The tricks of the Pundits do not essentially differ from those of the Fakeers, although some of their performances cannot be approached by the latter. The difference is more in the men themselves, for, while the Fakeers are generally dull, commonplace individuals, the Pundits are exceedingly well informed, or I might even say highly educated, bright, communicative, and altogether very interesting men. Many Pundits make a specialty of their ability to suspend the law of gravity, so to speak, as in the trick which I described above, where a cocoanut shell was placed in mid-air.

A Pundit will ask one of the spectators to place a stone, a piece of wood, a bucket of water, or any object he may select, on any given spot. He will then request him to lift it again, which he is unable to do, as the object seems to have suddenly acquired an enormous weight. While pulling at it with his might and main, the Pundit suddenly releases the spell, and up goes the object as if shot from a cannon. This has been a standing marvel to me while in India, and in spite of the most careful observation I have been unable to



solve the mystery. On one occasion a Pundit requested me to hold a small, empty wicker basket, which certainly did not weigh more than eight ounces. Suddenly—and without my knowing what to expect—it became so heavy that it not only fell, but dragged me down with it, and my hand seemed to grasp it as with an iron grip, for I could not let it go. Then, again, it became as light as a feather.

I now come to the highest order of oriental magicians, viz., the Yoghis and Rishis. The performances of these men are so very strange that the term "tricks" seems altogether incongruous, if applied to them. We might as well call the miracles recorded in the New Testament as worked by Christ "tricks," for, except that of raising the dead, not one of them is half so wonderful as the feats performed by the average Yoghi. Those who believe that the age of miracles is past should by all means go to India. We talk about the riddle of that Sphinx on the Nile: there is a Sphinx far more mysterious on the sacred Ganges, and it presents a hundred riddles.

The Yoghis are not professional conjurers. They do not make their living by performing tricks before crowds or audiences of any kind, nor do we find them exhibiting their wonderful powers very frequently. The Fakeers and Pundits one may see almost any day, but a Yoghi or Rishi only once in a while; one may be six months in India without seeing a genuine Yoghi. During five years of travel in India, Thibet, Burmah, Siam, and Ceylon I witnessed their performances only fourteen or fifteen times, and this is above the experience of most oriental travellers or even Indian residents, except such as live in districts which are especially favored, as it were, by these mysterious individuals.

Now, if the Yoghis and Rishis are not professional conjurers, if they do not make their living by their performances, and if, moreover, they only exhibit their powers incidentally—what *are* they? It would be rather difficult to answer this question. In my opinion, they are religious enthusiasts in the first instance, and adepts of a higher science in the second. They certainly are esoteric initiates, that is to say, members of a fraternity which seems to have in its charge the secrets of Hindoo thought and meditation, or rather the fruits thereof, handed down perhaps from a time which *we* would fain call prehistoric.

I have never known a Yoghi to accept money, either before or after a performance. I myself have repeatedly tempted them with as much as five rupees at a time (which is more than a wealthy native would ever dream of giving to a Pundit) but it was always refused, kindly but firmly. How, then, do they manage to exist? They live on rice, which they obtain in precisely the same manner as the Buddhist priests, viz., by begging. They are, in fact, travelling missionaries; at least the Yoghies are, while the Rishis are hermits, who live in the jungle or in the hill-country, in solitary huts and caverns, which they quit comparatively seldom, to carry some mysterious message to the outer world.

These quiet, unobtrusive men, with their fine, intelligent faces—foreheads which reflect the wisdom of a thousand years—actually obtain their food by begging. This may seem incredible, but it is true. The reader may be naturally inclined to ask: "Why don't some of them go to Europe or the United States, and by exhibiting their powers make fortunes?" He might as well ask why the Old Testament prophets, or the apostles of Christ, did not turn their peculiar gifts into a money-making business. These men are beyond the desire of making fortunes—something which it may be difficult for Americans to realize. They look upon the brief span of life which separates us from eternity, with altogether different eyes, and their contempt of wealth is only equalled by their pity for those who are incessantly engaged in its pursuit. Thus they would not do for the United States. Besides, imagine a Rishi exhibiting his marvels in one of our theatres, with handbills printed advertising the same, and all the paraphernalia of our sensational booming. The idea is simply preposterous!

These men have a mission to perform in their own country, and, like the prophets of old, they work miracles in order to arrest the attention of the people. The miracles, in fact, are their credentials. The miracles were the credentials of the prophets, and it is to be doubted whether Christ Himself could have produced much of an impression upon the Jews of Palestine if He had not worked His miracles. This the gospel explicitly tells us, for we usually find the record of the performance of a miracle followed by the words, "and he [or they] believed in Him." It would

thus appear that Christ's miracles were largely intended to demonstrate His divine character and to open the eyes of the multitude. There is a class of people—and unfortunately a very large one—whom it is impossible to reach by argument, even if one's eloquence were of an altogether exceptional order, and if one could thus reach them the impression produced would be merely a temporary one. They would shake it off, as it were, the moment the teacher is out of sight. But if the latter can perform what to them are miracles—if he can suspend the law of gravity, make a large tree grow in a few minutes where none stood before, make large objects disappear in front of their eyes—then he produces a feeling of great wonder, of admiration and awe, a feeling which is likely to be permanent, for these things are contrary to the experience of the individual. Then anything which he may have to tell them is likely to be accepted, because he will be looked upon as more than human.

Among all the marvellous feats accomplished by Hindoo Yoghis, or rather prophets—adepts of a higher science—there are two which in the opinion of all Western travellers or Indian residents who have witnessed them, take the lead. These are the so-called “mango trick” and the “rope trick.” They were seen by that early Venetian traveller, Marco Polo, who gave a minute description of the rope trick, which holds good at the present day. These marvellous illusions have been the wonder of centuries. If I could produce anything like them and go up and down the country exhibiting them, it would cause a sensation such as the people of the United States never experienced, and I could make a fortune such as no Hermann, Paderewski, Patti, or performer in any line ever dreamed of.

I shall never forget the day, and the state of my feelings, when I saw the mango feat for the first time. This was in a large public square at Agra. Agra, a famous city on the river Jumna in northern India, was at one time the capital of the great Mogul Empire, and the residence of the mogul himself. Travellers nowadays visit it chiefly on account of the Taj Mahal, a mausoleum of white marble, built by Shah Jehan in honor of his favorite wife. (This Taj Mahal is beyond comparison the most beautiful building now existing in the world. Twenty thousand men, says Tavernier,

were incessantly employed for twenty-two years, in its construction.)

It was at Agra, then, that I first witnessed the mango feat, and I cannot do better than describe how I saw it performed. In the centre of one of the largest squares in Agra a Yoghi planted a mango. There were present about two hundred fifty or three hundred people, forming a large circle of about eighty yards in diameter. In the centre stood the Yoghi. Some of the onlookers were, of course, much nearer to him than others, and he seemed to have no objection if people came within ten or fifteen yards of him, but the average distance kept by the spectators was, I dare say, forty yards. Most of my readers will know what a mango is; for the benefit of the few who may not, I will say that it is an edible tropical fruit, about the size of a large pear, growing on a tree which reaches a height of from forty to one hundred twenty feet.

The Yoghi dug a hole in the ground, about six inches deep, placed the mango in it, and covered it with earth. I now expected to see a modification of a well-known trick, practised by some of our Western conjurers. The performer plants a bean or pea in a flower pot, containing quicklime at the bottom, covered with earth. The bean has been previously soaked in warm water for several days, and is on the point of germinating. Then, by pouring in enough water to reach the quicklime, the earth is warmed to such an extent that the germ is driven out in a few minutes, forcing its way upwards through the soil, and reaching a height of several inches in less than half an hour. This will astonish all those who are not acquainted with the wonders of plant life.

Well, I expected to see something of this sort exhibited by the Yoghi. I expected to behold the tiny shoot of a mango, creeping slowly out of the soil, unfolding its leaves and reaching a height of, perhaps, six or eight inches. Instead of this I was startled to see, in the air, above the spot where the mango had been buried, the form of a large tree, — at first rather indistinctly, presenting, as it were, mere hazy outlines; but becoming visibly more distinct, until at length there stood as natural a tree as ever I had seen in my life — a mango tree, about fifty feet high, and in full foliage, with mangoes on it.

All this happened within five minutes of the burying of the fruit. It may have been three minutes till I saw the tree, but as I had been at first looking intently at the spot where the mango was planted, the apparition may have been there even sooner. I was so intensely surprised at what I beheld that I could hardly realize the fact that I was not dreaming. There stood a tree, to all intents and purposes as natural as any tree could have appeared to human eyes — a huge tree, with a stem at least two feet in thickness at its base. And yet there was something strange about this tree, — something unearthly, something grewsome. There was a weird rigidity about it, not one leaf moving in the breeze; it stood there as if carved out of some hard solid, like the obelisk in Central Park. Another curious feature I noticed — the leaves seemed to obscure the sun's rays, and yet I could not detect a particle of shade; it was a tree without a shadow.

But the most amazing thing of all was this: after having gazed at it for about two or three minutes, I slowly approached it, wishing to make a closer examination of the stem, and, if possible, to secure some of the leaves. Now, in proportion as I drew near, the tree seemed to lose its distinctness; its outlines became blurred and faded, so that I had to strain my eyes to retain the impression of its form, until, when about ten yards from the supposed stem, the apparition had completely vanished. Only the Yoghi stood there, and he smiled as he caught my eye, but his look was such as I shall not easily forget. And my surprise did not end here, for no sooner had I commenced retracing my steps, than the outlines of the tree appeared once more, growing more distinct with every step till, at last, when reaching the spot where I had originally stood, it had resumed the same marvellous reality. Precisely the same thing happened when, instead of approaching the tree, I went further away from it. It faded, and finally disappeared completely when I had about doubled the distance; then came back again and appeared as distinct as ever when I got to my original position. And it was evident that all the rest of the on-lookers underwent the same experience — viz., each individual saw the tree only from the place where he stood. Two English officers, who happened to be very close to me, saw nothing at all, as I could notice from their remarks;

they appeared to be highly amused, and were wondering what we were gazing at, but they had not witnessed the performance from the commencement.

The mango tree had now been in view fully twenty minutes, during which a large concourse of people had gathered. The Yoghi who, until then, had not opened his lips, now placed a small mat of cocoanut fibre on the ground and squatted down on it, Eastern fashion, with his legs crossed, which was at once interpreted by the people as a sign that he wanted to address them. The Hindoos squatted down likewise, and most of them came around to the side where they could face him. It was a beautiful and impressive sight—this silent multitude of dark-eyed orientals, assembled as it were by accident, on the great square in Agra, listening to the voice of the teacher. There was a sincerity, repose, and attention such as few, if any, speakers would find in a Western audience.

"Once," he began, "when Brahmadata was king in Benares, the Bodhisatta was born as a white crane, far in the Neilgherry Mountains, near a lake where the lotos never fades." And then he went on, giving the details of one of those strange and beautiful Jâtakas, or birth-tales of Buddha, of which an incredible number are circulating in India, showing how the great teacher, for the hundredth time, resolved to quit the blessed repose of Nirvana, out of divine compassion, to be once more incarnated in an earthly form and undergo the suffering and sorrow which all terrestrial existence involves.

It was easy to perceive that the listeners were profoundly impressed with the Yoghi's preaching, and as for myself, I had become so absorbed in it that I seemed to forget time and space. I certainly did not notice what afterwards startled me more than anything, viz., the disappearance of the tree. When the Yoghi had finished his discourse the tree was gone; it must have vanished suddenly, and yet the precise moment of its disappearance nobody could tell. The Yoghi quietly arose, folded up his mat, then went to the spot where the tree had stood and kneeled down, taking from a small bundle, which he held under his arm, a short stick. With this he stirred up the earth, and in a few moments brought out again the fruit which he had planted. I was very close to him at the time, and he allowed me to



take it in my hand. It was an ordinary mango — an unripe one, apparently, for it felt rather hard. I expressed my surprise at his wonderful powers, and complimented him on his eloquence, but he merely smiled. I then offered him two rupees, and tried to engage him in a conversation, but he refused the present on the ground that a Sâkhyā was not in need of money, and he begged to be excused, as he had a great way to go. So he walked off rapidly, and I saw him disappear among the crowd, leaving me utterly bewildered and more than ever conscious of the truth of that saying which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Hamlet, that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy.

This was my first experience of the famous mango feat, which I witnessed five times in various parts of India. On one occasion I saw it performed in a little village near Serinagur, in the vale of Kashmir, in the Himalayas, by a certain Ram Sûrash, a travelling Rishi from Thibet. This must have been a greater Yoghi, and I am almost afraid to record this experience, as it may be deemed utterly incredible. Yet I am telling here no idle fairy tales. The mango tree which this Rishi produced did *not* vanish in proportion as I approached it, but retained its full realism, and I not only touched it, but actually climbed several feet up its stem.

On the west coast of India, about two hundred and thirty miles north of Bombay, lies the city of Baroda. It is the capital of one of the semi-independent native states — Guzerat — and is ruled over by a Mahratta prince, who bears the title of guicowar. It was in front of the guicowar's palace, in the open air and in broad daylight, that I first witnessed the illusion which, in the opinion of the Hindoos themselves, is the *ne plus ultra* of Yoghi achievement, viz., the celebrated "rope trick." I say "illusion" not because the performance gives one any such impression, or as if that word afforded some kind of explanation, but for the want of a better term at the present moment. What I saw appeared to me just as real as the fact that I am now engaged in penning these lines.

A Yoghi, after having addressed a large assemblage of people and preached one of the most impressive sermons I ever listened to, took a rope about fifteen feet long, and perhaps an inch thick. One end of this rope he held in his left

hand, while with the right he threw the other end up in the air. The rope, instead of coming down again, remained suspended, even after the Yoghi had removed his other hand, and it seemed to have become as rigid as a pillar. Then the Yoghi seized it with both hands, and to my utter amazement, *climbed up* this rope, suspended all the time, in defiance of gravity, with the lower end at least five feet from the ground. And in proportion as he climbed up it seemed as if the rope was lengthening out indefinitely above him and disappearing beneath him, for he kept on climbing till he was fairly out of sight, and the last I could distinguish was his white turban and a piece of this never-ending rope. Then my eyes could endure the glare of the sky no longer, and when I looked again he was gone.

I have seen this miraculous feat on four different occasions, performed in precisely the same manner, and the mystery seemed only to deepen with every repetition. It has been the standing wonder of India from a time antedating, perhaps, the building of the first pyramid. Marco Polo was profoundly impressed with it, and Tavernier, who visited India about the middle of the seventeenth century, speaks of it in terms which plainly denote his bewilderment. The early Jesuit fathers, startled at the sight, and at a total loss to account for it, very promptly attributed it to the devil, and this ingenious explanation is still persisted in by the missionaries of the present, who assert that it is a sin even to witness these performances, and who anathematize the Yoghis as agents of Satan. Western philosophy has not yet furnished anything like an explanation of these strange phenomena, and as to Western science, it is only now on the point of awaking from a long dream.

Such are a few of the wonders of Hindoo magic. I might go on relating a hundred others of minor significance, but in some respects equally strange, which I have witnessed in that gorgeous land of the East, which, even in this nineteenth century of our merciless Western materialism, is more of a fairyland than Arabia ever was at the time of Haroun al Raschid. But space is limited, and these few examples must suffice for the present. I am glad to observe a growing interest in matters pertaining to the Far East, its fascinating problems, and its ancient wisdom, manifested by the more intelligent section of the public.

That earliest cradle of our race and civilization, Hindostan, still holds the key to many a mystery. In the shade of its palm groves, in the depths of its jungles, in the wild recesses of its mountains, and behind the walls of its temples, there yet lurks many a secret which will tax the ingenuity of our best reasoners for ages to come.

## CAN THE UNITED STATES RESTORE THE BIMETALLIC STANDARD OF MONEY TO THE WORLD?

BY GEORGE C. DOUGLAS.

IN the September ARENA the writer discussed, on scientific lines, the evils afflicting the economic world, and from the evidence adducible, concluded that the malady is, primarily, money famine, resulting from the discarding of one of the two money metals of the world about 1873.

The acute monetary crisis experienced in the United States since that article was written strengthens the conclusion of that examination, by showing that the shipping out of the country, or withdrawing from sight a few millions of the money of ultimate redemption, is sufficient at any time to produce a financial convulsion ruinous to all legitimate business. It furnishes an object lesson of the clearest character of the ease with which the present financial system can be caused to collapse, and that the smaller the proportionate volume of money of ultimate redemption to the volume of credit substitutes, the easier to produce the conditions for collapse. It demonstrates, as clearly as a mathematical problem can be demonstrated, that there are in our country now a sufficient number of individuals in ready command of sufficient gold to form twenty combinations, either one of which could withdraw from sight enough of the gold to reproduce, at will, the financial troubles of July.

Can the legitimate business world be blindly led not only to continue but to increase this dangerous condition, by adhering to the insufficient and constantly contracting gold standard?

It is an axiom that a sufficient volume of money is as essential to healthy business as is a sufficient volume of water to navigation. A famine can be appropriately relieved only by supplying a sufficiency, in place of the deficiency; and that has been found to be money of ultimate redemption.

The number of people who believe there is obtainable in the world sufficient gold to serve as a basis of a monetary

system is so small, and they are so fixed in their attitude that argument addressed to them is useless. But among those who believe there is not sufficient gold obtainable for such purpose, and that the gold needs to be reinforced by the restoration of silver to its former position in the world's monetary system, there is division of opinion as to practical methods of securing that action.

A considerable portion of the advocates of the bimetallic standard believe its reestablishment possible only by practically unanimous consent and co-operation of all the nations, and that England is an indispensable factor in such an undertaking. But England declares her opposition to general reestablishment of the bimetallic standard for the reason that the vast foreign credits held by her subjects have been largely appreciated in value by the extensive demonetization of one of the money metals, and would lose that appreciation of value by its general remonetization.

To meet that condition, this class of bimetallists advises the United States to abandon all attempts to utilize silver as money of ultimate redemption, largely increase her stock of gold—by purchase, if need be, at any cost—and thereby induce such a scarcity in other parts of the world, and a consequent fall in prices of commodities the world over, but especially in England, that the intense suffering by the land holding, agricultural, manufacturing, mercantile, and industrial classes will compel their governments to enlarge their volume of real money, which can be accomplished only by a return to the bimetallic standard, through general international agreement and coöperation.

This plan contemplates as the result of its action, and for its efficacy as a remedial agent, the hastening of disaster and ruin to the masses, not only of England, but everywhere in the civilized world. They claim that such ruin must ultimately result from the deficient quantity of money which gold alone is capable of furnishing; and that if the suffering is slowly and gradually induced, its benumbing and degrading effects may irretrievably destroy the present civilization, as was the Roman by like cause; and that precipitating the suffering before the masses shall have become too benumbed, degraded, and broken in spirit to appreciate, they would be capable of being sufficiently aroused to recognize and recover their rights.

Though this proposition forcibly reminds one of the charlatan, who, unable to diagnose the malady of his patient, proceeded to induce convulsions, as he thought himself "h-l on fits,"—accepting their conclusions as to the gravity and tendency of the difficulty as true, then undoubtedly their remedy should be unflinchingly applied if nothing better can be done; but the contemplation of such calamity must compel anxious search for some remedy less terrible and more promising.

To facilitate such search, I present herewith a table of the trade of the United States with foreign countries for the fiscal years 1890 and 1892, grouped according to their presumed position on this monetary standard question. On this line, the world is naturally divisible into three groups of countries, which I have designated "A," "B," and "C."

*Table of Population of the Countries of the World, by Group; their Stock of Gold and Coined Silver, Ratios and Trade with the United States during years ending June 30, 1890, and 1892, with Balances.*

COUNTRIES BY GROUP, A, B, AND C.	Population, by Million.		Stock of Coined Silver.		Ratio between Silver and 1 of Gold.		Foreign Trade of U. S. in 1890. 1 = 1,000,000.		Balance of Trade, + In favor of — Against U. S.	Per cent of Exports from U. S. to Group. \$1,000,000.	Per cent of Imports into U. S. from Group. \$27,402,402.	Balance of Trade in 1892, + In favor of — Against U. S.
	Full Legal Tender Silver. 1 = 1,000,000.	Limited Legal Tender.	Ratio of Full Tender.	Ratio of Lim- ited Tender.	Exports from U. S., by Millions.	Imports into U. S.						
GROUP A * . . .	133	103	268	15.5	14.28	1,340	531.4	293	+ 238.4	59.6%	31.7%	+ 343
GROUP B * . . .	57	90	22	15.5	14.28	188	62	57	+ 5	6.9%	7.3%	+ 9.7
GROUP C.												
European Section of Group C † . .	217	931.4	206.4	15.5	14.38	1,290	136	149	— 13	21.7%	16.4%	+ 84.7
American Section of Group C † . .	157	547	77.8	§ 16.5 to 15.5	14.95	814	91	220	— 129	9.9%	37.8%	— 212.2
Asiatic Section of Group C † . . .	655	1,700	—	15	—	—	25	70.3	— 45.3	1.9%	6.8%	— 37
TOTAL OF GROUP C . . . . .	1,029	3,178.4	284.2	—	—	2,104	252	439.3	— 187.3	33.5%	61%	— 164.5
TOTAL OF GROUPS B AND C . . . .	1,086	3,368.4	306.2	—	—	2,292	314	406.3	— 182.3	40.4%	68.3%	— 154.8
TOTAL OF GROUPS A AND B . . . .	190	193	290	15.5	—	1,528	593.4	350	+ 243.4	66.5%	39%	+ 352.8

\* Gold standard.

† Gold and silver standard.

‡ Silver standard.

§ The West Indies, Central and South America have \$27,700,000 coined silver at ratio 15.5; United States, \$419,300,000 at 15.98; Japan, \$50,000,000 at 16.18, and Mexico, \$50,000,000 at 16.5 to 1 of gold.



Group A consists of Great Britain with her colonial possessions (outside of India, the Western Hemisphere, and Oceanica), Germany, Portugal, Turkey, and Egypt. These countries, for various reasons, may be expected to adhere tenaciously to the single gold standard.

Group B consists of Austro-Hungary, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and the British possessions in the Western Hemisphere and Oceanica. For various reasons they are now under such influences, that in the absence of counter-acting influence they may be expected to adhere to the single gold standard. But they are easily susceptible to commercial influence, which the United States government can, at will, readily exert upon them with sufficient force to induce prompt coöperation in the use of the bimetallic standard. The same influence would, after perhaps greater resistance and longer time, undoubtedly compel the coöperation of Group A. I refer to preferential trade advantages extended by the United States to silver-using countries seeking our markets.

Group C embraces the rest of the world, and is divided into European, American, and Asiatic sections. The European section embraces all the countries of Europe not in Groups A and B. These countries are all by interest and predilection, strongly bimetallic, as indicated by their \$1,137,800,000 of coined silver in use, by the expressions of their delegates in the Brussels conference last year, and by every other observable indication. They would, beyond doubt, welcome an opportunity to coöperate in any effort promising success, in the reëstablishment of the bimetallic standard.

The American section of Group C comprises all the Western Hemisphere except the British possessions; and to it is added Japan, for the reason that she has the bimetallic standard. There can be no doubt that all this section would co-operate with the United States to restore to silver its full monetary recognition in the world's system of money.

The Asiatic section of Group C consists of India, China, Indo-China, and the Malay Archipelago, all single silver standard countries, and so attached to it as to render change for a long time impossible. Hence, they would be more effective aids than if bimetallic, in view of a part of the world adhering to the single gold standard, the exclusive

demand for each metal in different sections of the world, balancing each other. The Asiatic section has \$1,700,000,000 coined silver in use, and annually will continue to absorb a large share of the world's product.

The exports of the United States to Europe in 1890 were fairly representative. In 1891 the cereal crops in Europe were deficient and in the United States abundant; and consequently the exports of the United States for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1892, were in excess of the average. The imports of 1890 from Europe were slightly in excess of the average, and in advance of the demand, in order to secure admission under the tariff rates of the old law and avoid the higher rates likely to be enforced by the new; so that the balances due from European countries to the United States, probably, on an average, in the conditions then prevailing, would be between the figures of those two years, say \$300,000,000. The balance of trade between the United States and European countries, in recent years, is always largely in favor of the United States, and the greater part of this balance comes from Great Britain.

In 1890 the United States exported to Great Britain	\$473,429,418
and imported . . . . .	225,513,668
Leaving a balance in favor of the United States of .	\$247,915,750
In 1892 the United States exports to Great Britain	
were . . . . .	\$499,300,000
and imports from there were . . . . .	156,300,000
Leaving a balance in favor of the United States of .	\$343,000,000

Our total imports from Europe in 1892 were \$58,400,000 less than in 1890, of which Great Britain lost \$30,200,000 and Germany lost \$15,900,000.

Our total imports from Great Britain and Germany in 1892 were \$239,200,000 — 29 per cent of our total. Of the average per cent of our total imports for the preceding ten years, 34 per cent came from these two countries, and 37 per cent came from the countries comprising Group A. The average for the preceding ten years from Group B was a little less than in 1892, being 7 per cent of our total; from the European section of Group C during the ten years preceding 1892, 16 per cent of our total, making 60 per cent from Europe and the English dependencies, India excepted.

Hence it is seen that during the past ten years 60 per cent of our imports came from countries where coöperation in the use of the bimetallic standard may perhaps be questioned, or not expected under ordinary circumstances. Fully five sixths of those imports, and a larger proportion of those coming from Great Britain and Germany, can readily and profitably be produced in the United States, either by a reduction of wages of labor, or by maintaining as a settled and permanent policy, a rate of tariff protection to our markets against the foreign products, equivalent to the difference in the scale of wages there and here. The present law was formed with that view, but owing to its uncertain tenure since November, 1890, capital has naturally hesitated to invest in new plants to supersede the imported by the domestic product. But it is clear that we can, if we choose, very largely reduce our imports from Europe, and as our exports are indispensable to them, our balance would be correspondingly increased, and, so long as they remain on the gold standard, could be collected in gold. There can be no doubt of the ability of the United States to raise the annual balance of trade in our favor from Europe to \$400,000,000. The exports of the United States to all the countries of Europe are almost exclusively articles of indispensable necessity, unobtainable in sufficient quantities elsewhere, and consequently cannot be materially reduced in volume. They are almost entirely cotton, breadstuffs, meats, provisions, and petroleum.

The conditions of the trade between the United States and the other countries of the American and Asiatic sections of Group C are directly the reverse of that with Europe. To them we export manufactured goods, and import articles of necessity, not producible in the United States (except sugar), by reason of climatic influences. This class of imports has very largely increased since 1890, and, with the exception mentioned, must continue to increase. The balance of trade with these countries is very largely against the United States; and the volume of our imports from them must continue to increase indefinitely, this year being so heavy as to have more than outweighed the European balance, always in recent years in our favor. This American and Asiatic balance against us, can, if we choose, be paid in silver.

Under these conditions, why cannot the United States reëstablish and maintain the bimetallic standard in actual practice, in defiance of all Europe and at the present ratio? Conditions more favorable—except by universal adoption of it—cannot be conceived of. The enlargement of the volume of real money would permit of an enlarged volume of uncovered paper circulation, without creating apprehension. It would make “cornering” the money market very much more difficult, prevent speculative changes of prices of commodities, quicken enterprise, stimulate industry, and greatly increase the earnings of plants engaged in producing and transporting commodities, and thereby increase the earnings of capital and labor.

But if the United States should proclaim to the world in an unmistakable way—as would be a free bimetallic coinage statute—her intention to use both gold and silver as standard money, and provide for holding an international congress of the nations desiring to use the bimetallic standard, to agree upon a common ratio between the two metals, all the countries of the European section of Group C would immediately coöperate. Their vast amount of coined silver in use as money is threatened with complete destruction. Besides, they prefer the use of silver as a part of their volume of money. Is it questioned if they would regard the United States as sufficient guarantee of success? If so, consider the evidence of our power, as constituted by the superior productive capacity of our people.

From our earliest recollection the superiority of American genius, enterprise, and energy, have been household words, familiar to us all; and it is the general verdict of foreign producers of commodities for competition in our markets, after thoroughly investigating our resources, methods, and capacity for producing the articles they are engaged in the production of, that American labor, *per capita*, is very much more efficient and productive than the best average to be found in Europe, working on like material, with like mechanical appliances. This is an element that the close European business man, and producer for our markets, always takes into account. Whether the superiority results from the intermingling of the different and widely differing elements of the race, under the peculiar conditions that have prevailed in our country, from the superior standard of

living always secured to the American laborer, from climatic influences, from the stimulating and energizing influence of the political character of our institutions, or from all these and perhaps others combined, is immaterial to this argument. The fact exists and is recognized by the world. In illustrative proof, I cite the invariable improvement, by means of American invented appliances and methods for labor saving and increasing productive power, always engrafted upon every industry imported and naturalized into the United States from Europe. There is scarcely an industry in the country that has not been so improved in a very large measure. It applies to every department, no matter whether it be the tilling of the soil or seeking the commodities of the deep, mining the precious or base metals, the making of a cotton gin or a telegraph instrument, a Ferris wheel or a watch, a warship or a freight transport, and so on through the whole domain of productive industry. On everything is stamped the *superiority of American genius for utility*.

In addition to this superiority *per capita*, consider the vast extent and unparalleled richness of the natural resources of our country, as yet scarcely touched in the way of development; consider the rapid increase of population, and the much more rapid increase of wealth; consider the immense advantages from its happy geographical and political environment, and its evident manifest destiny ordained by a beneficent Providence. Recall the unequalled power displayed from 1861 to 1865, now all the possession of a happily reunited nation, and, still further, the marvellously rapid increase of wealth and liquidation of indebtedness since that struggle. Remember that all this has been observed by the world with unprecedented wonder, ourselves only oblivious to our country's greatness and consequent financial power.

But of all the wonderful phenomena we have displayed, to the intelligent foreigner the most wonderful has been our servile imitation of England's financial policy, notwithstanding all the conditions of the two countries are directly opposite, and all their interests in sharp conflict. This ignoble subjection of our financial policy to England's dictation has deprived us of the respect our inherent power entitles us to from the nations of the world, and at the same time inflated the financial power of England. Hence is derived the supposition that only by England's consent and assistance can

the bimetallic standard be restored to the wronged and suffering world. Naturally and appropriately, our servility causes us to be ignored.

The enactment of an unlimited bimetallic coinage and legal tender law at our old ratio, with an invitation to the bimetallic world to confer with us and agree upon a ratio common to all, would be regarded as a declaration, at last, of our financial independence of England, and secure to us the confidence and coöperation of the countries comprising the European section of Group C.

The present population of the United States — about 67,000,000 — in possession of the vastly superior natural advantages, as before suggested, is fully equal in productive capacity, and consequently in financial power for this purpose, to any 134,000,000 of population that can be grouped together by other nationalities.

But in addition to the spontaneous coöperation of Group C, it appears to the writer, after the most careful and critical consideration and search for objections, that the United States holds the key that can open every mint in the world to as free mintage of silver, in the full legal tender money, as is accorded to gold. The first question to be settled is, Does the United States possess such power? the second, Should she use it? and the third, Will she?

After becoming the creditor of foreign nations to a vast amount, England in 1819 became a single gold standard country, in the interest of those credits, and, of course, against the interest of debtors. Chiefly by her influence, the general demonetization of silver was secured, about 1873; by her influence, largely, the war for the establishment of a single gold standard has been prosecuted, and it is her influence that stands in the way of the general restoration of the bimetallic standard. Her commercial relations are so extensive, and her credits so vast, that she is supposed to be financially irresistible; hence the spectacle observed last year at the Brussels conference, of all the delegates from other nations confessing complete impotency without England's aid.

It is well understood that England's trade depends upon cheap food, cheap raw material for her people to make into valuable fabrics, and advantageous markets for these fabrics. This is the keynote and mainspring of the whole English



policy. To secure these her astute statesmen plan, scheme, and plot unceasingly, untiringly, and unscrupulously, with all her characteristic bull-dog tenacity and courage. No obstacle to this commercial policy is permitted to remain, if craft, courage, force, brutality, and inhumanity can remove that obstacle. In the name of Him who scourged her like from "the Father's house" because they had "made it a den of thieves," she sends out the pioneers of their trade to blaze the way for the soulless trader, who soon calls to his aid the military to rivet the shackles of English rapacity upon the helpless victim—and all for "cheap raw material" and "markets for English manufacture." Examples of England's perfidy are too familiar to justify taking space to illustrate. Scarcely a page of the barbarous world's history but records these things against her. In addition, most of the civilized world's recent history is a record of this conscienceless commercial policy of grasping greed of England. Our own history, particularly, is loaded with it. Therefore any customary means of self-defence is justifiable against her. Now it so happens that the United States is the principal caterer to the necessities of this policy of England, and the largest customer for the products of her workshops.

In 1890 the exports of Great Britain amounted to \$1,597,438,932, of which the United States purchased 14.1 per cent, India 12 per cent, Germany 9.3 per cent, British Australia 7.8 per cent, France 7 per cent, all Africa, including Egypt, 5.7 per cent, the Netherlands 5 per cent, Belgium 4 per cent, Russia 2.7 per cent, Argentine Republic 2.6 per cent, and British North America 2.5 per cent. No other country purchased nearly so much as either of the last named. These figures exhibit the importance of the markets of the United States for England's products, and will suggest somewhat the sacrifices she will make, if necessary, to retain possession of that market.

It will be observed that in 1890 the United States imported from Groups A and B \$350,000,000 worth of goods, most of which could and perhaps should have been manufactured at home. At any rate all of them could have been purchased, of as satisfactory quality, and as cheap in price, from countries of Group C. The principle of reciprocity is old, and everywhere recognized as legitimate. Our interests—therefore it is assumed to be our policy—

demand the reëstablishment of the bimetallic standard of money by the world. It is not in conflict with any legitimate interest. It is generally believed to be urgently needful. We have the adoption of that standard to ask of other nations. That it is to their interest as much as it is to ours matters not. If they concede this to us, it is legitimate for us to give preferential trade advantages in our market to the countries that grant us what we desire of them. And it is equally legitimate to withhold like advantages from countries refusing to accede to our reasonable demand for their coöperation with us in reëstablishing the bimetallic standard of money. Their action is in conflict with the vital interests of mankind. Ours is promotive of such interests.

The privilege of paying for our imports with silver at a ratio not higher than our legal ratio would be a valuable consideration, the concession of which would constitute an equitable claim for a reciprocal concession by us; and would therefore obviate the objection that might otherwise be based upon the usual "favored nation" clause in commercial treaties, and fully justify us in granting preferential trade advantages in our markets to countries conceding the valuable consideration to us.

The principle can be carried into effect in various ways. One occurs to the writer as simple and effective, and will be roughly outlined, to exemplify the principle more clearly. It so happens that in all probability a new tariff law will be enacted by the United States government in the near future. In that law provide for a minimum and a maximum rate of duty, to be collected on articles of import. First, fix the minimum rate of duty at such a figure as may be deemed expedient for the best interests of the country, irrespective of this question under discussion; in short, adjust the rate that would be adopted if it were to be offered unconditionally and indiscriminately to the whole world. It matters not whether the principle of free trade or that of protection is guiding the views of those fixing the rates. Then fix the maximum rate as much higher than the minimum as will serve to render competition in our markets impossible between goods paying the different rates of tariff for the privilege of entering those markets. Provide, by a section of the act, that on the products of countries which accord to

silver full legal tender power in the satisfaction of all pecuniary obligations, at a ratio not higher than a legal ratio of the United States, shall be collected the minimum rate of tariff; and that on the products of countries refusing such recognition and use of silver, the maximum rate shall be collected. This will transfer the production of the articles we have been importing from countries that shall continue on the single gold standard, either to the United States or to some other bimetallic country.

A tariff law on that principle and a free bimetallic coinage law as before indicated, given to the country simultaneously, would most certainly bring Group B into coöperation as soon as they could effect the necessary changes in their laws. If British and German products are superseded in our markets by American, French, Belgian, Dutch, Swiss, Italian, Spanish, and other products, they will cost us no more, and will so strengthen the force of the demand of the English and German people upon their governments for the adoption of the bimetallic standard, as to compel the concession in no long time. And thus *the United States will have restored to the world the bimetallic standard*. Our markets are too valuable to England and Germany to be sacrificed in the interests of their money-holding classes.

But perhaps some one will say they would retaliate. Why? How? In what way? The principle and the method are both old and fully recognized as legitimate. Hence there is no cause of action. But how are they to retaliate? They buy of our products only what their necessities compel them to; they cannot obtain these indispensable necessities elsewhere. So that method is unavailable. But we owe them vast sums of money—not the governments; and if the individual creditor should demand payment, when his bond is due, we will pay it, if not with our own, then with money borrowed elsewhere, at equally favorable terms. Our government is master of the situation. Will it use the advantage for the benefit of its people?

## THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF HYPNOTISM IN MODERN MEDICINE.

BY J. R. COCKE, M. D.

IN reviewing the world's history, the careful student is deeply impressed with the fact that truths which have so long shed their effulgent light upon us, have been neglected or wholly misunderstood.

It seems, indeed, incredible that the now universally accepted doctrine of asepticism should not have been sooner discovered by the surgeons; in other words, it has taken the physicians of the world nearly six thousand years to learn the simple fact that, if all wounds are kept perfectly clean, they may heal readily, without the formation of pus. So men have talked for ages indefinitely about the effects of mind upon matter, and the power of one mind over another. But it has remained for our glorious civilization to classify these various phenomena, and in a measure to define their boundaries and study the laws which govern them. The discovery of hypnotism promises, indeed, to be as great a blessing to the sick of our own day as was opium some centuries ago.

Conservatism, when moderately exercised, is a healthy check upon all study; but the attitude of the medical profession toward this means of relieving pain, has prolonged the suffering of countless thousands who might have been wholly relieved, or, in those cases which could not be cured, the way through the valley of the shadow of death might have been made smooth.

The following are some of the arguments used against the application of hypnotism in disease:—

First, It is claimed that it is enervating to the will.

Second, That it makes the patient dependent upon the will of another.

Third, That it renders him liable to be influenced by persons of evil intent.

Fourth, That its application is very limited, and that only nervous or hysterical individuals are subject to its influence.

That hypnotism has a place in the treatment of disease, I shall endeavor to show in this paper, and that it can be used without injurious effects upon the patient; also, that it may take the place of narcotics in the treatment of a large class of diseases in which they are now used. This I shall illustrate by a few cases from my private and hospital practice.

#### HYPNOTISM IN DELIRIUM.

The effect of hypnotism upon delirium is well illustrated by the following three cases, briefly reported.

Case 1. During my student days I was called to visit a man in the poorest districts of this city, who was suffering from an attack of typhoid fever. On entering a low, dingy room, filthy beyond all description, I found lying in one corner, upon a pile of rags, a man, writhing and tossing and moaning piteously. Between his moans he would exclaim incoherently: "Pull me out of this boiling water! My wife has thrown me into a sea of boiling water!" His words were accompanied by movements of feet and hands, imitating the act of swimming. His wife informed me that this had been his condition for thirty-six hours, and that during that time he had taken no food or drink. I gave him medicine by the mouth, which was immediately rejected. Realizing the necessity of quieting him, and fearing to give large doses of opiates to obtain this end, I determined to try hypnotism.

Seizing his right hand in mine, I called the patient very sharply by name. After gaining his attention, he was commanded to look steadily at a coin held in my left hand. At first it was difficult to hold his attention, as he tended to lapse into his wanderings. I commanded him to repeat with me the words "thirty-six." Then he was told that he could not stop saying "thirty-six." This he was allowed to continue for a couple of minutes, when I peremptorily commanded him to sleep. He sank into a profound sleep, still obeying readily any suggestion which I made to him. I impressed upon him that he had been pulled out of the hot water, and that he felt cool, while I continually repeated, "Sleep—sleep."

The most interesting feature in the case was the fact that

natural sleep followed by transition from the condition of hypnosis. He would obey hypnotic suggestions for seventeen minutes after being hypnotized; then he would sleep quietly for three or four hours, and obey no suggestion. His pulse fell from one hundred and twenty-three to one hundred and fourteen per minute. Hypnotizing him exercised no perceptible effect upon the temperature, which remained over one hundred and five for the next six hours succeeding the first treatment, and was gradually reduced by means of cold water applied by sponging. This patient was hypnotized eight times to control delirium, each treatment giving him about four hours' relief, followed by complete recovery.

Case 2 — alcoholic pneumonia with violent delirium. One cold night last winter I was called hastily to go through a driving snowstorm to a patient who was reported as "very ill." Entering a beautifully furnished room, I found a man singing, shouting, and screaming alternately, and talking in the intervals with imaginary friends. Perceiving me, he bade me a hearty welcome, and requested me to drink with him. Taking the pulse, I found it was rapid, thready, and weak. I could not induce him to be still long enough to permit of a thorough physical examination of the chest, but I readily detected from the signs, that there was consolidation at the base of the lower lobe of the left lung. Knowing the seriousness of alcoholic pneumonia, and observing the exhausted condition of the patient, it was apparent that he must be kept quiet—but how? Large doses of morphia or other opiates were out of the question. I again tried hypnotism, and although it was a difficult task, succeeded in getting him asleep in half an hour. When he was aroused from the hypnotic condition, his mind was clear, and under the proper treatment, his recovery was satisfactory.

The third case in which delirium was present, was that of a child ten years old, suffering with influenza. I had no difficulty in controlling the delirium by hypnotism, and the child recovered, with no deleterious results.

Hypnotism has served me well in two cases of that terrible disease, *locomotor ataxia*. In the early stages of this affection, the patient suffers with severe shooting pains and various indescribable sensations through the lower limbs, insomnia, and, in some cases, great nervous irritability; also



progressively increasing difficulty in walking. While it would be absurd to say that the disease was interrupted in its fatal progress by hypnotism, I am positive, from my experience in these cases, that great amelioration of the suffering was attained through its agency; the patients being kept comfortable without the use of opiates, all of which disorder the digestion and hasten the inevitable result.

Without going into details, I will state that I have practised hypnotism on thirteen insane patients. It utterly failed in three cases of advanced paralytic *dementia*, also in one case of acute mania from alcoholism and overwork, and proved of only transient benefit in two cases of hysterical mania. The remaining seven were cases of profound melancholia, and I will describe one, as illustrating the type of the rest. The patient was a lady twenty-eight years of age, and presented the saddest picture of misery that it was ever my fortune to meet. She would sit for hours with her face in her hands, the tears streaming down her cheeks, sobbing piteously and begging for her child, which she imagined had been killed. When her infant was brought to her, she denied its identity, and said she was being imposed upon. She persistently refused food, and did not sleep for five days. The sufferings described in Dante's *Inferno* could not compare with the wretchedness of this woman. She was readily hypnotized at the first sitting, and while in that state partook of food and drink at my command. She was ordered to take her infant in her arms, and was told that when she should awaken from the trance, she would recognize it. She did so at once. Some of her delusions lasted for several weeks, but under forced feeding, massage, and rest, she entirely recovered.

I will not enter into a discussion of the efficacy of hypnotism in that large class of diseases known as functional nervous disturbances, for the reason that its value in such cases is so well understood; neither will I discuss its use in surgery, but will speak of a class of moral diseases, which are susceptible in a greater or less degree to its beneficent influence.

#### CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM (DRUNKENNESS).

Eighteen cases of chronic alcoholism have been treated by hypnotism under my observation. Twelve were not bene-

fited at all. Two were temporarily relieved, but relapsed. Of the remaining four, one died from intercurrent disease, and the others were apparently cured. I will describe one in detail. The patient, a man thirty-six years of age, a sailor by profession, was first seen by me in a state of *delirium tremens*, in December, 1889; he had been a hard drinker from his sixteenth year. After he recovered from this attack, hypnotism was tried upon him three times a week. While in the hypnotic state, water was given to him, and he was told that it would take from him his desire for liquor. He was also commanded, if he should crave liquor, to come immediately to me.

After the fourth treatment, he presented himself one morning at seven o'clock, and informed me that he *must* have a glass of liquor, and that he would have taken it before if he could, but that some unseen power restrained him. I hypnotized him, gave him a glass of water, and told him he would be perfectly satisfied. When he came out of the hypnotic sleep, he complained of feeling badly at the stomach; an examination proved this organ to be somewhat out of order, and medicines were given to correct the trouble. I learned from both himself and his family, in the early spring of the present year, that since that time he had continued entirely temperate. He showed me his bank book in evidence, and proudly said that the three hundred dollars it represented was the first money he had ever saved in his life.

I have successfully treated one case of kleptomania, two cases of excessive irritability of temper, and a number of minor difficulties which are not worth mentioning.

#### IS HYPNOTISM EVER DANGEROUS?

Hypnotism is a two-edged sword. Wielded by an unskilled hand, it may cut both ways, deep into the faculties of intellection, and into the nervous system generally. It should be applied with great care, if at all, with patients tending to any form of religious mania. Also it should be used only by a skilled hand upon patients of an unbalanced mind, accompanied by what is known in medical parlance as *paranoia*. This condition manifests itself in great exaggeration of the *ego*. Such persons have a remedy for all the ills, both mental and physical, which afflict the body politic.

Guiteau, the murderer of Garfield, was probably a notable example of this disease.

One case, which came under my observation, was made much worse by this treatment. The man believed that he was inspired to write an article which would lead to the cure of all the deaf mutes in America. He was hypnotized several times, and it made a profound impression upon his nervous system, inducing symptoms resembling acute mania.

#### PHYSIOLOGICAL ACTION OF HYPNOTISM.

It is always well in employing any remedy, to ascertain its effect first upon healthy individuals before applying it to the relief of disease. With this end in view, I have hypnotized some eighty healthy persons in twelve years, averaging about five sittings with each person. The susceptibility to hypnotic influence varies extremely, and I have as yet ascertained no fixed law of temperament which exercises any control over it.

Children from seven to fourteen years, seem, as a rule, to be the most susceptible. This susceptibility appears to decrease with advancing years.

I had formed from my reading a preconceived idea that nervous and hysterical persons could be more easily hypnotized than those of a stolid and phlegmatic temperament. But this has certainly not been my experience. The best adult subject ever hypnotized by me was a railroad engineer, who, for fifteen years of his early life, had served as a regular soldier in the United States Army. I will take him as an example illustrative of the effect of hypnotism upon the various systems of the body.

For the benefit of the medical readers of *THE ARENA*, I will say that a thorough physical examination was made, before the man was hypnotized at all. The five special senses were found to be normal. The respiratory and circulatory systems and the nervous reflexes were also normal. The man was five feet eight and one-half inches tall, forty-seven years of age, with dark eyes, dark hair and complexion; habits temperate and family history good; his manner was calm and quiet; he was somewhat slow of speech; his intellect was far above the average of his class, and he was by no means imaginative.

This man was hypnotized fifty-one times, with the follow-

ing results. The first sitting was negative, as his mind did not respond in any way to the suggestions. At the second sitting, profound hypnosis was induced in four minutes. A sphygmograph (an instrument for recording the pulse waves) was attached to his wrist, and in the early stages of hypnosis the pulse was increased in both force and frequency, rising from sixty-three to seventy-five per minute. As the hypnotic condition deepened, the pulse fell from seventy-five to fifty-six. Before hypnotism was applied a number of tests were made to determine the normal condition of the pulse, which was about sixty per minute. The effect upon the pupillary reflex to light could not be exactly ascertained. The respirations were at first increased, but subsequently became slow, deep, and regular. There were some curious so-called *vaso motor* phenomena witnessed. (The *vaso motor* system of nerves controls the expansion and contraction of the blood vessels of the body.)

In the early stages of hypnosis the man's face flushed deeply; as the condition progressed it grew pale, but a touch with a sharp instrument would cause a localized patch of redness on the skin, which would persist longer when he was hypnotized than when in his normal condition, and could not be produced without an excessive amount of force being used, when any part was rendered insensible to pain by suggestion. The man could apparently be made to perspire, when told during hypnosis that he was exceedingly warm. His heart would not beat faster if I simply suggested to him that it would do so; but when I said to him that he had struck one of his employers, his heart bounded, and the pulse went up to one hundred and fifteen, rapidly sinking again to normal when the delusion was corrected. He could be made to feel imaginary pains in various parts of the body; could be made to weep or laugh, by appealing to the emotions. In short, the diapason of his whole mental and emotional system would give forth concordant sensations of pleasure or discordant sensations of pain, at the will of the operator; and this, too, with an astounding rapidity, which would be incredible to one not familiar with the phenomena.

I have endeavored in a general way to give in this paper a fair idea of the scope of hypnotism in its application to disease. In the use of any new remedy, there is great danger

that it may on the one hand be used indiscriminately, or, on the other hand, be scouted by a senseless scepticism.

That hypnotism has definite limits of usefulness, there can be no doubt. That superstition and mystery, the hand-maidens who in olden times rocked the cradle of those wonderful triplets, medicine, law, and religion, still whisper in the ears of their grown-up godchildren some of their old-time nursery rhymes, alluring them away from the path of reason and truth, is apparent by the many fads and notions which dominate those spheres of thought.

The medical man of the present day, standing as he does surrounded by the sick, the dying, and the dead, and realizing the futility of many of the old methods used in the treatment of disease, should indeed keep his mind open to the reception of every new discovery. And again, when one considers the millions of the unborn generations who must come and suffer after us, the responsibility is indeed great; and with each gust of wind sighing among the chimneys in the tree-tops, one can fancy that he hears the pleadings of those innumerable hosts of sufferers, who must reap their inheritance of sin, and add the minor chords in nature's symphony of praise to the Eternal Spirit of life, which gives them their consciousness.

Let us then hope that in this new discovery of hypnotism, we have found at least one means of giving relief to the pain and suffering which are and must ever be with us, and that it may prove one of the grandest monuments of our present civilization, demonstrating, as it does, the power of mind and soul over all the minor laws of this vast creation.

## RENT: ITS ESSENCE AND ITS PLACE IN THE DISTRIBUTION OF WEALTH.

BY THOMAS L. BROWN.

THE single tax men propose to solve the industrial problem by taxing ground rent or land values. It is my purpose in preparing this paper, first, to make plain the two meanings of the word *value*; and second, to show graphically what ground rent is, and how it operates in the distribution of the products of industry. After that it might be of interest to point out the relation of the rent collector to his rivals in the struggle for wealth, and to pursue some other considerations suggested at the close of the paper. If the discussion may seem intricate and even dull, I must paraphrase the *dictum* of the great Stagirite by declaring at the outset that, as there is no royal road to geometry, so there is no royal road to political economy. To bring order out of the chaos in which economic data and "standard" and newspaper economic doctrines now welter, one must lay bare the fundamental principles of the science; but when these are once grasped, the student of economics may console himself that he has found the thread that will lead him out of the labyrinth and the darkness into a broad place illumined by open day. Rhetoric may brighten the page of economic and sociological discussion when once the principles have been made plain; but until this goal is reached, we must be content with sober prose.

The meaning of the phrase "land values" must first be fixed. The word *value* has been a prolific source of confusion in political economy. Economists gravely declare, for example, that the fire-water that destroys Poor Lo possesses value, while the sparkling waters of his native brook possess none; that the cigarette that enfeebles the body and brain of the schoolboy, or the opium that saps the manhood of the civilized adult, is also a thing of value; while pure air and sunshine, which are absolutely essential to human life, are destitute of this quality. What does this apparent nonsense mean?



Popular confusion here results from the failure to distinguish between *intrinsic* and *extrinsic* value. The intrinsic value of a thing is its power to contribute to individual or social well-being, material or spiritual, physical, intellectual, or moral. Thus air, water, sunshine, friends, peace of mind, hope of immortality, and the like, all have high value. They are absolutely priceless; yet ordinarily they will sell for nothing in the open market. On the other hand, a great work of art or literature, placed before men of gross tastes and indifferent powers of perception, will sell for a pittance entirely incommensurate with its power to ennoble man and "avail for life."

Other commodities, again, will sell in the market for a price corresponding more closely with their powers to satisfy normal wants and to advance human welfare; such are food, clothing, tools, etc., whose utilities are generally recognized.

Still other articles, possessing little utility or none whatever, may sell at a high rate; as narcotics, alcoholic stimulants, vile literature, obscene representations, and the like. In short, true wealth may possess no value, while "illth" may yield its owner a rich return in cash.

Intrinsic and extrinsic value, then, may be thus distinguished: the intrinsic value of a thing, or its *worth*, is its power, appreciated or unappreciated, to "avail for life," to upbuild, to enlarge, to satisfy rational wants, and to enable man to fulfill his destiny. The extrinsic value of a thing, on the other hand, is nothing more nor less than its power to exchange for other things — commodities or money. This "value of a thing is just as much as it will bring." While the worth of Paradise Lost may surpass that of the mines of Golconda or Colorado, the original value of this work of genius was, as I remember, some ten pounds or less; and while His worth to the race is beyond all computation, the value of the Man of Nazareth was thirty pieces of silver. Intrinsic value or worth is the good, actual or potential, in the thing; extrinsic value, or, in economic parlance, "value" simply — base prostitution of a noble word! — is what one can get out of it in cash or truck.

An important distinction exists between *actual* and *assumed* worth. A soil assumed to possess but slight worth may cover a gold mine; and a human mind, apparently of mediocre or inferior order, may unfold until the

world is dazzled by its brilliancy or stirred by its profundity. In each of these cases, the actual worth of the thing infinitely surpasses its assumed, recognized, or estimated worth. The following grouping of terms may prevent confusion of thought:—

*Value* :—

1. Real (i. e., worth).
  - a. Actual or potential.
  - b. Assumed or estimated.
2. Market or exchange.

Where the terms are used without modification, value will mean market or exchange value, and worth will mean assumed or estimated worth.

Wealth is a product of labor, or of labor and capital, applied to natural agents, i. e., to land. True wealth, as distinguished from "illth," always possesses actual or potential worth. Whether or not it possesses value depends, first, upon whether or not men recognize this worth; and second, upon whether or not they are able freely to steal it. Wealth, recognized as such and placed beyond the reach of thieves, will always possess more or less value. The test must always be, Can it be exchanged? A mother's picture, for example, while a product of labor applied to natural agents, and possessing high worth to an appreciative son, may be exchangeable for nothing and hence will possess no value. By observing these distinctions we may be able to get on.

Does land possess either worth or value? By land we mean, in political economy, the planet upon which we live, minus all human embellishments. It includes mountains, valleys, and plains; the minerals, gases, and oils that lie within earth's bosom, and the oceans, seas, rivers and other waters that surround its bulk or dot its surface or irrigate its forests and fields. Surely if land lacks worth, then nothing else can possess it; land, thus viewed, is absolutely essential to human existence. Without it man were a ghost.

Has land value as well as worth? This question one may answer for himself by trying to get some or the use of some, or by seeking to live at all in society. The fact that he is charged for it or for its use proves that land has value. This is true not only of the dry land surface of the earth, but, to a considerable extent, of the water also. The navi-

gation of the ocean and of most rivers is nominally free; yet that often it is not actually so is shown by the fact that one is charged for the privilege of sailing from or to a wharf. Wharfage is practically a charge for the use of the water, and so resembles ground rent which, as we shall see, is a charge for the use of dry land.

Whence comes the *value* of land, considered independently of the *worth* of land? For the sake of simplicity, consider the origin and growth of a new community. A band of immigrant families migrate to the west, select an eligible site for a home, and prepare to settle down upon the basis of common property in land. They must first pay say \$1.25 per acre to the United States government for a title. Land in the wilderness, before the approach of man, is thus seen to have a small value. As the charge is levied independently of the relative worth of wild lands, it may be regarded as in part the payment for a title securing to its holders undisturbed possession, but chiefly as a solvent of government monopoly. Uncle Sam claims the land as his private property, and the immigrants must pay him a considerable part of their \$1.25 per acre to induce him to relax his grasp.

Let the several families invest equal amounts for the purchase of a tract of several thousand acres of land. The land will now be the joint property of the community, and the families will enjoy equal rights to its use. Part of the land is rich prairie soil, part heavily wooded, but both prairie and forest are well watered and fruitful. Part of the land, again, is sandy, rocky, alkaline, hilly, studded with cactus or sage-brush, and cut by gullies and cañons. Manifestly this land, independently of any outlay of labor and capital by man, varies greatly in worth; and common fairness will demand that he who enjoys special privileges in the use of the land shall pay according to his privilege.

Instead of scattering themselves over their estate, each family separated from its nearest neighbor by a mile or more, let them decide to build their houses together, after the primitive German fashion, in a little hamlet. They will now lay out a town of liberal proportions. Each householder will possess his farm in the country and his lot in town, upon which he will soon erect his dwelling.

Now, though this town may be laid out upon a table land

of exactly uniform natural quality, the fact that a closely-settled community is to occupy it will cause the different sites, even from the first, to vary somewhat in worth; the corner lots being more desirable than other lots on the same square, and lots near the centres of activity being more desirable than those at the outskirts. This is obvious in a city, and is due to the fact that more business can be done on streets and corners where many people pass than where but few pass. While, again, the outskirts possess some advantages for residential purposes, these advantages are partly offset by the labor entailed and the time consumed in travelling between one's home and place of business.

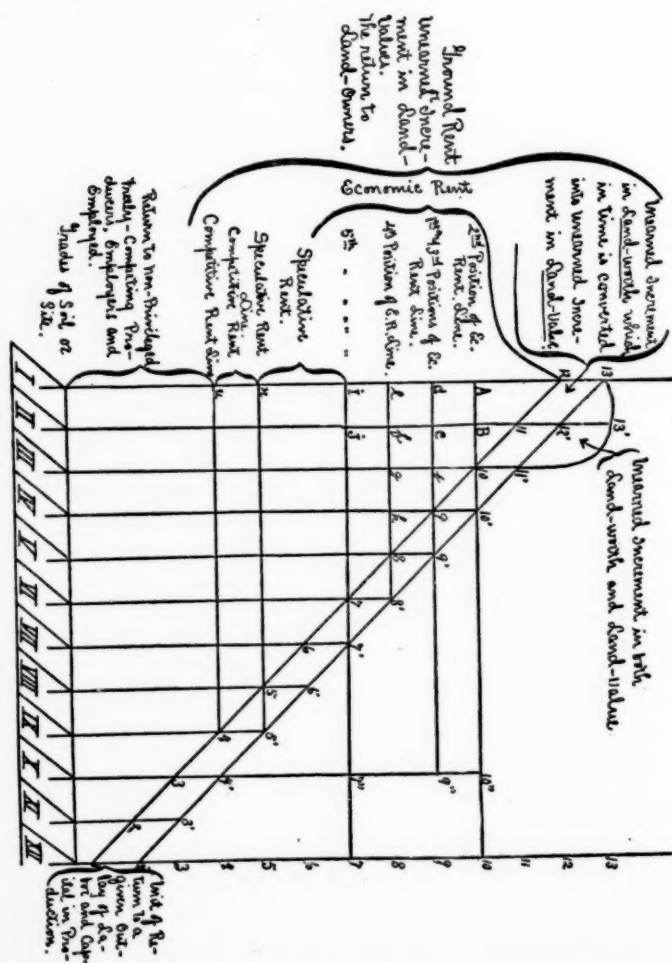
Let us now indicate by a diagram \* the different worths of the *soils* or rural lands and of the *sites* or urban lands in this community, as these degrees of worth are recognized or assumed by the settlers. It cannot be said that these degrees of worth are due to the outlay of labor or capital or both upon the land; for the mere fact that this area will be entered upon and disposed in the manner indicated will cause these grades of worth to exist.

Let the squares at the base of the diagram indicate either rural soils of equal area or urban sites of equal area; bearing in mind the fact that a bare lot in town may easily be worth an unimproved farm in the country. For convenience of illustration, let these soils and sites be arranged in the order of their worths; an ideal arrangement roughly corresponding to the actual, since the land possessing most worth is in the heart of the city, while that of least practical worth is at the outskirts, and so the farthest removed from markets, and thus affording to its occupant the minimum of advantage from association and coöperation.

Grade I. will now represent the choice corner lots in the centre of the village, or the extra-rich soils that lie on the border between the town and country lands. Grade II. will represent soils or sites capable of yielding a less annual return in wealth, whether in crop or the products of trade; and so on down to Grade XII., which may represent the most rocky, sandy, gully-cut and cactus-overgrown area of rural land at the farthest confines of the settlement. Aside

\* A somewhat similar right-angled-triangular diagram has, to my knowledge, been devised recently by others, working, like myself, independently, and employed in the illustration of this same subject. Not a few instances have occurred in the history of science, in which individuals working separately on the same lines have arrived at strikingly similar results.

Chart Illustrating Distribution of Wealth when Equal Amounts of Labor and Capital are applied by Equally-Capable, Freely-Competing Producers; with Rent collected by Land-Owners Freely Competing for Tenants.



from its slight utility as pasture land, such land may be regarded as, at present, almost destitute of worth. Whether or not it possesses value remains to be seen. Grade XII., were it utilized, is capable of yielding an annual return indicated by the vertical line XII. 1. Let this line now represent the unit of wealth or worth. Grade XI., subjected to an equal outlay of labor and capital, will yield XI. 2, or two units of wealth. And similarly, with an exactly equal outlay of labor and capital upon any one of the twelve grades of land, Grade X. will yield three units, Grade IX. four units, and so on to Grade I., which will yield twelve units.

But as our community is small, let the first four grades of land satisfy, for the present, all its requirements. Grade IV., which under the assumed conditions of equal outlay of labor and capital yields nine units, is the worst land in use. The poorest lands, which for the present are discarded, will remain in the possession of the community, to be drawn upon at pleasure.

The user of land of Grade IV. will now be able to derive from it nine units of wealth; but as he occupies the poorest used land in the community, he will enjoy no landed privilege of which he can dispose to another. *His land, therefore, will possess no value.* But Grade III., under the assumed conditions, will yield ten units of wealth; its occupant, therefore, will enjoy an advantage over the occupant of Grade IV. equal to one unit—*an advantage that can be sold.* Land of Grade III. will therefore possess an annual value of one unit. Since Grade IV. is the poorest land to which the needs of society compel men to resort, and since Grade III. is one unit better, this annual advantage of III. over IV. is termed *economic rent*.

Grade II. is two units better than Grade IV. It therefore yields an annual value and an economic rent of two units; and, similarly, Grade I. yields three units of annual value and economic rent. The annual values and economic rent of these four grades of land are, therefore, for Grade IV., zero; for Grade III., one unit, an amount represented by the vertical line b, 10; for Grade II., two units, an amount represented by the line c, 11; and for Grade I., three units, indicated by the line d, 12. These annual values or economic rents being collected by the community, the occupants of the four grades of land stand exactly upon a level so far



as landed privilege is concerned; each pays to the community the full *value* of any privilege he might otherwise enjoy, and each soil or site is *worth* to its occupant nine units of wealth. We are now ready for a definition of economic rent:—

*Economic rent is that value or excess of wealth which a given outlay of labor and capital can produce from a soil or site above the wealth which an equal outlay of labor and capital can produce from the worst soil or site to which the needs of society compel men to resort.*

Whether this economic rent is paid to a present or an absent landlord, or to the community, or is retained by the individual owner of the more desirable land, makes no difference so far as the fact and the purposes of definition are concerned. The economic rent is the *excess* produced under the conditions given, and *represents an unearned advantage*. Since, waiving governmental or other monopoly, land, however well situated, has no value until men appear to contend for it, this economic rent represents a value that before had no existence, and is, therefore, sometimes called “unearned increment in land value.”

Now let a railroad approach within some miles of this community, thus affording better market facilities and better communication with the outside world. The result will be to increase the *worth* of all the soils and sites in the community, since more can now be realized from the land with the same outlay of labor and capital.

Next let the community build a church, a schoolhouse, or a public library, and engage in other civic improvements. The result will be another increase in land worth, this time by *social* activity. Again, let an individual engage in considerable improvements in his business facilities, enlarging his store, increasing and improving his stock, and beautifying and adorning his grounds. Aside from the increased wealth which he adds to his own estate by his increased outlay of labor and capital, and the enhanced improvement value that thereby accrues to him, he increases, also, the land worth of the community generally, since he renders it a more desirable place in which to live.

Thus in three ways are land worths in the community enhanced, aside from the increment in worth which a soil or site receives from the activity of its owner or occupier; first, by productive activity exercised outside the com-

munity; second, by social, and third, by individual productive activity exercised within the community.

Now such an increase in land worth will not be uniform throughout the community; for lands lying near the improvements will enjoy more of such increase than will lands lying more remote. Assume the increase to be at least one unit on each grade, and two units on the favored grade, for example, Grade II. Now the worst grade, IV., may be abandoned; and if—assuming Grade II. to be relatively abundant—the excess on this grade be sufficient to make good all loss sustained by abandoning grade IV.—which we may assume to be relatively scarce—the community may rise to Grade III., which will now be the worst land in use. The rent line now rises from 9, d to 10' A, and the reward of each average producer has increased from nine units to ten. Economic rent is represented by the vertical lines 10, 11'; B, 13', and A, 13.

Plainly, then, the land of the community has received an unearned increment in worth represented by the lines 9, 10'; 10, 11'; 11, 13', and 12, 13—unearned, i. e., by the individuals using the different grades, and, in at least one case, unearned by the community itself or by any of its members. Land values, however, have risen only by the amount indicated by the vertical line 12, 13' on Grade II., and the rent roll has been correspondingly swelled.

But if other communities have not been similarly improved in the meantime, it is possible for *land values* in our community to rise and swallow up the increase in *land worth*, thrusting back the rent line to its former position.

For example, let a company of new immigrants, having free access elsewhere to land that will yield annually, under the originally assumed conditions, nine units of wealth—as much, i. e., as Grade IV. would yield before the improvements had been made—apply now to this community for the privilege of using land of Grade IV., which now yields ten units. On this “no-rent land” they will be charged a rent of one unit. Why? Because nine units is the most they can obtain elsewhere; and hence, if they choose to remain, nine units must satisfy them here. They may receive it, if they like, on any of the grades in use—for which they will be charged all over nine units as rent; or they may move upon Grade V., which now becomes the

no-rent land. This some of them will do, while some of them may prefer to occupy the better grades of land, and pay rent. The immigrant's reward in each case is the same; it is determined by his necessity; while the land owners' return is determined by their opportunity. But since the worst land in the community which some must use fixes the rent line for the whole community, this line now drops back from 10' A to 9' d. The increase in land worth has been wholly swallowed up by the increase in land values.

Observing now that the tide of immigration has set their way and that, by pulling down the rent line for newcomers, this immigration is lowering it for the original settlers themselves, let the "first families" agree to abandon the "barbarous system" of equal rights to land and common ownership of rent; and adopt, instead, upon some basis acceptable to themselves, the "civilized system" of private property in land. The "first families" now become the exclusive proprietors of the land—a landed aristocracy. All new comers must now either rent or buy, in each case paying according to the advantage secured, and thus leaving to the propertied class their exclusive privileges, since the money received in payment for land can be made to return in interest the full equivalent of all that is sacrificed in rent; otherwise the land owner will not sell. From this point on, society differentiates itself more and more sharply into the classes who live by laboring and the classes who live by collecting tolls from those who labor. As the rent line falls, land owners fatten while producers grow lean.

Now let other immigrants arrive, and landless children— younger sons—be born into the society. The first five grades will no longer satisfy the requirements of the society, hence poorer lands must be resorted to. Grade VI. will next be occupied. If equally desirable land can be had outside the society, Grade VI. will pay no rent, and the rent line will stand at 8' e. Let another wave of immigration pour in, and some must resort to Grade VII., whose annual worth—represented by the line VII. 7'—is seven units. The fact that the immigrants wish to stay under such conditions is evidence that better facilities outside no longer remain. The owners of Grade VI. can now demand a rent of one unit, represented by the line 7, 8'; and the rents on Grades

V., IV., III., II., and I. are increased by one unit in each case; i. e., the rent line has dropped from 8' e to 7' i. Whereas producers retained eight units after paying rent, they now retain seven. Producers are worse off and rent collectors are better off. Improvements in production may increase the annual return from the lands already in use, and so check temporarily the descent to worse and worse lands; but the law of diminishing or non-proportionate returns from land forbids that this check shall serve otherwise than temporarily. Doubling the dose of labor and capital may double the annual return from land once or twice, but not continuously. If population increases and better lands outside be not available, producers *must* resort to worse soils and sites, and so lower the economic rent line.

From causes similar to those already given, the unearned increment in land worth may continue to accumulate, and will if the community be progressive. Suppose, for example, the railroad that has approached the town now sends a branch into the town. The worth of all land in the community now increases, since a society in direct communication with the outside world is for every reason more eligible as a home and place of business than is a community comparatively isolated. Yet if free land outside be not correspondingly enhanced in worth at the same time, the rent line in our community will not rise and so leave more beneath for renters. Why? Because there is no force operating to crowd it up. The renter's opportunity is determined by the character of the free land outside, so long as any remains. Increased *land worth* will be transmuted into increased *land value* and go to the land owners as rent.\*

Thus every public or private improvement that tends to make the community more habitable and attractive—provided, as rarely occurs, that free opportunities outside are not correspondingly improved—is charged up to rent. For example, let an electric railway be run into a rural suburb, too remote, hitherto, for residential purposes, and too rocky and barren for agricultural purposes, and represented, say, by Grade X. The worth of this land may suddenly leap almost

\* Our diagram but feebly illustrates the differences in land values in a city, and the consequent rewards of some rent collectors. Good residential land in a pleasant suburb of Boston sells at fifty cents per square foot; while the bare site of the recently destroyed Tremont Temple is quoted at sixty dollars per square foot. Hence land of about Grade I. has a value one hundred and twenty times as great as land lying far within the limit of the rent line.

to the level of the best residential land in the city, and its annual yield in wealth may rise from four units to perhaps ten units. Whereas, hitherto, it lay far below the rent line, it now, as if by magic, is made to yield three units in rent. Any advantage that either the community or occupant might have received, the land owner pockets. Cases of which this will serve as a type may be cited from almost any city in the United States. Great are "enterprise" and "public spirit" — for the land speculator!

Another force, not sufficiently conspicuous, hitherto, to demand attention, now manifests itself; and, despite the actual or prospective increased worth of the land, causes the rent line actually to *fall*. This force is speculation. The very fact that a railroad, an electric line, or other considerable improvement is coming, fires the land owners' bosoms with hope of unearned increment. They see in advance that their power to collect rent will enable them to gather in the bulk of the harvest resulting from the improvement. Imagination, moreover, pictures therefrom not only greater gains than may rationally be expected, but also other gains from still other improvements that exist only in imagination. Lest any portion of these rewards shall be forfeited by selling or letting lands at too low a rate, land owners will now demand so much for their lands as to enable them not only to garner in all the new unearned increment, *but considerably more*. In other words, they will crowd the rent line still lower, and so not only deprive the landless of all the benefits of the improvements, but leave them actually worse off than they would have been had the improvements not been made.

A new rent line now appears upon the chart to indicate the new and wholly needless exaction. This line, which may leave the economic rent line far behind — so far, in fact, as to induce a commercial panic — is the speculative rent line, indicated by 5' n. Renters who have been permitted to retain seven units after paying their rent (i. e., economic rent and unearned increment in land wealth which has been transmuted into land values) will now be required to pay, in addition to their former rents, two units more in speculative rent. They will therefore retain five units of their product, regardless of whether they work on Grade IX. or on any one of the better grades. The depth to which the speculative rent line can be pushed depends

largely upon the degree of excitement attending the "boom" and the extent to which non-land owners may be deluded in their hope of gaining by the coming improvements.

*Speculative rent*, then, may be defined as *that excess of wealth, less economic rent and less other unearned increment in land value, which a given outlay of labor and capital can produce from the worst land to which the greed of the land speculator compels men to resort.*

Speculative rent differs from economic rent in that the economic rent line is fixed by social need, while the speculative rent line is fixed by the landlords' greed.

The speculative rent line is necessarily a fluctuating line. When the land owners find that their boom has burst and that they have precipitated a panic, paralyzed industry, and thus diminished the amount of labor products, they will be compelled to take less in rent; both because of the diminished productiveness of industry in general, and because of the necessity of permitting the rent line to rise until industry can recover. This done, business will begin at length to "look up"; but so will the landlords. As a result the rent line will begin again to glide gently downward until, perhaps, another panic has been precipitated.\*

In a growing community the speculative rent line will always lie well below the economic rent line, and so increase the tribute which producers must pay to land owners for the privilege of living and producing.

Note next the influence of industrial competition upon rents.

With the speculative rent line standing, say, at 5' n, freely-competing business men, stung by the consciousness of undeserved losses, will be goaded on to regain their lost position. That he may gain an advantage over his competitors and catch more trade, one will undersell; but soon his rivals will follow suit, and no one of them will have gained an advantage. Now the process will be repeated, to the brief, temporary gain of those who led, but soon to the cost of all; for when all have cut in equal ratio, all will stand once more upon a level, but upon a level that has

\* The agency of land speculation in the production of panics is fully discussed in Chapter I, Book V., of "Progress and Poverty." How panics may also be induced by tampering with the money of the country is a vital question, which it is not my purpose to consider here.



sunk. All are worse off than before the first cut; yet, since no one of them dares to lead in *raising* prices, the lost ground cannot well be regained.

To enable himself to endure the loss he has incurred by cutting prices, one of the employers of labor will cut wages; but his example will shortly be followed by his competitors, with the result that no one now enjoys an advantage over another from reduced wage payments; while any absolute gain that all may enjoy from this cause is soon swallowed up by another cut in prices. But note that this reduction in wages reacts upon employers; for as employees constitute a vast majority of the population, their trade is an important factor in the general market for goods, and cutting wages simply means for employers a narrowing of market and, in consequence, an increased competition for trade—a competition that leads to still further cuts in prices and wages, and consequent narrowing of market.

Since from these causes business is becoming less profitable, employers are led to discharge some of their workmen. These, in order to regain a footing in the industrial order, will offer to work for less wages than are paid to those still employed. This leads to still further reduction in wages, the initiative coming this time not from employers, but from the workmen themselves; and the all-round cut in wages means an all-round reduction in the market for goods, with intensified competition for trade and for work.\* Thus, as in all cases of morbid action, effect becomes cause and tends to perpetuate itself indefinitely.

While these successive reductions in prices and wages are compassing the ruin of both freely-competing employers and workmen, who are gaining thereby? Manifestly, those who possess the means with which to buy the cheapened goods and labor; and among these "effectual demanders" the landlord is conspicuous. The proceeds of his rent roll enable him to buy more labor and more labor products; while, conversely, employers and employed, though rendering exactly the same kind, quality, and quantity of services, receive less reward. What is the meaning of this but the payment of more rent to the landlord (albeit a part of the producers' loss is the gain of other effectual demand-

\* How competition, as we now know it, works havoc with both employers and employed, I have shown more fully elsewhere. Here I must confine myself to the bare outlines of the process.

ers not landlords)? Poorer lands, it is true, may not now be resorted to. Hard times discourage enterprise and curtail investments; but the rent line will have fallen, nevertheless. Say it has fallen one unit; then it will stand at 4, u, and, while Grade X. may still lie unused, the effects upon industry will be the same as though it stood at 4' u. The rent line this time has not been dragged down by the necessary resort to poorer lands; neither has it been thrust down from above by land speculators. By competition producers have pulled it down upon their own heads, and thus established the competitive rent line—a line that tends constantly to coincide with the speculative rent line.

*Competitive rent, then, is the gratuity which freely-competing, non-privileged producers donate to landlords—as well as to other privileged classes—in the futile attempt to undersell and underbid each other.*

This rent will probably continue to be paid until producers learn experimentally that the industrial circle cannot be squared. Labor organizations and business combinations prove that producers are coming slowly to see the point. Obviously what they save comes chiefly out of the tribute levied upon the workers by the “non-producing, much-consuming aristocracy” in general; and thus we may see how the higher wages extorted from employers by organized labor may cost employers nothing after all, despite the deductions of the Manchester school. So long as employers and workmen perform necessary social functions, they must be subsisted, though at the cost of toll collectors.

Whether or not there may be still other rents than those here discussed; how it is possible that men not land owners should grow rich—as some do; why rent, and if so what rents, should be socialized; what effect the socialization of economic rent simply, or of ground rent entire, would exert upon the solution of the industrial problem; and whether, with landed opportunities leveled by scooping off ground rent and commuting therewith all taxes, direct and indirect, the motto, “*Liberty and Laissez faire*,” is a true one, further space than I can now command would be required to show.

## FREEDOM'S REVEILLE.\*

BY JAMES G. CLARK.

THE time has passed for idle rest:  
Columbia, from your slumber rise!  
Replace the shield upon your breast,  
And cast the veil from off your eyes,  
And view your torn and stricken fold —  
By prowling wolves made desolate —  
Your honor sold for alien gold  
By traitors in your halls of State.

Our mothers wring their fettered hands;  
Our sires fall fainting by the way;  
The Lion robs them of their lands,  
The Eagle guards them to betray:  
Shall they who kill through craft and greed  
Receive a brand less black than Cain's?  
Shall paid "procurers" of the deed  
Still revel in their Judas gains?

O daughter of that matchless Sire,  
Whose valor made your name sublime,  
Whose spirit, like a living fire,  
Lights up the battlements of Time, —  
The World's sad Heart, with pleading moan,  
Breaks at your feet — as breaks the main  
In ceaseless prayer from zone to zone —  
And shall it plead and break in vain?

Fling off that garb of golden lace  
That knaves have spun to mask your form.  
And let the lightning from your face  
Gleam out upon the gathering storm —  
That awful face whose silent look  
Swept o'er the ancient thrones of kings,  
And like the bolts of Sinai shook  
The base of old established things.

The promise of an age to be  
Has touched with gold the mountain mist,

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\* Inscribed to Mrs. Mary E. Lease, of Kansas, whose noble, unselfish, and effective work in behalf of the industrial millions, while endearing her to all true patriots, has called forth invectives of abuse from the betrayers of the people, who have learned to fear one so brave, eloquent, and sincere.

Its white fleets plow the morning sea,  
Its flag the Morning Star has kissed.  
But still the martyred ones of yore —  
By tyrants hanged, or burned, or bled —  
With hair and fingers dripping gore,  
Gaze backward from the ages dead,

And ask : "How long, O Lord! how long  
Shall creeds conceal God's human side,  
And Christ the God be crowned in song  
While Christ the Man is crucified?  
How long shall Mammon's tongue of fraud  
At Freedom's Prophets wag in sport,  
While chartered murder stalks abroad,  
Approved by Senate, Church, and Court?"

The strife shall not forever last  
'Twixt cunning Wrong and passive Truth —  
The blighting demon of the Past,  
Chained to the beauteous form of Youth;  
The Truth shall rise, its bonds shall break,  
Its day with cloudless glory burn,  
The Right with Might from slumber wake,  
And the dead Past to dust return.

The long night wanes; the stars wax dim;  
The Young Day looks through bars of blood;  
The air throbs with the breath of Him  
Whose Pulse was in the Red-Sea flood;  
And flanked by mountains, right and left,  
The People stand — a doubting horde —  
Before them heave the tides uncleft,  
Behind them flashes Pharaoh's sword.

But lo! the living God controls,  
And marks the bounds of slavery's night,  
And speaks through all the dauntless souls  
That live, or perish, for the right.  
His Face shall light the People still,  
His Hand shall cut the Sea in twain,  
And sky and wave and mountain thrill  
To Miriam's triumphant strain.

## REALISM IN LITERATURE AND ART.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

MAN is nature's last and most perfect work ; but however high his development or great his achievements, he is yet a child of the earth and the forces that have formed all the life that exists thereon. He cannot separate himself from the environment in which he grew, and a thousand ties of nature bind him back to the long-forgotten past, and prove his kinship to all the lower forms of life that have sprung from that great common mother, earth.

As there is a universal law of being which controls all forms of life, from the aimless movement of the mollusk in the sea to the most perfect conduct of the best developed man, so all the varied activities of human life, from the movements of the savage digging roots to the work of the greatest artist with his brush, are controlled by universal laws, and are good or bad, perfect or imperfect, as they conform to the highest condition nature has imposed.

The early savage dwelt in caves and cliffs, and spent his life in seeking food and providing some rude shelter from the cold. He looked at the earth, the sun, the sea, the sky, the mountain peak, the forest, and the plain, at the vegetable and animal life around, and all he saw and heard formed an impression on his brain, and aided in his growth.

Like a child he marvelled at the storm and flood ; he stood in awe as he looked upon disease and death ; and to explain the things he could not understand, he peopled earth and air and sea with gods and demons and a thousand weird creations of his brain.

All these mysterious creatures were made in the image of the natural objects that came within his view. The gods were men grown large, and endowed with marvellous powers, while tree and bird and beast were used alike as models for a being greater far than any nature ever formed.

It was an angry god that made the rivers overrun their

banks and leave destruction in their path. An offended god it was who hurled his thunderbolts upon a wicked world or sent disease and famine to the sinning children of the earth; and to coax these rulers to be merciful to man, the weak and trembling people of the ancient world turned their thoughts to sacrifice and prayer.

The first clouded thoughts of these rude men were transcribed on monument and stone, or carved in wood, or painted with the colors borrowed from the sun and earth and sky; in short, the first rude art was born to sing the praise, and tell the fame, and paint the greatness of the gods. But all of this was natural for the time and place; and the graven images, the chiselled hieroglyphics, and all this rude beginning of literature and art were formed upon what men saw and heard and felt, enlarged and magnified to fit the stature of the gods.

As the world grew older, art was used to celebrate the greatness and achievements of kings and rulers as well as gods, and their tombs were ornamented with such decorations as these early ages could create; but yet all literature and art was only for the gods and the rulers of the world. Then, even more than now, wealth and power brought intellect to do their will, and all its force was spent to sing the praises of the rulers of the earth and air.

The basis of all this art of pen and brush was the reality of the world; but this was so magnified and distorted for the base use of kings and priests, that realism in the true sense could not exist.

It would not do to paint a picture of a king resembling a man of flesh and blood, and of course a god must be far greater than a king. It would not do to write a tale in which kings and princes, lords and ladies, should act like men and women — else what difference between the ruler and the ruled? The marvellous powers which romance and myth had given to gods and angels were transferred to those of royal blood. The wonderful achievements of these knights and princes could be equalled only by the gods; and the poor dependents of the world, who lived for the glory of the great, were fed with legends and with tales that sang the praises of the great.

Literature, sculpture and painting, music and architecture, indeed, all forms of art, were the exclusive property of the



great and strong; and the artist, then, like most of those to-day, was retained to serve the great and maintain the status of the weak.

No one dreamed that there was any beauty in a common human life or any romance in a fact. The greatest of the earth had not yet learned to know that every life is a mystery and every death a tragedy; that the spark of the infinite, which alone transforms clay to life, animates alike the breast of the peasant and the soul of the prince. The world had not learned that the ant hill was as great as Mont Blanc and the blade of grass as mysterious as the oak. It is only now that the world is growing so delicate and refined that it can see the beauty of a fact; that it is developing a taste so rare as to distinguish between the false and true; that it can be moved by the gentle breeze as well as by the winter's gale; that it can see a greater beauty in a statement true to life than in the inflated tales which children read.

Most of the literature and art the world has known has been untrue. The pictures of the past have been painted from the distorted minds of visionists and the pliant brains of tools. They have represented impossible gods and unthinkable saints, angels and cherubs and demons — everything but men and women. Saints may be all right in their place, but a saint with a halo around his head was born of myth and not of art. Angels may be well enough, but all rational men prefer an angel with arms to an angel with wings. When these artists were not busy painting saints and Madonnas, they were spending their time painting kings and royal knaves, and the pictures of the rulers were as unlike the men and women whom they were said to represent as the servile spirit of the painter was unlike the true artist of to-day. Of course an artist would not paint the poor. They had no clothes that would adorn a work of art, and no money nor favors that could pay him for his toil. An ancient artist could no more afford to serve the poor than a modern lawyer to defend the weak.

After literature had so far advanced as to concern other beings than gods and kings, the authors of these ancient days endowed their characters with marvellous powers: knights with giant strength and magic swords; princes with wondrous palaces and heaps of gold; travellers who met marvellous beasts and slew them in extraordinary ways:

giants with forms like mountains and strength like oxen, and who could vanquish all but little dwarfs. Railroads were not invented in those early days, but travel was facilitated by the use of seven-league boots. Balloons and telescopes were not yet known, but this did not keep favored heroes from peering at the stars or looking down from on high upon the earth. They had but to plant a magic bean before they went to bed at night, and in the morning it had grown so tall that it reached up to the sky; and the hero, although not skilled in climbing, needed simply to grasp the stalk and say, "Hitchety, hatchety, up I go. Hitchety, hatchety, up I go," and by this means soon vanished in the clouds.

Tales of this sort used once to delight the world, and the readers half believed them true. We give them to children now, and even the least of these view them with a half contempt.

The modern man who still reads Walter Scott does not enjoy these ancient myths. He relishes a lie, but it must not be too big; it must be so small that, although he knows in his inmost soul that it is not true, he can yet half make himself believe it is not false. Most of us have cherished a pleasant waking dream, and fondly clung to the sweet delusion while we really knew it was not life. The modern literary stomach is becoming so healthy that it wants a story at least half true; should the falsehood be too strong, it acts as an emetic instead of food.

These old fairy tales have lost their power to charm, as the tales of the gods and kings went down before. They have lost their charm; for as we read them now, they awake no answering chord born of the experiences that make up what we know of human life.

When the beauty of realism shall be truly known, we shall read the book, or look upon the work of art, and, in the light of all we know of life, shall ask our beings whether the image that the author or the painter creates for us is like the one that is born of the consciousness which moves our souls, and the experiences that life has made us know.

Realism worships at the shrine of nature. It does not say that there may not be a sphere in which beings higher than man can live, or that some time an eye may not rest upon a fairer sunset than was ever born behind the clouds and sea;

but it knows that through countless ages nature has slowly fitted the brain and eye of man to the earth on which we live and the objects that we see, and the perfect earthly eye must harmonize with the perfect earthly scene. To say that realism is coarse and vulgar, is to declare against nature and her works, and to assert that the man she made may dream of things higher and grander than nature could unfold.

The eye of the great sculptor reveals to him the lines that make the most perfect human form, and he chisels out the marble block until it resembles this image so perfectly that it almost seems to live. Nature, through ages of experiment and development, has made this almost faultless form. It is perfect because every part is best fitted for the separate work it has to do. The artist knows that he could not improve a single organ if he would, for all the rest of nature must be adjusted to the change. He has the skill to reproduce this perfect shape in lasting stone, and the human brain could not conceive a form more beautiful and fair. Here is a perfect image of the highest work that countless centuries of nature's toil has made; and yet some would seek to beautify and sanctify this work by dressing it in the garb that shifting fashion and changing fancy make for men.

It was only the vulgar superstition of the past that ever suggested that the reproduction of human forms in stone was an unholy work. Through long, dark centuries religion taught that the human form was vile and bad, and that the soul of man was imprisoned in a charnel house, unfit for human sight. They wounded, bruised, and maimed their house of clay; they covered it with skins that under no circumstances could be removed, and many ancient saints lived and died without ever having looked upon the bodies nature gave to them. The images of saints and martyrs, which in the name of religion were scattered through Europe, were covered with paint and clothes, and were nearly as hideous as the monks who placed them there.

When the condition of Europe and its religious thought is clearly understood, it is not difficult to imagine the reception that greeted the first dawn of modern realistic art. Sculpture and painting defied the material. It told of beauty in the human form which thousands of years of religious fanaticism had taught was bad and vile.

If the flesh was beautiful, what of the monks and priests

who had hidden it from sight; who had kept it covered night and day through all their foolish lives; who maimed and bruised, cut and lacerated it for the glory of the spirit which they believed was chained within? The church had taught that the death of the flesh was the birth of the soul, and they therefore believed that the artist's resurrection of the flesh was the death of the soul.

This old religious prejudice, born of a misty, superstitious past, has slowly faded from the minds of men, but we find its traces even yet; the origin of the feeling against realistic art has well-nigh been forgot, but much of the feeling still remains. No one now would pretend to say that all the body was unholy or unfit for sight, and yet years of custom and inherited belief have made us think that a part is good and the rest is bad; that nature, in her work of building up the human form, has made one part sacred and another vile. It is easy to mistake custom for nature, and inherited prejudice for morality.

There is not a single portion of the human body which some people have not believed holy, and not a single portion which some have not believed vile. It was not shame that made clothing, but clothing that made shame. If we should eradicate from our beliefs all that inheritance and environment have given, it would be hard for us to guess how much would still remain. Custom has made almost all things good and nearly all things bad, according to the whim of time and place. To find solid ground we must turn to nature, and ask her what it is that conduces to the highest happiness and the longest life. The realistic artist cannot accept the popular belief, whatever that may be, as to just where the dead line on the human body should be drawn that separates the sacred and profane.

There are realists who look at all the beauty and loveliness of the world, and all its maladjustments, too, and who do not seek to answer the old, old question, whether back of this is any all-controlling and designing power. They do not answer, for they cannot know; but they strive to touch the subtle chord which makes their individual lives vibrate in harmony with the great heart of that nature which they love, and they cannot think but what all parts of life are good, and that, while men may differ, nature must know best.

Other realists there are who believe they see in nature the

work of a divine Maker, who created man in His own image as the last and highest triumph of His skill; that not the minutest portion of the universe exists except because He wished it thus. To the realist who accepts this all-controlling power, any imputation against a portion of his Master's work must reach back to the author who designed it all.

We need not say that the human body might not be better than it is. We only need to know that it is the best that man can have, and that its wondrous mechanism has been constructed with infinitely more than human skill; that every portion is adapted for its work, and through the harmony of every part the highest good is reached, and that all is beautiful, for it makes the perfect being best adapted to the earth. Those who denounce realistic art deny that knowledge is power, and that wisdom only can make harmony; but they insist, instead, that there are some things vital to life and happiness that we should not know, or that, if we must know these things, we at all events should pretend that we did not.

One day the world will learn to know that all things are good or bad according to the service they perform. A great brain which is used by its owner for his selfish ends, regardless of all the purposes that are sacrificed to attain the goal, is as base and bad as the mind can well conceive; while a great brain dedicated to the right and just, and freely given to the service of the world, is high and grand. One day it ought to learn that the power to create immortality, through infinite succeeding links of human life, is the finest and most terrible that nature ever gave to man; and to ignore this power or call it bad, to fail to realize the great responsibility of this tremendous fact, is to cry out against the power that gave us life, and commit the greatest human sin, for it may be one that never dies.

The true artist does not find all beauty in the human face or form. These are a part of a mighty whole. He looks upon the sunset, painting all the clouds with rosy hue, and his highest wish is to create another scene like this. He never dreams that he could paint a sunset fairer than the one that lights the fading world. A fairer sunset would be something else. He sees beauty in the quiet lake, the grassy field, and running brooks. He sees majesty in the cataract and mountain peak. He knows that he can paint no streams

and mountain peaks more perfect than the ones that nature made.

The growth of letters has been like that of art, from the marvellous and mythical to the natural and true. The tales and legends of the ancient past were not of common men and common scenes. These could not impress the undeveloped intellects of long ago. A man of letters could not deify a serf or tell the simple story of the poor. He must write to maintain the status of the world, and please the prince who gave him food. So he told of kings and queens, of knights and ladies, of strife and conquest, and the coloring he used was human blood.

The world has grown accustomed to those ancient tales — to scenes of blood and war, and novels that would thrill the soul and cause the hair to stand on end. It has read them so long that the true seems commonplace and not fit to fill the pages of a book. But all the time we forget the fact that the story could not charm unless we half believed it true. The men and women in the tale we learn to love and hate; we take an interest in their lives; we hope they may succeed or fail; we must not be told at every page that the people of the book are men of straw, that no such beings ever lived upon the earth. We could take no interest in men and women who were myths conjured up to play their parts, reminding us in every word they spoke that, regardless of the happiness or anguish the author made them feel, they were but puppets, and could know neither joy nor pain. It may be that the realistic story is commonplace, but so is life, and the realistic tale is true. Among the countless millions of the earth it is only here and there, and now and then, that some soul is born from out the mighty depths that does not so return to the great sea, and leave no ripple on the waves.

In the play or life each actor seems important to himself; the world he knows revolves around him as the central figure of the scene; his friends rejoice in all the fortune he attains, and weep with him in all his griefs. To him the world is bounded by the faces that he knows and the scenes in which he lives; he forgets the great surging world outside, and cannot think how small a space he fills in that infinity which bounds his life. He dies; a few sorrowing friends mourn him for a day, and the world does not



know he ever lived or ever died. In the ordinary life almost all events are commonplace, but a few important days are thinly sprinkled in among all of those that intervene between the cradle and the grave. We eat and drink, we work and sleep, and here and there a great joy or sorrow creeps in upon our lives, and leaves a day that stands out in the monotony of all the rest, like the pyramids upon the level plains. But these are very, very few, and are important only to ourselves; and for the rest, we walk with steady pace along the short and narrow path of life, and rely upon the common things alone to occupy our minds and hide from view the marble stone that here and there we cannot fail to see, as it gleams upon us through the overhanging trees just where the road leaves off.

The highest mountain range, when compared with all the earth, is no larger than a hair upon an ordinary globe; and the greatest life bears about the same resemblance to the humanity of which it is a part.

The old novel, which we used to read and to which the world so fondly clings, had no idea of relation or perspective. It had a hero and a heroine, and sometimes more than one. The revolutions of the planets were less important than their love. War, shipwreck, and conflagration all conspired to produce the climax of the scene, and the whole world stood still until their hearts and hands were joined. Wide oceans, burning deserts, Arctic seas, impassable jungles, irate fathers, and even designing mothers were helpless against the decree that fate had made; and when all the barriers were passed, and love had triumphed over impossibilities, the tale was done. Through the rest of life nothing of interest could transpire. Sometimes in the progress of the story, if the complications were too great, a thunderbolt or an earthquake was introduced to destroy the villain and help out the match. Earthquakes sometimes happen, and the realistic novelists might write a tale of a scene like this; but then the love affair would be an incident of the earthquake, and not the earthquake an incident of the love affair.

In real life the affections have played an important part, and sometimes great things have been done in the name of love; but most of the affairs of the human heart have been as natural as the other events of life.

The true love story is generally a simple thing. On a

sloping hill, beside a country road, lives a farmer, in the house his father owned before. He has a daughter, who skims the milk, and makes the beds, and goes to singing school at night. There are other members of the household, but our tale is no concern of theirs. In the meadow, back of the house, a woodchuck has dug his hole, and reared a family in its humble home. Across the valley, only a mile away, another farmer lives. He has a son who ploughs the fields, and does the chores, and goes to singing school at night. He cannot sing, but he attends the school as regularly as if he could. Of course he does not let the girl go home alone! and in the spring, when singing school is out, he visits her on Sunday evening without excuse. If the girl had not lived so near, the farmer's son would have fancied another girl about the same age who also went to singing school. Back of the second farmer's house is another woodchuck hole and woodchuck home. After a year or two of courtship, the boy and girl are married, as their parents were before, and they choose a pretty spot beside the road, and build another house between the two, and settle down to common life — and so the world moves on. And a woodchuck on one farm makes the acquaintance of a woodchuck on the other, and they choose a quiet place beside a stump, in no one's way, where they think they have a right to be, and dig another hole and make another home. For after all, men and animals are much alike, and nature loves them both and loves them all, and sends them forth to drive the loneliness from off the earth, and then takes them back into her loving breast to sleep.

It may be that there are few great incidents in the realistic tale; but each event appeals to life, and cannot fail to wake our memories and make us live the past again. The great authors of the natural school, Tolstoi, Daudet, Howells, Ibsen, Keilland, Flaubert, Zola, Hardy, and the rest, have made us think and live. Their words have burnished up our thoughts and revealed a thousand pictures that hung upon the walls of memory, covered with the dust of years and hidden from our sight. Sometimes, of course, we cry with pain at the picture that is thrown before our view; but life consists of emotions, and we cannot truly live unless the depths are stirred.

These great masters, it is true, may sometimes shock the

over-sensitive with the stories they tell of life; but if the tale is true, why hide it from our sight? Nothing is more common than the protest against the wicked books of the realistic school, filled with delineations of passion and of sin; but he who denies passion ignores all the life that exists upon the earth, and cries out against the mother that gave him birth; and he who ignores this truth passes with contempt the greatest fact that nature has impressed upon the world.

Those who condemn as sensual the tales of Tolstoi and Daudet still defend the love stories of which our literature is full — those weak and silly tales that make women fit only to be the playthings of the world, and deny to them a single thought or right except to serve their master, man. These objectors do not contend that stories dealing with the feelings and affections shall not be told — they approve these, but they simply insist that they shall be false, instead of true.

The old novel filled the mind of the school girl with a thousand thoughts that had no place in life — with ten thousand pictures she could never see. It taught that some time she would meet a prince in disguise, to whom she should freely give her hand and heart. So she went out upon the road to find this prince; and the more disguised he was, the more certain did she feel that he was the prince for whom she sought.

The realist paints the passions and affections as they are. Both man and woman can see their beauty and their terror, their true position and the relation that they bear to all of life. He would not beguile the girl into the belief that her identity should be destroyed and merged for the sake of this feeling, which not once in ten thousand times could realize the promises that the novel made, but would leave her as an individual to make the most she could and all she could of life, with all the chance for hope and conquest which men have taken for themselves. Neither would the realist cry out blindly against these deep passions that have moved men and women in the past, and which must continue fierce and strong so long as life exists. He is taught by the scientist that the fiercest heat may be transformed to light, and is shown by life that from the strongest passions are sometimes born the sweetest and the purest human souls.

In these days of creeds and theories, of preachers in the

pulpit and out, we are told that all novels should have a moral and be written to serve some end. So we have novels on religion, war, marriage, divorce, socialism, theosophy, woman's rights, and other topics without end. It is not enough that the preachers and lecturers shall tell us how to think and act; the novelist must try his hand at preaching, too. He starts out with a theory, and every scene and incident must be bent to make it plain that the author believes certain things. The doings of the men and women in the book are secondary to the views the author holds. The theories may be very true, but the poor characters who must adjust their lives to these ideal states are sadly warped and twisted out of shape.

The realist would teach a lesson, too, but he would not violate a single fact for all the theories in the world, for a theory could not be true if it did violence to life. He paints his picture so true and perfect that all men who look upon it know that it is a likeness of the world that they have seen; they know that these are men and women and little children whom they meet upon the streets, and they see the conditions of their lives, and the moral of the picture sinks deeply into their minds.

There are so-called scientists who make a theory, and then gather facts to prove their theory true; the real scientist patiently and carefully gathers facts, and then forms a theory to explain and harmonize these facts.

All life bears a moral, and the true artist must teach a lesson with his every fact. Some contend that the moral teacher must not tell the truth; the realist holds that there can be no moral teaching like the truth.

The world has grown tired of preachers and sermons; to-day it asks for facts. It has grown tired of fairies and angels, and asks for flesh and blood. It looks on life as it exists to-day — both its beauty and its horror, its joy and its sorrow. It wishes to see all; not only the prince and the millionaire, but the laborer and the beggar, the master and the slave. We see the beautiful and the ugly, and know what the world is and what it ought to be, and the true picture which the author saw and painted stirs the heart to holier feelings and to grander thoughts.

It is from the realities of life that the highest idealities are born. The philosopher may reason with unerring logic

and show us where the world is wrong; the economist may tell us of the progress and poverty that go hand in hand. But these are theories, and the abstract cannot suffer pain.

Dickens went out into the streets of the great city, and found poor little Jo sweeping the crossing with his broom. All around were the luxury and elegance which the rich have appropriated to themselves, — great mansions, fine carriages, beautiful dresses, — but in all the great city of houses and homes poor little Jo could find no place to lay his head. His home was in the street; and every time he halted for a moment in the throng, the policeman touched him with his club and bade him to "move on." At last, ragged, wretched, nearly dead with "moving on," he sank down upon the cold stone steps of a magnificent building erected for "The Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." As we think of wretched, ragged Jo in the midst of all this luxury and wealth, we see the tens of thousands of other waifs in the great cities of the world, and we condemn the so-called civilization of the earth that builds the mansions of the rich and great upon the rags and miseries of the poor.

The true realist cannot worship at the shrine of power nor prostitute his gifts for gold. With an artist's eye he sees the world exactly as it is, and he tells the story faithfully to life. He feels for every heart that beats, else he could not paint them as he does. It takes the soul to warm a statue into life and make living flesh and coursing blood, and each true picture that he paints or draws makes the world a better place in which to live.

Read Daudet and Flaubert and Maupassant, and you can see living images that think and move and feel. It needs no analysis of character to tell us what they think. You see them move, and you know the motives that inspired the act. You can hear the murmuring of the waterfall, no louder than it ought to be; and as you look upon the foliage of the trees, you fancy that the leaves are almost stirred by a gentle southern breeze.

You can see and feel the social life, and the gulf that separates the rich and poor. If you would know the differences that divide French country life, look but a moment at the party which Flaubert paints, and you can see the gay faces and rich costumes of the dancers in the hall, and the

stolid countenances and uncouth garbs of the peasants who look through the windows, from their world outside, at this fairy scene within.

The artists of the realistic school have a sense so fine that they cannot help catching the inspiration that is filling all the world's best minds with the hope of greater justice and more equal social life. With the vision of the seer they feel the coming dawn, when true equality shall reign upon the earth — the time when democracy shall no more be confined to constitutions and to laws, but will be a part of human life.

The greatest artists of the world to-day are telling facts and painting scenes that cause humanity to stop and think, and ask why one shall be a master and another a serf — why a portion of the world should toil and spin, should wear away their strength and lives, that the rest may live in idleness and ease.

The old-time artists thought they served humanity by painting saints and Madonnas and angels from the myths they conjured in their brains. They painted war with long lines of soldiers dressed in new uniforms, and looking plump and gay, and a battle scene was always drawn from the side of the victorious camp, with the ensign proudly planting his bright colors on the rampart of the foe. One or two were dying, but always in their comrades' arms and listening to shouts of victory that filled the air, and thinking of the righteous cause for which they fought and died. In the last moments they dreamed of pleasant burial-yards at home, and of a grave kept green by loving, grateful friends, and a smile of joy lit up their fading faces, so sweet that it seemed a hardship not to die in war. They painted peace as a white-winged dove settling down upon a cold and "farewell" earth. Between the two it was plain which choice a boy would make, and thus art served the state and king.

But Verestchagin painted war so true to life that as we look upon the scene we long for peace. He painted war as war has ever been and will ever be — a horrible and ghastly scene, where men, drunk with blind frenzy, — which rulers say is patriotic pride, — and made mad by drums and fifes and smoke and shot and shell and flowing blood, seek to maim and wound and kill, because a ruler gives the word. He paints a battle-field a field of life and death, a field of



carnage and of blood. And who are these who fight like fiends and devils driven to despair? And what cause is this that makes these men forget that they are men, and vie with beasts to show their cruel thirst for blood? They shout of home and native land; but they have no homes, and the owners of their native land exist upon their toil and blood. The nobles and princes, for whom this fight is waged, are sitting far away upon a hill, beyond the reach of shot and shell; and from this spot they watch their slaves pour out their blood to satisfy their rulers' pride and lust of power. And what is the enemy they fight? Men, like themselves, who blindly go to death at another king's command; slaves who have no land, who freely give their toil or blood — whichever one their rulers may demand. These fighting soldiers have no cause for strife, but their rulers live by kindling in their hearts a love of native land — a love which makes them hate their brother laborers of other lands, and dumbly march to death, to satisfy a king's caprice.

But let us look once more, after the battle has been fought. Here we see the wreck and ruin of the strife. The field is silent now, given to the dead, the beast of prey, and night. A young soldier lies upon the ground. The snow is falling fast around his form. The lonely mountain peaks rise up on every side. The wreck of war is all about. His uniform is soiled and stained. A spot of red is seen upon his breast. It is not the color that his country wove upon his coat to catch his eye and bait him to his death; it is hard and jagged and cold; it is his life's blood that leaked out through a hole that followed the point of a sabre to his heart. His form is stiff and cold, for he is dead. The cruel wound and the icy air have done their work. The government which took his life taught this poor boy to love his native land. As a child he dreamed of scenes of glory and of power, and the great, wide world just waiting to fall captive to his magic strength. He dreamed of war and strife, and of victory and fame. If he should die, kind hands would smooth his brow, and loving friends would keep his grave and memory green, because he died in war. But no human eye was there at last, as the mist of night and the mist of death shut out the lonely mountains from his sight. The snow is all around, and the air above is gray with falling flakes. These would soon hide him from the

world; and when the summer time should come again, no one could tell his bleaching bones from all the rest. The only life upon the scene is the buzzard, slowly circling in the air above his head, waiting to make sure that death has come. The bird looks down upon the boy, upon the eyes which first looked out upon the great, wide world, and which his mother fondly kissed. Upon these eyes the buzzard will begin his meal.

Not all the world is beautiful, and not all of life is good. The true artist has no right to choose only the lovely spots, and make us think that this is life. He must bring the world before our eyes, and make us read and think. As he loves the true and noble, he must show the false and bad. As he yearns for true equality, he must paint the master and the slave. He must tell the truth; must tell it all; must tell it o'er and o'er again, till the deafest ear will listen and the dumbest mind will think. He must not swerve to please the world by painting only pleasant sights and telling only lovely tales. He must paint and write and work and think until the world shall learn so much, and grow so good, that the true will be all beautiful, and all the real be ideal.

## TO ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

THOU hast peered at all creeds of the past, and each one hath  
seemed futile and poor  
As a firefly that fades on a marsh, as a wind that makes moan on  
a moor;  
For thy soul in its large love to man, in its heed of his welfare  
and cheer,  
Bids him hurl to the dust whence they sprang all idolatries fash-  
ioned by fear.

Not the eagle can gaze at the sun with more dauntless and chal-  
lenging eyes  
Than thou at the radiance of truth when it rifts the dark durance  
of lies.  
From thy birth wert thou tyranny's foe, and its deeds were dis-  
dain in thy sight;  
Thou art leagued with the dawn as the lark is — like him dost •  
thou leap to the light!

Having marked how the world's giant woes for the worst part  
are bigotry's brood,  
Thou hast hated, yet never with malice, and scorned but in service  
of good.  
Thy compassionate vision saw keen how similitude always hath  
dwelt  
Between fumes poured from altars to God and from flames hag-  
gard martyrs have felt.

What more splendid a pity than thine for the anguish thy race  
hath endured  
Through allegiance to spectres and wraiths from the cohorts of  
fancy conjured?  
At the bold pomps of temple and church is it wonder thy wisdom  
hath mourned,  
Since the architect, Ignorance, reared them, and Fright, the pale  
sculptor, adorned?

But sterner thy loathing and grief that the priesthoods have  
shamed not to tell  
Of an infinite vengeance enthroned in the heart of an infinite  
hell;  
That they shrank not to mould from void air an Omnipotence  
worship should heed,  
And yet clothed it with ruffian contempt for the world's multitudi-  
nous need!

Thy religion is loftier than theirs; nay, with vehement lips hast  
thou said  
Its foundations are rooted in help to the living and hope for the  
dead.  
All eternity's richest rewards to a spirit like thine would prove  
vain,  
Were it sure of but one fellow-mortal that writhed in unperishing  
pain.

Like a mariner drifted by night where tempestuous wracks over-  
shade  
Every merciful star that perchance might with silvery pilotage  
aid,  
Resolution and vigilance each close-akin as thy heart-beat or  
breath,  
Dost thou search in thy courage and calm the immense chartless  
ocean of death.

There are phantoms of ships that lurch up, and thou seest them  
and art not allured  
By their masts made of glimmering dream, by their bulwarks  
from cloudland unmoored;  
For the helmsmen that steer them are mist, and the sails they are  
winged with, each one,  
By the feverish hands of fanatics on looms of delusion are spun.

At the vague stems are visages poised that in variant glimpses  
appear . . .  
Here the swart and imperial Osiris, the crescent-crowned  
Mahomet here;  
Or again, mystic Brahma, with eyes full of omens, monitions, and  
vows;  
Or again, meek and beauteous, the Christ, with the blood-crust  
thorns on his brows.

But thou sayest in thy surety to all: "Empty seemings, pass onward and fade!". . .  
Not by emblems and symbols of myth wert thou born to be tricked and betrayed;  
For aloof o'er the desolate blank thou discernest, now dubious, now plain,  
The expanse of one sheltering shoreland, worth ardors untold to obtain.

Full of promise, expectancy, peace, in secure sequestration it lies,  
Undismayed by a menace of storm from its arch of inscrutable skies. . .

Canst thou reach it, strong sea-farer? . . . Yes! for the waves are thy bondsmen devout.

Look! they wash thee safe-limbed on its coast, clinging firm to thy tough spar of doubt!

Roam at large in its glorious domain; from its reaches night half has withdrawn;

Over inlet, bay, meadow, and creek broods the delicate damask of dawn;

Roam at large; 'tis a realm thou shouldst love; 'tis the kingdom where Science reigns king;

In its lapses of grove and of greensward sleeps many a crystalline spring.

To the eastward are mountains remote, with acclivities towering sublime:

The repose of their keen virgin peaks mortal foot hath not ventured to climb;

In their bastions and caverns occult, in their bleak lairs of glacier and stream,

There are treasures more copious and costly than fable hath yet dared to dream.

Thou shalt see not their splendors, for fate may retard through long ages the hour

That in bounteous bestowal at last shall mankind inconceivably dower.

Yet thy prophecies err not, O sage; thou divinest what wealth shall outpour

When exultant those proud heights of knowledge posterity sweeps to explore.

Not for thee, not for us, those dear days ! In oblivion our lots will  
be cast  
When the future hath built firm and fair on the bulk of a petrified  
past.  
Yet its edifice hardier shall bide for the boons fraught with help  
that we give —  
For the wrongs that we cope with and slay, for the lies that we  
crush and outlive !

And if record of genius like thine, or of eloquence fiery and  
deep,  
Shall remain to the centuries regnant from centuries lulled into  
sleep,  
Then thy memory as music shall float amid actions and aims yet  
to be,  
And thine influence cling to life's good as the sea-vapors cling to  
the sea !



## THE FINANCIAL PROBLEM AND BUSINESS SITUATION, DISCUSSED FROM A PRACTICAL STANDPOINT.

BY GEORGE C. KELLEY.

It is plain to all thinking men that the time has arrived when the financial problem must be solved as to the future of our great republic, and the needed relief given the masses. By whom is this problem to be solved? And how is the relief to be secured? We all agree, gold as well as silver advocates, that to make gold only our money standard, is to benefit the few and oppress the many. What, then, are we to have? Silver and gold, both, on a parity as our standard money? Would it do to reverse the position of the two metals, as they stand before our country to-day, legally legislate silver into the position gold now occupies, and place gold where silver now stands? What would be the result? Would Wall Street then, as it does now, control the finances of our country? Should we have, for a long, long time to come, any more labor troubles? Would there be an increase in the number of poor laboring women, now making shirts at three cents each?

This matter of poverty among our laboring people, under the present condition of affairs, is a serious question. An ounce of prevention, they say, is worth a pound of cure, but as we did not use the preventive, we must now swallow the cure. That unwise and restrictive legislation has had much to do with the present crisis, no one doubts, and safe and speedy legislation on financial and commercial matters would do much toward restoring confidence, and confidence above all things increases and facilitates trade. As recently expressed by one of our most prominent Southern bankers :—

The great vice of our financial legislation is that its whole tendency and effect is to make Wall Street the remorseless centre that

absorbs all the money of the country, and employs it there in speculation, or to dictate the price of our products, rather than to sustain and develop legitimate industries.

Any system of finance that prevents men with absolute security from getting loans at reasonable rates, is unworthy of a free country.

There is an abundance of gold and silver for interstate commerce and national purposes; but neither here, nor in any other civilized country, is there a sufficiency of the precious metal, unaided by paper currency, to answer the legitimate purpose of the people; and there is not a nation on earth that could be confined to gold as a currency without witnessing the destruction of its trade and industries, and bringing permanent disaster upon itself.

Since 1889, the United States has sent abroad \$430,000,000 more of gold and merchandise than we have imported. Allowing \$230,000,000, or more than half of this, as possibly accounted for in other ways, it is well within the facts to state that the loss represents the withdrawal of quite \$200,000,000 of capital from American investments. This sum would have built about eight hundred miles of railroad, or two hundred magnificent steamships, giving employment to many men. Not only has our legislation been detrimental to our landed interest, and retarded the development of our country, but it has spread over the seas and very nearly destroyed our shipping interest. Vast sums of money are sent out of the country annually to pay for ocean freight, the payments for which to-day constitute the great bulk of our exports of gold. The whole world gazes upon our country in wonder and amazement, that she has been able to stand the terrible drain upon her financial resources so long. In three short years this grand result has been obtained; stop and think for a moment how much we are constantly losing now, and every day we neglect to stop the drain. No more time should be lost. We have exported more than \$70,000,000 since Jan. 1, 1893.

The repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890 is not going to relieve the situation; additional heroic treatment is needed, and not to be administered in homœopathic doses. If the physicians we have called are not capable of diagnosing the case and applying the proper remedies, I hope they will frankly and honestly acknowledge it, so that we can call

such as are equal to the emergency and capable of grasping the situation.

In the month of January following Cleveland's election, I addressed a letter to Honorable J. H. Bankhead, member of Congress, and among other things said:—

Our country is on the verge of a financial panic, and I do hope the present Congress will grasp the situation and give the needed relief; if this is not done, there will in the future be no salvation for the Democratic party. The people in the recent election have taught the politicians that they propose and intend to manage the affairs of this country, and they certainly mean what they imply.

Through the demonetization of silver, and the restriction of primary money to gold alone, the money standard has increased in value, and with it all debts and taxes, at least fifty per cent, and the prices of land and products of labor have decreased correspondingly. This process, if allowed to go on, would give control of the wealth of the world to the bond-holders; therefore we should resist, by all legitimate means, the single gold standard.

Honorable David B. Hill, in the Senate, February 6, said:—

Such gold and silver money indeed, in stable parity, the only money named by name in that constitution which is our supreme law, or sanctioned by its great authority, and by our continuous use and practice for eighty years thereunder, now, more than ever, is the only money basis, at once stable, safe, and sufficient.

Already more than two thirds of the gold in the world, outside of Asian hoards, is gathered into half a dozen great treasuries, and is under the control of a few hundred men. Most of the other third is held by banks. Probably not \$500,000,000 is in active circulation in the world.

There were \$218,000,000 of gold in the treasury of the United States four years ago. Since then our gold basis has dwindled \$100,000,000 under the operation of the Sherman Law. Since its passage \$125,000,000 has been added to our debt-made money demanding to be kept in parity with the gold unit of value, and nearly \$50,000,000 a year is the measure of the increase of that difficulty by the operation of the same law, with no increase of our gold resources.

With these facts staring us fully in the face, to talk of gold as honest money is hypocritical cant, indulged in by those who would steal the livery of heaven to serve the devil

in, or by imitators, who repeat what they hear. If money that is falling in value is dishonest, money that is rising in value is felonious. The effect on production and trade of money that is growing dearer from scarcity is a thousand times more baleful than that of money undergoing depreciation from overplentifulness. No people should submit to have their standard of weight or measure increased against them, and to impose upon a people such a money standard is to subject them to merciless robbery. What could be better devised to impoverish and enslave a people than the creation of vast debts by one money standard, and then increasing the debt by increasing the standard? That this could be done in a government where the people themselves hold the power, is almost incredible. Philosophy, science, ethics, economics, all condemn, as unwise and unjust, any money system that puts it in the power of one class thus to spoliolate another.

The only defense of such a system attempted, is found in such cant phrases as "seventy-cent dollar," "Put a dollar's worth of silver in a dollar," and the like. Who that knows anything of the laws of money, does not know that gold is valuable because it is made money, and is not made money because it is in itself valuable?—in other words, its chief value is derived from its monetary use. The same was true of silver before its demonetization. Monetize silver; endow it with the money function the same as gold, and its old value will return to it. It is because the money element has been taken from silver, that it has fallen below gold. It is impossible that either metal should have the same value as commodity only, that it has, or would have, as money also. The parity of the two metals, therefore, can be preserved only by opening the mints alike to both; that is, by treating both alike.

There is no permanent remedy for the depression of trade and the continued fall of prices, and no final settlement of the money question, except the complete monetization of both metals. With the single gold standard, stability of money or of prices is impossible. Automatic regulation of money, which constitutes the chief advantage of metallic over paper money, is impossible with gold alone. Gold cannot be produced in sufficient quantity to keep up stable relation to commodities and debts. It cannot be found; it does not exist on the earth. Professor Suess, a high authority, says

that already more than the annual production of gold is consumed in the arts, in dentistry, and for ornaments.

Nor need we fear an over supply of silver; for whenever the supply increases to a degree that would tend to cheapen it, as compared with commodities generally, then the production of the precious metal will be checked the same as the production of anything else. In this natural regulation lies the great advantage of metallic money. And let the advocates of the single gold standard take warning, that unless silver is remonetized, gold also will be demonetized and fiat money will be resorted to, for the people will have money from some source. When was the world burdened with too much gold and silver money? Often enough it has suffered from the want of money; often enough it has suffered from miserable makeshifts to take the place of money, which, when most needed, usually vanished from sight and use. Even now, while the banks and the money lenders are clamoring against silver, they create billions of credit devices, to take the place of money. This structure of credit, made of nothing, and which a breath may sweep away, amounts to more than four billions of dollars. This vast structure has heretofore rested upon both gold and silver as money of final redemption; take away the silver and leave gold as the only money of redemption, for not only this mass of credit currency, but of silver as well, and what stability will there be left to our money system?

The business interests concerned in the production of the \$15,000,000,000 of annual products, in which 25,000,000 laborers and billions of capital are unitedly employed in agriculture, manufacturing, mining, and transportation — should have the first concern of government. These are the interests that require that money should be stable and abundant; these are the interests that wither and decline under a shrinking value of money in falling prices.

So much has been said and written recently as to the relative position of our country with India, and the relation silver bears to wheat and cotton, that we have the highest authority, including that of two royal commissions, for the statement that the Indian rupee will to-day buy in India as much land or labor, or as much of any product, as it would twenty years ago, or at any other period in recent times.

Silver is coined into rupees in India, on the ratio of 15

to 1. An ounce of silver will make a little over two and one half rupees, which will buy a bushel of wheat in India and lay it down in Liverpool. At our ratio of 16 to 1, an ounce of silver is worth in gold \$1.2929; with silver at par with gold, a pound sterling will buy silver enough to make almost ten rupees, which will land in Liverpool four bushels of wheat. With silver at eighty-five cents an ounce, a pound sterling will buy nearly six ounces of silver or enough to make fifteen rupees; and will deliver in Liverpool six bushels of wheat, or a bushel for an ounce of silver.

Therefore, when silver is eighty-five cents an ounce, the wheat grower in the United States must deliver wheat in Liverpool for eighty-five cents per bushel. On the other hand, if silver was at par, or \$1.29 an ounce, the wheat grower in the United States would get \$1.29 per bushel for wheat delivered in Liverpool. Assuming the cost of sending a bushel of wheat from Chicago to Liverpool to be fifteen cents, and silver to be worth eighty-five cents an ounce, then wheat in Chicago would be worth seventy cents. But if silver were at par, as it would be under free coinage, an ounce of silver would be worth \$1.29, and a bushel of wheat in Chicago would be worth \$1.29, less the cost of sending it to Liverpool. It will be seen that while the Indian farmer gets the same price, in rupees, for his wheat now, that he got twenty years ago, the American farmer gets not quite two thirds as much. In 1873, India exported only 730,485 bushels of wheat; in 1892 India exported 59,000,000 bushels. Any one can figure the loss to the American farmer. It amounts to from \$160,000,000 to \$220,000,000 on the wheat crop of a single year.

The effect on cotton and cotton manufactures is the same as on wheat. An Indian rupee will buy about four pounds of cotton, and pay transportation to Liverpool. As an ounce of silver makes two and a half rupees, it will buy ten pounds of cotton and lay it down in Liverpool. With silver at \$1.29 an ounce, a pound sterling will pay for forty pounds of cotton delivered in Liverpool, which would be about twelve and a half cents a pound for the American planter. At eighty-five cents an ounce for silver, a pound sterling will buy nearly six ounces of silver, which, converted into rupees, will pay for sixty pounds of cotton delivered in Liverpool, or about eight cents a pound there, or six and a half in



Memphis. The exports of cotton from India have increased from \$39,000,000 in 1879 to \$82,665,000 in 1891, while the exports of cotton goods in the same period have increased from \$4,658,500 to \$33,135,725, and other manufactures of cotton from \$8,220,625 to \$14,348,840 in 1891, and are increasing every year.

The above facts confirm the prediction made in 1886 by Sir Robert M. Fowler, M. P., a London banker and ex-lord mayor, "that the effect of the depreciation of silver *must finally be the ruin of the wheat and cotton industries of America*, and be the development of India as the chief wheat and cotton exporter of the world." It is evident that if our excess of wheat and cotton went abroad at the prices they would bring with silver at \$1.29 an ounce, the same quantity would bring us forty per cent more, and pay forty per cent more debt, and there would be so much the less of trade balance to pay in gold.

As gold increases in value, and silver falls, so, relatively to gold, everything else falls; but from the peculiar relation of silver to the trade of India, wheat and cotton, as shown, follow silver more closely than anything else. As Senator Hill very wisely says:—

Every commodity state whose export product competes in Europe with products from India, such as wheat and cotton, has a direct pecuniary interest in the stable parity of gold and silver incomputably greater than the pecuniary interest of any money-metal states.

As to the rise of gold and the fall of prices during 1892, the London *Economist* of that year showed that the fall in the general range of prices, embracing twenty-six leading articles of consumption, had been at the rate of three ninety-fifths per cent per annum. The greatest fall has been in food products—wheat from \$1.12 to seventy-eight cents per bushel, barley from ninety-three to seventy-six cents, oats from sixty-five to fifty cents, rice from eight and a quarter to six and a half, and so on through nearly the whole list, showing an average fall in these products of from ten to twenty-eight per cent.

This means, of course, an increase of over six per cent in the value of the gold unit or in the money standard. For no one will contend that this general fall in prices is due to any material improvement in the economy of production.

The change is not in the commodities, but in the measure, and is brought about by the scramble for gold and its growing scarcity since the demonetization of silver. The fall of prices, therefore, as shown, is simply an increase in the money measure, and this increase carries with it all taxes and debts.

Startling as it may be, it is nevertheless a fact that all standing debts have been increased six per cent during the year 1892 by this stealthy increase in the money standard. The remedy is the restoration of the bimetallic standard, through free, bimetallic coinage as it existed before the act of 1873.

Four years ago the Republicans came back into power, and for the first time in the history of the country adopted the extreme protective policy in excluding trade in competing products, in order to preserve the home market exclusively for home producers. They assured the country that this policy would stop the fall of prices, and bring about general prosperity. It has not done so; it has not prevented the continued fall of prices, nor relieved the mass of the people from the evils of increasing debt and taxes, caused by the continued increase in the money standard. On the contrary it has engendered monopoly and led to combinations to gain for a few, advantage over the many.

The continued fall of prices is due to the increase in the value of gold. In other words, the change is in the measure and not in the commodities. There is no remedy but to stop the increase in the value of the money unit, and until this is done, the stealthy appropriation of the earnings of the people by the insidious device of an increasing money standard will go on. Such a money standard is no more defensible or tolerable than would be an increasing unit of length, weight, or volume. To put out more credit currency redeemable in gold, as some propose, will not remedy, but, on the other hand, will aggravate the evil. Nothing will cure this disorder but more gold, or make silver again do the work of gold, as before 1873. More gold we cannot have; it cannot be produced, it does not exist, but, on the other hand, is continually becoming scarcer. What the world requires is more standard money to redeem with, and not more promises to be redeemed in gold.

True it is, "that a dollar will now purchase more than

ever before," but it will not pay more debts than ever before. Farmers know that the rich man's dollar will buy twice as much wheat, beef, pork, and also twice as much of their farms, as before the demonetization of silver, and they also know that it will take twice as much wheat, beef, pork, and land, to get that same dollar to pay on their debts, whether it be a personal mortgage, or the local, county, state, and national bonds, which are a mortgage on us all. Lincoln said:—

If the government makes a debt, with a certain amount of money in circulation, and then contracts her money volume before the debt is paid, it is the most heinous crime a government could commit against a people.

We must have money for the million as well as for the millionaire. The United States furnishes about half the silver bullion, which is used by four fifths of the people of the world as money to-day. What fixes the price of silver bullion? Demonetizing it gives it one price. Free coinage gives it another. At the time our Congress demonetized silver, England was paying us \$1.29 an ounce for our silver bullion. Do not forget that England had free coinage of silver in India for 240,000,000 people, and after the demonetization of silver by the United States, England could buy our silver bullion cheaper, and an ounce of silver bullion will land a bushel of Indian wheat in Liverpool. With free coinage, and silver \$1.29 an ounce, Indian wheat was \$1.29 per bushel in Liverpool, which fixed the price of wheat in this country. Under free coinage, England used only 1,000,000 bushels of Indian wheat in a year; since demonetization, she used last year 51,000,000 bushels. This same argument applies to cotton and its prices, and England has increased her imports of Indian cotton in the same proportion that she has her Indian wheat. By demonetizing silver we have helped England lower the price of food for her workmen, and of the raw materials for her factories, and assisted her in destroying our own market.

Our forefathers never asked for a "conference with the monarchies" or the money lenders of Europe as to founding a republic, or making a constitution. Why should we ask these nations to regulate our finances now? Senator David B. Hill, in his speech in the Senate on February 6, very pointedly said:—

My own personal conviction is clear, that with adequate preparation, revised laws, and competent and friendly administration, independent, free, bimetallic coinage would be within the power of the United States to establish and maintain.

Both political parties demand: The maintenance of the parity of the two metals — and that, too, by “legislation”? The coinage of both gold and silver, without discriminating against either metal.

I cannot see any reason why this great country of ours should surrender to Great Britain the commercial supremacy of the world. It is a known fact that the United States and Mexico produce three fourths of the silver of the world. The United States alone produces annually sixty per cent of the world's output, and only thirty per cent of the annual supply of gold. Great Britain controls the countries producing the gold of the world, therefore it is to the interest of England to establish a single gold standard, and work for the demonetization of silver. England demonetized silver because she could not keep it in circulation, as it commanded a premium in China, India, and Japan; and from that day up to the present time England has been a speculator in silver, and has taken advantage of every opportunity to depreciate it in the market where she buys, so as to give her a larger margin where she sells. If it is to the interest of England to uphold the gold standard, why not for the United States to uphold the silver standard? The debtor classes of the United States to-day, and all who are to become such, are in absolute bondage to the power of gold.

Now, while Europe is in the very throes of bankruptcy, is the time for the United States to use her power to force recognition in the adjustment of the financial policy of the world. It is bad policy for a great government like the United States, the very centre of the commercial world, with unbounded and illimitable resources, to stand aside and allow European governments who have none other than a speculative interest in silver, to fix its value as an international money. Suppose we should take a bold stand upon our own responsibility, and attempt to secure the commerce of the silver standard countries, through free coinage of silver. We should not only secure their trade, but force Europe to adopt the bimetallic standard, as it would force bullion to \$1.29 an ounce, at our mints, and would turn the

import trade of China, Japan, India, and the Pacific Isles, also South America and Mexico, to the United States. This would be the inevitable result, or Europe would be forced to accept the situation and return to the bimetallic standard by the complete restoration of silver to its par value on the existing ratio. England appreciates the result of free and unlimited coinage by the United States. So distinguished a personage as Sir Robert M. Fowler declares that her only hope of continuing in control of the world's trade, is by keeping silver depreciated, for she is a great creditor country, and her bonds are payable in gold; and he is therefore in favor of the gold standard, which insures a decline in the price of all commodities as the value of gold advances.

Those who have favored and are now favoring the single gold standard for our currency, invariably use the argument, when you speak to them in favor of free coinage of silver, that if it should be accomplished, our country would be flooded with silver money; but where is it to come from? They seem to fear Mexico more than any other country. Why, suppose Mexico should unload on us all the silver money she has, which is only \$50,000,000, will not every reasonable, thinking man acknowledge that we could invest the whole amount, safely and profitably, within thirty days?

Statistics inform us that the United States and Mexico, together, mine three fourths of the silver of the world. Admitting the same to be correct, the New York *Herald* of July 17, 1893, says the entire silver product of the United States last year was about \$42,000,000; say Mexico mines as much, that would make a total of \$84,000,000, the balance of the world one fourth of this amount, which would be \$21,000,000 or a grand total of \$105,000,000. With silver remonetized it would amount to \$140,000,000 in silver coin. Now what reasonable man would say that if we should get the entire amount, this country would be flooded with silver money? The *Herald* goes on to say that losses on securities listed on the New York exchange alone during the past year, were equal to the entire output of silver for fourteen years, and that the foreign commerce of this country aggregates nearly two thousand million dollars a year. The comparative unimportance of the silver product is seen from the fact that it is only about one fiftieth of this sum. It is only one sixteenth of the corn crop, or a tenth

of the wheat or hay raised every year, and only half as much as the wool or potatoes annually produced. So how about the handling of the cotton, corn, wheat, and other crops if it had to be done with silver? And how far would it go toward paying the \$600,000,000 for tobacco used, and the \$900,000,000 for liquors consumed, in the United States annually? But what an immense help it would be in paying the \$55,000,000 expended yearly by all Christian denominations for the advancement of God's kingdom.

It is earnestly desired that Congress, during the present session, shall insist upon and vote for the repeal of the Act of 1873 demonetizing silver, and see that for the future silver shall be coined on the same terms and conditions as gold, and be remonetized and made a full legal tender for all public and private debts; and then repeal the Sherman Act of 1890. Refuse to repeal one without the other. Wall Street is crying for repeal of the Sherman Act of 1890, and the people are crying for repeal of the Act of 1873, demonetizing silver; while relief is being granted in one case, let us see that it is in the other. When that is done, we shall feel at once the relief so earnestly desired in financial circles.

A great many will no doubt express themselves as to the impossibility of putting into effect the many changes that I have suggested. But before doing so they must stop and consider that man is the creator, not the creature, of circumstances.



## A HUMAN HABITATION.\*

BY HAMLIN GARLAND.

THE sky was like a low-hung purple disk,  
The plain its counterpart. Eastward, between  
These infinite disks of variant purple, the train  
Rushed steadily, entering a belt of orange-colored sky,  
Wherein the spring-time sunlight grew in power.

Against the glowing band,  
A tooth of purple sod upreared, to notch  
The otherwise unbroken, splendid sweep  
Of intersecting sky and plain. From it  
A thin blue smoke arose.

It was a human habitation.  
It was not a prison. A prison  
Resounds with songs, yells, the crash of gates,  
The click of locks and grind of chains.  
Voice shouts to voice. Bars do not exclude  
The interchange of words.

This was solitary confinement!

The sun upsprang;  
Its light swept the plain like a sea  
Of golden water, and the blue-gray dome  
That soared above the settler's shack,  
Was lighted into magical splendor.

To some worn woman  
Another monotonous day was born.

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\* From advance sheets of "Prairie Songs," a new volume of poems by Hamlin Garland, published by Stone & Kimball.

## ON A BARN ROOF.

BY JULIE ADRIENNE HERNE.

TOM WARREN lay on the sunny side of the barn roof, his lazy brown eyes half closed; he was almost asleep. Still he took an artist's delight in observing the shades of the beautiful salt marsh that lay before him, which even on a cloudy day was not absolutely colorless, and was, on that bright spring morning, a marvel of rich purples, greens, browns, and reds.

"Mornin'," said a cheery voice below him, and Warren perceived that it came from an old farmer, the owner of the barn (Warren was also artistic in not knowing nor caring who the owner was), who had come to water his two horses at a spring at one end of the barnyard.

"How d' ye do?" Warren replied.

"How 'd ye get up?" inquired the old man.

"Climbed," said Warren, pointing with his thumb to a ladder resting against that side of the barn.

The old man chose to take the answer as a hint, and began to climb the ladder, puffing and blowing at every step. At last he gained the gable roof of the barn, which fortunately for him did not slope very much, scrambled quickly up it, and steadied himself by holding on to the weather vane.

"Well," he said when he found himself secure, "well! I don't do this thing often; I s'pose thet's what makes me so unhandy. Fact is, my rheumatism leaves me with jest 'bout 'nough strength to potter 'roun' an' do the chores with. It's a mighty awk'ard thing, hevin' the rheumatism. Ever hed it? No, I don't s'pose y' ever did."

"No, I never did," said Warren, taking his hands from under his head, to get out a meerschaum pipe, a chamois skin pouch of tobacco, and some matches.

"Do you smoke?" he asked, while filling the pipe.

"Oh! no, no, thanks," said the old man, timidly, "but if ye hev a quid o' terbacker 'roun', why" —

"Yep, just one," said Warren, after hunting a bit.

The old man took it and began chewing it immediately. "Thanks," he said, rolling the tobacco from one side of his mouth to the other, "I ginerally hev some 'round, but to-day I run short. Nice terbacker this is, too; I must git me some

like it. 'Old Dominion,' is it? I guess I can remember. I don't like to depend on other folks' charity, 'cause sometimes they don't give it." He chuckled at his little joke.

Warren lit his pipe and lay back, puffing it, with his head in his hand, and listlessly watched a bank of clouds gathering over Boston.

"Allus liked summer, somehow," the old man remarked in a purring, droning tone. Warren enjoyed the tone as much as anything; it was part of the lazy dreaminess of the scene. "Dunno why, but I always did. I s'pose country people *do* like spring and summer best. Winter's a tough season to git through, anyways ye put it, but in the country — But you city folks don't think much about it, do ye?"

"No, I don't s'pose we do," said Warren, just to keep the ball rolling. "We're warm enough and have company enough in the winter, and generally go away for the summer."

"Yes, that's the way. But why did you come down here so early?"

"Well, I'm an artist, and I came down here for some spring studies. It's a nice place. A Mr. Findley recommended it. Know him?" asked Warren.

"H'm, Findley — dunno but I do. Yes, Squantum is a pretty place." The old man chewed on. There was a pause for some minutes. "You remind me a lot o' my son," he said. "I dunno where he is now. I s'pose he's gone to the dogs. He was always real studious, an' religious, an' Hetty — m' wife — she wanted him to be a minister; an' so I raked an' scraped ter git money enough ter send him to college. He always wanted to go, an' most jumped fer joy when we broached it to him. Hetty, she wanted him to go to some quiet one. She was afraid o' bad comp'ny in them big ones, like Harvard 'n' Yale, an' so we hed to argy her out of it, an' finally we did. He packed off to Harvard, — we lived in Quinzy then; hed to move, the taxes was s' high, — an' we missed him awfully. He used to come home in the summer every year, but he visited his friends a lot in vacation. He made a heap o' friends. Hetty, she was afraid he'd come home engaged, but he never did.

"Well, the last year o' his studyin' was nigh over, an' Hetty an' me talked the thing over every night 'fore we went to bed. We agreed as to his comin' off with all the honors, but we couldn't agree as to which Baptist church in Quinzy he ought to preach in, 'cept that none of 'em was good enough for him. Of course, bein' his parents, we was overproud of him, but some of his essays he read us was powerful eloquent. Well, the day come at last, an' I would ha' liked to ha' gone, but ye see we

were just movin' into this place, an' I wanted to git my land plowed up an' seeded, so I was too busy to go. Hetty went though, an' she did enjoy herself. M' son came off with a lot o' honors, 'n' thingumbobs, an' we were so proud.

"He come home after a day or two, an' sorter dallied 'round, an' one day I ses to him, 'When will you prepare for your duties?' An' he ses: 'Father, I would ha' spoken to you before, only I was waitin' for a good chance. I don't believe I oughter go into the ministry.' Then he went on to say that he'd come to a different way o' thinkin' sence he'd been away, an' he didn't believe in a good many of the rules of the church. Said he didn't believe in havin' a creed, leastways of forcin' it on others. What stuff! Hetty, she cried, an' wished we'd ha' sent him where he wouldn't 'a' learnt such things. Then he said he was goin' to try to git on a paper in New York — an', well, I knowed what New York was. We begged an' argied with him not to do it, but it didn't do no good, an' one night off he went, leavin' his address an' a short note on the table, for all the world like they do in stories. I wrote him to come or stay — an' he stayed."

There was a long pause. Clouds were gathering for an April shower.

"Well, well, I must be goin'; it looks like rain. Hope 'twill, 'cause we need water." The old man slid cautiously down the roof, and climbed down the ladder. Warren followed leisurely after, and watched him pat the horses and lead them away.

Once the old man spoke without looking back: "You tell that man Findley that if he wants to come back and behave himself, why, he can." Warren opened his eyes in utter amazement; but a light dawned upon him as he sauntered away.

## THE HOUR IS NEAR.

BY WILLIAM JACKSON ARMSTRONG.

The hour is near! The ages' tread  
Has waked, at last, the living dead;  
The mighty upward march of years,  
Oppression's caravan of tears,  
Right's breaking thunders overhead —  
Have brought the hour.

From those grim epochs, fierce, abhorred,  
What time the bludgeon and the sword  
Ruled men as serfs, and, from a throne,  
The spoiler marked the world his own,  
And might was right and might was lord —  
Arrives the hour.

Or then, the age of Force withdrawn,  
The spoiler's savage arts were gone,  
And Cunning, with a deadlier power,  
Usurped the schemes of conqueror,  
And might of brain the might of brawn —  
Still grew the hour.

They said, who dwelt in marble halls:  
"The earth is ours whom Fortune calls;  
For us its gorgeous fulness made,  
Its splendor falls, its feasts are laid."  
Men's griefs upheld their lordly walls; —  
So waxed the hour.

They said, who bore the cares of state:  
"These are the common wrongs of Fate,  
And pain and toil and poverty  
Are burdens of the nobly free, —  
Such mystic woes no laws abate."  
So came the hour.

They said, who kept the creeds in play:  
" 'Tis not our care — the poor alway  
Ye have by Heaven's unfathomed love;  
Faith dwells on things and hopes above.  
Religion's balm is 'Watch and pray.' "  
Then strove the hour.

But they who dwelt with Justice knew  
How all the recreant ages drew  
    To one proud day, when Right, unspent,  
    Should rise a flaming battlement  
'Gainst ancient fraud, and Time renew.  
    So broke the hour.

The hour which men's dim thoughts divined,  
The weak and lowly of mankind  
    Uplifted in their olden shame —  
    The hour for which men's wrongs are flame,  
The hour which for men's creeds is blind —  
    The hour is near.



## GERALD MASSEY: POET, PROPHET, AND MYSTIC.

BY B. O. FLOWER.

### SECOND PAPER, THE PROPHET AND REFORMER.

THE reformer is always the possible prophet. He whose nature is so finely strung and whose conscience so sensitive to the eternal verities as they relate to right and wrong that he feels injuries inflicted upon the unfortunate and injustice practised upon the defenceless as though the evil fell upon himself, sustains an intimate relationship to the highest as well as the humblest expressions of life. If the cry of the wretch under the wheel wrings his heart, he is also soothed by divine symphonies which those of duller sensibilities are unconscious of, and upon his spiritual perception there frequently flash the lights and shadows of the coming morrow. It was thus with the great prophets of Israel. It was thus with John Huss and Savonarola. It was thus with Whittier and Wendell Phillips. And it is thus, in a very marked degree, with Gerald Massey.

It is something more than an unconquerable faith in the ultimate triumph of good learned from the slow ascent of man that inspires the following thrilling lines, which are peculiarly appropriate to our present social conditions, when a new-born sense of right and a quickened intelligence are leading millions throughout civilization to demand a fairer share in the bounties of life:—

Immortal liberty! we see thee stand  
Like morn just stepped from heaven upon a mountain  
With beautiful feet, and blessing-laden hand,  
And heart that wellethe love's most living fountain!  
Oh, when wilt thou draw from the people's lyre  
Joy's broken cord? and on the people's brow  
Set empire's crown? light up thine altar-fire  
Within their hearts, with an undying glow;  
Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk with now?

Old legends tell us of a golden age,  
When earth was guiltless—gods the guests of men,  
Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined page,—  
And prophet-voices say 'twill come again.

O happy age! when love shall rule the heart,  
And time to live shall be the poor man's dower,  
When martyrs bleed no more, nor exiles smart —  
Mind is the only diadem of power.  
People, it ripens now! Awake, and strike the hour!

Hearts, high and mighty, gather in our cause;  
Bless, bless, O God, and crown their earnest labor,  
Who dauntless fight to win us equal laws,  
With mental armor and with spirit sabre!  
Bless, bless, O God! the proud intelligence,  
That now is dawning on the people's forehead, —  
Humanity springs from them like incense,  
The future bursts upon them, boundless, starried —  
They weep repentant tears, that they so long have tarried.

The spiritual intuition or perception of the true prophet soul was beautifully expressed in the legend of the despairing sage. The story comes from that far-away time when types and symbols were used by the children of earth, and when man was so near to nature that he seemed to catch the voice of the Creator.

The sage, so runs the story, had toiled for his fellow-men through years of suffering and privation. He had closed his eyes against the temptations of luxury and ease which were held out to lure him from the service of his race. He had dwelt with poverty and had nursed the plague-stricken, had fed the starving, always striving to fix the eyes of his fellow-men upon that which was enduring and divine. He reasoned with scholars on the higher philosophy of life, and strove to impress upon them the kinship of mankind. He appealed to the rich to be just, and boldly assailed tyranny and oppression. Often he had to fly from city to city, and sometimes he was offered great bribes to hold his peace. But neither the threat of power nor the bribe of wealth swerved him from his course. His all-consuming desire was to bring about the realization of the dream which haunted his soul. He longed to behold justice, peace, and love blossom among the children of men.

At length he became a very old man; his hair was silvered, his face bronzed and furrowed, his step halting and feeble. Many who had followed him when he had been able to minister to their physical needs now fell away, and the seeds he had planted seemed to have rotted and died. One day he sought the solitude of the mountains and in bitterness of soul prayed that he might die; for it seemed that his life had been lived in vain, and the future appeared to be in the possession of the powers of darkness. Virtue, love, and peace seemed routed all along the line of human endeavor.

While lost in prayer, so runs this legend, the sage became

overcome with a sense of peace known only to the victor in a glorious cause. Then the heaviness of earth fell away; his soul entered an ecstatic condition; the body was borne aloft in a chariot of luminous clouds upheld and guided by invisible hands. At length his eyes were opened, when lo! he was encompassed by a multitude of radiant souls. Then his ears caught the symphony of nature; he was bewildered. The multitudes around him were incarnations of light, of purity, of love and wisdom. They were victors, and the music which swelled upon the ear was an anthem of triumph.

And now an angel of lofty mien appeared, saying: "Because of the failing power of the physical form, the truth has become veiled to thy vision. Now behold the work of thy life."

Then to him was given the power of the Universal Eye. He beheld a home where now dwelt a father, once a plague-stricken boy nursed by the sage. The father sang to his son the songs of love, courage, and brotherhood which he had learned from the prophet long years ago. In another cottage he beheld a mother telling the story of the great man whose life made all men better, and through whose loving care the mother was then alive. And he noted the radiance in the faces of the eager children as they exclaimed, "We want to be like him!"

Then he beheld one whom he had taught in years gone by discoursing to a vast multitude upon the truths which the prophet had in former days impressed upon his brain. He saw thousands of eager ears strained to hear the evangel which fell from the eloquent lips of one he had known as a ragged boy who had followed him from village to village with other poor people. And then the panorama broadened, until he beheld that he had all unconsciously kindled fires for truth which should yet illuminate his people.

Then the angel said, "Look once more," and he beheld the tumult of battle, he heard the screams of the multitude who sank on every hand. After the battle came injustice and oppression; he heard the cry of those under the oppressor and beheld the sufferings of the world; and as in horror he sought the angel's face, a light dawned. It came from the hearts and homes of the multitudes. Then the light grew brighter; it spread from hut to cottage, from cottage to palace. A new conflict was in progress. Man met man in a struggle on a higher plane; ideas were weapons more often than swords, and in the dim future the sage saw the whole world bathed in the light of justice, mantled in peace and prosperity.

So it is with the reformers of all times. At moments their souls, so sensitive and responsive to the suffering and misery of life, also catch the strains of the higher music. Their eyes,

which see the suffering of the unfortunate and the poor as though every trial was their own, also at intervals catch glimpses of the coming day. In one of these great visions Gerald Massey catches such a glimpse and breaks into the following triumphant strain:—

'Tis coming up the steep of time,  
And this old world is growing brighter!  
We may not see its dawn sublime,  
Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter!  
Our dust may slumber under ground  
When it awakes the world in wonder;  
But we have felt it gathering round—  
Have heard its voice of distant thunder!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

'Tis coming now, that glorious time  
Foretold by seers and sung in story,  
For which, when thinking was a crime,  
Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory!  
They passed. But lo! the work they wrought!  
Now the crowned hopes of centuries blossom;  
The lightning of their living thought  
Is flashing through us, brain and bosom:  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Creeds, empires, systems, rot with age,  
But the great people's ever youthful!  
And it shall write the future's page  
To our humanity more truthful;  
There's a divinity within  
That makes men great if they but will it;  
God works with all who dare to win,  
And the time cometh to reveal it.  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!  
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;  
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,  
As souls, full statured, grow far seeing:  
Thou shalt unfold our better part,  
And in our life cup yield more honey;  
Light up with joy the poor man's heart,  
And love's own world with smiles more sunny!  
'Tis coming! yes, 'tis coming!

Jesus, who was the supreme expression of love, was terrible in His denunciations when confronted by the hypocrisy and selfishness of slothful, self-indulgent conventionalism. Gerald Massey has penned some of the sweetest lines ever written by poet of the people, but when he faces the plunderers of the toiling millions, when he looks upon the hypocrite and oppressor, he becomes transformed. His words are no longer soothing and peaceful; the limpid brook becomes a roaring torrent. The voice which speaks in the following lines is not the voice of one

man but the articulate cry of millions, thrown into speech by the instrument of God, that the wise may be warned, and, being warned, may be saved from the ruin which must and will overtake that society which selfishly imagines it can eternally thwart the upward march of humanity:—

Back, trampers on the many! Death and danger ambushed lie;  
Beware ye, or the blood may run! The patient people cry:  
"Ah, shut not out the light of hope, or we may blindly dash,  
Like Samson with his strong death-grope, and whelm ye in the crash.  
Think how they spurred the people mad, that old *regime* of France,  
Whose heads, like poppies, from death's scythe fell in a bloody dance."

In the following stanzas we are reminded of some of the old prophets of Israel, who championed the cause of God and the poor at the risk of life, and uttered luminous truths which still light up man's pathway. Mr. Massey is nothing if not a fearless reformer. He does not believe in a half loaf when justice is the issue. The people have certain rights of which they are deprived by the special privileges enjoyed by a comparative few. Against these wrongs, which are day by day becoming more apparent to thoughtful and truly enlightened men and women, our poet speaks with that courage and sincerity which is as refreshing as it is rare in our age of sycophancy:—

Thus saith the Lord: You weary me  
With prayers, and waste your own short years;  
Eternal truth you cannot see  
Who weep, and shed your sight in tears!  
In vain you wait and watch the skies—  
No better fortune thus will fall;  
Up from your knees I bid you rise,  
And claim the earth for all.

Behold in bonds your mother earth,  
The rich man's prostitute and slave!  
Your mother earth, that gave you birth,  
You only *own* her for a grave!  
And will you die like slaves, and see  
Your mother left a fettered thrall?  
Nay! live like men and set her free  
As heritage for all!

In the same strain, and speaking not as an individual but as the articulate voice of eternal justice, Mr. Massey elsewhere utters these words:—

Lift up your faces from the sod;  
Frown with each furrowed brow;  
Gold apes a mightier power than God,  
And wealth is worshipped now!  
In all these toil-ennobled lands  
You have no heritage;  
They snatch the fruit of youthful hands,  
The staff from weary age.

Oh, tell them in their palaces,  
 These lords of land and money,  
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,  
 To rob them of life's honey.

Through long, dark years of blood and tears,  
 You've toiled like branded slaves  
 Till wrong's red hand hath made a land  
 Of paupers, prisons, graves!  
 But our long sufferance endeth now;  
 Within the souls of men  
 The fruitful buds of promise blow,  
 And freedom lives again!  
 Oh, tell them in their palaces,  
 These lords of land and money,  
 They shall not kill the poor like bees,  
 To rob them of life's honey.

In his prose works he takes the same radical and uncompromising stand for absolute justice for the lowliest. In one place he says:—

We mean to have a day of reckoning with the unjust stewards of the earth. We mean to have the national property restored to the people. We mean that the land, with its inalienable right of living, its mineral wealth below the soil and its waters above, shall be open to all. We mean to have our banking done by the state, and our railways worked for the benefit of the whole people. We mean to temper the terror of rampant individualism with the principles of co-operation. We mean for woman to have perfect equality with man, social, religious, and political, and her fair share in that equity which is of no sex. We mean also that the same standard of morality shall apply to the man as to the woman. In short, we intend that the redress of wrongs and the righting of inequalities, which can only be rectified in this world, shall not be put off and postponed to any future stage of existence.

In another place he asserts with emphasis:—

*Humanity is one.* The Eternal intends to show us that *humanity is one*. And the family is more than the individual member, the Maker is more than the family, and the human race is more than the nation. And if we do not accept the revelation lovingly, do not take to the fact kindly, why then 'tis flashed upon us terribly, by lightning of hell, if we will not have it by light of heaven—and the poor, neglected scum and *canaille* of the nations rise up mighty in the strength of disease, and prove the oneness of humanity by killing you with the same infection.

It has recently been shown how the poor of London do not live, but fester in the pestilential hovels called their homes. To get into these you have to visit courts which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and which never know the virtues of a drop of cleansing water. Immorality is but the natural outcome of such a devil's spawning ground. The poverty of many who strive to live honestly is appalling.

And this disclosure is made with the customary moan that such people attend neither church nor chapel, as if that were the panacea. I should not wonder if these revelations result in the building of more churches and chapels, and the consecration of at least one or two more bishops.

The Bishop of Bedford said the other day, "It was highly necessary



that in these times when the poor have so little earthly enjoyment, the joys of heaven should be made known to them." It is not possible to caricature an utterance so grotesque as that.

In his song of humanity, there is the calm faith of the philosopher, wedded to the confidence which depends upon the spiritual acuteness of the prophet in the ultimate triumph of right. He pleads for the millions under the rod. He may not see the false falling away around him, but far up the mountain slope he sees the purpling dawn growing brighter. Looking backward he perceives that the present with its hideousness and wrong is not so dark as the past, and with that trust in the final triumph of right which makes him optimistic, he thus refers to his songs for the oppressed:—

Let my songs be cited  
As breakers of the peace,  
Till the wrongs are righted,  
The man-made miseries cease;  
Till earth's disinherited  
Beg no more to earn their bread;  
Till the consuming darts of burning day  
Shall fire the midnight foxes; scare away  
From labor's fruits the parasites of prey.  
Let them die when all is done,  
Now victoriously begun!

Our visions have not come to naught,  
Who saw by lightning in the night;  
The deeds we dreamed are being wrought  
By those who work in clearer light;  
In other ways our fight is fought,  
And other forms fulfil our thought  
Made visible to all men's sight.

There is a certain thought-compelling power in many of his poems of labor found only in the work of an enthusiast, mad with divine love for his fellow-men. Often he outlines upon his canvas a splendid dream, a big hope, a grand aspiration, and then in the foreground he paints with a few bold strokes a frightful truth. The antithesis is tremendous in its effects, as will be seen in the following stanza:—

When the heart of one half the world doth beat  
Akin to the brave and the true,  
And the tramp of democracy's earth-quaking feet  
Goes thrilling the wide world through—  
We should not be crouching in darkness and dust,  
And dying like slaves in the night;  
But big with the might of the inward "must"  
We should battle for freedom and right!  
Our fathers are praying for pauper pay,  
Our mothers with death's kiss are white;  
Our sons are the rich man's serfs by day,  
And our daughters his slaves by night.

Such work is very effective. It gives the glorious ideal to which the noblest of earth's children aspire, and then it turns the flash-light upon the heinous crimes which easy-going conventionalism tolerates. The reformer beholds the wrong in all its enormity. He utters a cry of horror. The slow-thinking people are aroused by the cry, and they ask, Can such things be? They raise the question, and an agitation is commenced which, sooner or later, ends in victory for justice. The exclamation and interrogation points are the staff and crook of progress. I shall close my extracts from Mr. Massey's inspiring songs of labor by giving two stanzas from "The Awakening":—

Oh! earth has no sight half so glorious to see,  
As a people upgirding its might to be free.

To see men awake from the slumber of ages,  
Their brows grim from labor, their hands hard and tan,  
Start up living heroes, long dreamt-of by sages,  
And smite with strong arm the oppressors of man:  
To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's warring,  
Slaves of the midnight mine, serfs of the sod,  
Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,  
And never more bend to a crownèd clod:  
Dear God! 'tis a sight for immortals to see —  
A people upgirding its might to be free.

Battle on bravely, O sons of humanity!  
Dash down the cup from your lips, O ye toilers!  
Too long hath the world bled for tyrant's insanity —  
Too long our weakness been strength to our spoilers!  
The heart that through danger and death will be dutiful,  
Soul that with Cranmer in fire would shake hands,  
And a life like a palace home built for the beautiful,  
Freedom of all her beloved demands —  
And earth has no sight half so glorious to see,  
As a people upgirding its might to be free!

Mr. Massey has labored throughout his life for the oppressed in every condition of ignorance and superstition. Wherever man, woman, or child has suffered through injustice, his voice has leaped forth in defence of the wronged, and against the wrong-doer he has waged an incessant warfare. He has boldly championed the cause of woman, steadfastly demanding for her that full-orbed justice which she must receive before the higher civilization will be assured. And in the nineteenth century no philosopher or reformer has pleaded more earnestly for the rights of children, and that their lives be permitted to unfold under the best possible conditions, than this pure-souled, earnest man.

We are entering a struggle which will prove the most momentous Western civilization has ever known, because the conflict is along every line of advance. Social and economic problems, or the theory of man's relationship to man and to society as a whole;

the problem of religion, the realm of psychical science, the rights of woman, the requirements and possibilities of childhood — these are some of the questions around which the forces of conservatism and progress are already rallying for a sanguinary conflict. Upon all these questions Mr. Massey has spoken, and spoken in no uncertain voice. And, what is more important, he has always placed himself squarely on the side of progress and the dawn. Therefore I believe that the generation of the future, who will enjoy, in a measure, the fruits of the higher and truer life for which the prophet worked, will appreciate his splendid services, and enshrine his name among the immortal *coterie* who placed truth and the good of their fellow-men above the comforts of life or the applause of the world.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

### TWO IMPORTANT WORKS ON HIGHER CRITICISM.

#### VERBUM DEI.\*

A NUMBER of works have recently appeared from ripe scholars, dealing with religious thought in such a manner as to reveal the far-reaching character of the revolution in progress among sincere thinkers within the Christian church. The hideous religious nightmare which enveloped popular thought in New England in the time of Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth is happily disappearing, and although we still find here and there narrow-visioned and intolerant minds which refuse to enjoy the healthful sunlight of our age, the most conscientious and sincere scholarship, even within our most orthodox churches, is accepting with gladness broader and more lofty ideals of religion than those which prevailed in a more ignorant and savage past.

A most significant illustration of this fact was witnessed on October 12, in the city of Worcester, Mass., where the Noyes appointment resolution was carried by a vote of one hundred and six to twenty-four, even in spite of the strenuous efforts of Rev. Joseph Cook and other legitimate successors of Michael Wigglesworth, who declared that the appointment of Rev. Mr. Noyes "involved a final, permanent change in the theology of the Board." That Mr. Cook was right in his declaration of the real significance of the appointment of Mr. Noyes, notwithstanding the wording of the resolution, few will dispute, while the majority of eighty-two for progress and more humane religion must have made the two dozen voting members who stood for the old-time Puritanism feel decidedly lonely. When such leaders of orthodox thought as Canon Farrar declare their faith in restoration, Professor Drummond accepts unreservedly the theory of evolution, Professor Briggs boldly announces the conclusion that man may find God through the Bible, as did Spurgeon, through the church, as did Cardinal Newman, and through nature, as did Martineau; and lastly, when the American Board votes one hundred and six to twenty-four in favor of Rev. Mr. Noyes—who believes in probation for the heathen—it is quite evident that a religious revolution is on in the orthodox churches.

I have before me a volume from the pen of a strictly orthodox scholar, who is also an advocate of the higher criticism. I refer to the latest work by the eminent English biblical scholar, R. F. Horton, M. A., entitled "Verbum Dei." This volume comprises the lectures on preaching delivered by Mr. Horton in 1893, before the Yale Divinity School. In this work the author advances the conviction that "The method of God

\* "Verbum Dei." By Rev. R. F. Horton, M. A. Cloth; pp. 300; price, \$1.50. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

is one in all ages," and he who speaks for Him must hear Him. In answer to the question, "Does the word of the Lord come to His servants to-day as it came to the prophet and leader of Israel?" our author cites several striking illustrations to show that God speaks to His servants to-day as He spoke in olden times. The following is one of the instances quoted by Mr. Horton:—

The second example is a personal experience of Mr. Finney's, which must be given in his own words:—

"When I came out of the pulpit in the afternoon, an aged man approached and said to me, 'Can you not come and preach in our neighborhood? We have never had any religious meetings there.' I inquired the direction and the distance, and appointed to preach there the next afternoon, Monday, at five o'clock, in their schoolhouse. . . . I went on foot to fulfil this appointment. The weather was very warm that day, and before I arrived there I felt almost too faint to walk, and greatly discouraged in my mind. I sat down in the shade by the wayside, and felt as if I were too faint to reach there, and, if I did, too much discouraged to open my mouth to the people. When I arrived I found the house full, and immediately commenced the service by reading a hymn. They attempted to sing, but the horrible discord agonized me beyond expression. I leaned forward, put my elbows upon my knees, and my hands over my ears, and shook my head withal, to shut out the discord, which even then I could barely endure. As soon as they had ceased to sing I cast myself down upon my knees, almost in a state of desperation. The Lord opened the windows of heaven upon me, and gave me great enlargement and power in prayer.

"Up to this moment I had had no idea what text I should use on the occasion. As I rose up from my knees *the Lord gave me this*: 'Up, get you out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city.' I told the people, as nearly as I could recollect, where they would find it, and went on to tell them of the destruction of Sodom. . . . While I was doing this I was struck with the fact that the people looked exceedingly angry about me. Many countenances appeared very threatening, and some of the men near me looked as if they were about to strike me. This I could not understand, as I was only giving them, with great liberty of spirit, some interesting sketches of Bible history. . . . I turned upon them and said that I had understood that they had never had any religious meetings in that neighborhood; and, applying the fact, I thrust at them with the sword of the Spirit with all my might. From this moment the solemnity increased with great rapidity. In a few moments there seemed to fall upon the congregation an instantaneous shock . . . the word seemed *literally* to cut like a sword."

I need not quote more. At the second visit Mr. Finney learned for the first time that the place, on account of its wickedness, had been nicknamed Sodom, and the old man who had invited the preacher to visit it was nicknamed Lot, because he was the only professor of religion there. I do not know any instance in the Old Testament of the word of the Lord coming more aptly and powerfully, or in circumstances of greater need and dejection, to a Moses, a Samuel, an Elijah, or any of the prophets whose writings have come down to us.

In the chapter on "The Word of God Outside the Bible" Mr. Horton says:—

But neither the apostles themselves nor their Lord gave a hint that the direct communication of the Spirit of God with believing men was thenceforward to cease. Rather, they gave many express declarations to the contrary. . . .

The reading of the Zendavesta has assured us of a pure and simple faith in ancient Persia which is greatly in advance of the more corrupted forms of Christianity. Meanwhile the records of the buried cities of Mesopotamia have come to light, and proved that many truths and religious ideas which we supposed were the peculiar property of God's chosen people were familiar to the kindred nations whom we regarded as not chosen. . . .

If we would rightly apprehend the word of God in its breadth of significance, we must recognize this manifoldness in the gradations of His self-revelation, and freely admit that our own faith differs from other religions, not in this respect, that it is from God and they are not from Him, but rather in the supreme importance of the fact which is the key to all religions, the person of Jesus Christ. . . . All the religions were, as Schiller taught, hints, suggestions, anticipations, aspirations, which looked towards Christ.

If, then, we would follow the teaching of the Bible, we must expect a word of God to come to us outside the Bible, from nature and the order of created things. Science is a word of God, and the poetic and rapturous perception of beauty in the universe is a word of God. They who shut their minds against proved facts of science are closing their ears to the voice of God; and when they do it in the interests of what they call the word of God, they are adding blasphemy to ignorance, and are numbered among the false prophets.

In speaking of Darwin's, Hæckel's, and Huxley's contributions to the world's wealth of facts, our author observes:—

I have nothing to say here about the speculations of Darwin and Hæckel and Huxley. As thinkers and philosophers these great scientists may have here little that is final to say; but as observers and recorders of the facts of the universe, they and all other honest workers in the realm of physical science are spelling out for us the words of God.

In closing this notable lecture, Mr. Horton thus refers to higher criticism:—

The critical study of history is a very modern science, but it is not too much to say that Bible history has acquired a new value and a new certainty since it was subjected to the tests of historical criticism. Something has been lost, something has been gained; but what has been lost is merely fiction, what has been gained is truth. Our children will read the history of Israel and the priceless memoirs of the evangelists with new eyes, with firmer faith, with deeper love. The whole method of what is called the higher criticism is strictly a light and a truth which has broken out from the Bible itself. It was the closer and more careful study of the original documents which led to the recasting and rearrangement of the Biblical literature.

These passages are sufficient to show how broad are the utterances of one of our most eminent religious scholars, a gentleman who is a strictly orthodox thinker, a fearless man, and a deep student.

#### THE ORIGIN, GROWTH, AND CHARACTER OF THE BIBLE.\*

In Dr. Sunderland's clear, comprehensive, and scholarly volume, "The Bible, its Origin, Growth, and Character," we have a work much broader in scope than "Verbum Dei," as would naturally be the case, owing to the fact that Dr. Horton's book was prepared for the divinity students who were about to enter the ministry, and touches incidentally, rather than primarily, on the new thought; while Dr. Sunderland's work, which is the fruit of fifteen years of deep research and wide reading, discusses at length the subject of the New Bible, or rather the Bible as it appears to-day to competent and truth-searching scholarship, in contrast to the

\* "The Bible, its Origin, Growth, and Character," together with a list of books for study and reference, with critical comments. By Rev. J. T. Sunderland. Cloth, pp. 300. New York, J. P. Putnam's Sons.



Bible as it appeared in the dim light of the sixteenth century, when the world was emerging from the night of the Dark Ages. In his preface the author calls attention to the wonderful advance made by Bible scholarship in search of the truth during the past fifteen years.

And [he continues], what is quite as important, public interest in Bible study, particularly in all questions connected with what is known as the higher criticism, has greatly increased. To-day thinking people on every side are asking, and with an insistence and earnestness wholly unknown in the past, the question: What has an honest, independent, and competent biblical scholarship—a scholarship that investigates and speaks in the interest not of theological dogmatism, but of truth—to tell us about the Bible, as to its origin, its authorship, its growth, its reliability, its real character, its place among the great sacred books of the world, its permanent value?

This book is an endeavor to answer this question in a manner at once comprehensive and concise. In its preparation its author has availed himself as fully as possible of the best and the latest biblical learning of the Old World. He has also endeavored to bring to his task a candid, catholic, and reverent spirit.

Dr. Sunderland's work is, on the whole, the most valuable for the general reader on this important subject which I have seen. Not only is the author a deep student, sincere and candid, but, while deeply religious, he is unbiased by prejudice. He has exhaustively studied the whole range of literature bearing on this question, and in numerous footnotes gives the views of various eminent biblical scholars. Another feature of special value to students of this problem is a comprehensive list of works of authority. This table covers twenty pages, and is the most complete catalogue of works pertaining to the subject with which I am acquainted.

No one can read the "Origin, Growth, and Character of the Bible" without being impressed with the absolute candor of the author. He has no apology to make, indulges in no special pleading, and from the opening to the closing pages the reader feels that the supreme object with Mr. Sunderland is to give the truth. Some idea of the scope and general character of this volume will be obtained from the following partial list of subjects examined: "The Place of the Bible Among the Sacred Books of the World," "Similarities Between the Bible and Other Sacred Books," "The Hebrew Land and People," "The Bible as Literature," "The Pentateuch: Its Character and Real Origin," "Hebrew Legend and History," "Hebrew Prophecy," "Hebrew Poetry," "The Gospels: Their Origin and Character," "Paul and the Book of Acts," "The Epistles of Paul," "The Non-Pauline Epistles and the Revelation," "The Formation of the Canon: Apocryphal and Other Excluded Literature," "Moral and Religious Progress Traceable in the Bible," "Bible Infallibility in the Light of Wider Scholarship," "The Bible and Inspiration," "The Permanent Value of the Bible."

At the present time that part of the religious world which has in any true sense responded to the new truths of God, which the wonderful progress of modern times has unfolded, is so profoundly interested in a critical search for light that a work like this will prove of inestimable value, as it contains an epitome of the latest conclusions of competent

and critical scholarship upon this subject, and is written in such a simple and engaging manner that it will interest all readers. Just now, when the Presbyterian church is so exercised over the brave stand taken by Professors Briggs and Smith, the following views of Calvin, Luther, and Zwingli on the canon of the New Testament will be interesting:—

Luther thought the Epistle to the Hebrews came neither from Paul nor any of the apostles, and was not to be put on an equality with epistles written by the apostles themselves. The Book of Revelation he considered neither apostolic nor prophetic, and of little or no worth. He did not believe the Epistle of Jude proceeded from an apostle. James' epistle he pronounced unapostolic, and "an epistle of straw."

The great Swiss reformer Zwingli maintained that the Book of Revelation is not properly a biblical book. Even Calvin did not think that Paul was the author of Hebrews, or Peter of the book called Second Peter; while as to the Book of Revelation, he denounced it as unintelligible, and prohibited the pastors of Geneva from all attempts at interpreting it.

Mr. Sunderland devotes two chapters to the subject of "Bible Infallibility." In answer to the question: Is the Bible infallible, or Is it inerrant? he observes:—

Hardly any questions of our day are being asked by so many persons as these. Hardly any are being asked so earnestly. What answer has scholarship to make? Happily, so far as biblical scholarship is independent, honest, and competent (and no other is worth considering), its answer to these questions is at last becoming clear, even if it had not been clear in the past.

Such scholarship no longer hesitates to subscribe to the language of Professor Briggs, when he says: "So far as I can see, there are errors in the Scriptures that no one has been able to explain away; and the theory that they were not in the original text is sheer assumption, upon which no mind can rest with certainty. If such errors destroy the authority of the Bible, it is already destroyed for historians. Men cannot shut their eyes to truth and fact. But on what authority do these theologians drive men from the Bible by this theory of inerrancy? The Bible itself nowhere makes this claim. . . . It is a ghost of modern evangelicism to frighten children."

In regard to the doctrine of infallibility being found in the Bible (and this, of course, is the bulwark of the opposition) our author has this among other things to say:—

The Bible itself does not claim to be free from error. While in places certain claims of superior inspiration and guidance of God are doubtless put forth, there is no place in which the claim is made that the Bible as a whole, or even any considerable part of it, is infallible. Among the Scripture passages that are quoted in support of the infallibility theory, the following is conceded by every writer, so far as I know, to be the strongest, to wit: "All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." But as soon as we begin to look at this passage carefully, two or three things appear, which rob it wholly of value as proof that the Bible is infallible. (1) It says nothing about infallibility: it speaks only of inspiration. Nor are the two necessarily connected. For Peter and Paul, who are regarded as inspired men, confess that they make mistakes. If, then, inspired men may err, why not an inspired book? (2) At the time this Epistle to Timothy was written, there was no new Testament. The collection of writings which we know by that name was not made until long after. The only sacred Scripture known to the Christians at that time was the Old Testament. The "all scripture" referred to, therefore, of course meant Old Testament Scripture. So then, even if this passage proved infallibility at all, it would be only of the Old Testament. (3) But that it does not prove that, or anything looking in that direction, is

seen as soon as we get a correct translation. It has long been known to scholars that the rendering in our common version is wrong. The Revised Version gives it correctly, as follows: "Every scripture inspired of God is also profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, for instruction," etc. That this teaches Bible infallibility nobody can claim.

Another passage sometimes quoted to prove the Bible infallible is this from Second Peter: "Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost." It should be borne in mind that this epistle (as has been shown in a preceding chapter) is almost certainly not from Peter at all, but is a non-apostolic writing of the last half of the second century. Its claim, therefore, to be in the New Testament is of the poorest. But even if we admit it to be genuine scripture, what then? It says nothing about Bible infallibility. It makes no claim concerning the Bible of any kind. In affirming that "Holy men spake as they were moved by the Holy Spirit," it simply affirms the great truth of the living inspiration of God in the soul of man, something as true of our time as of any time in the past, and having no necessary connection with any book.

In the saying of Christ that "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away" (Mark xiii. 31), many suppose they see a claim of Bible infallibility. But all the words of Christ together constitute only an infinitesimal portion of the Bible; they form simply a part of four out of the thirty-six books. It is probable, too, that He was not thinking of written words at all, for at that time none of His words had been written; only a few ever were written, and those not until a generation after His death. He seems to have been simply thinking of His *spoken* words as *true*, and therefore *eternal*.

There is only one other passage that need be referred to. It is that strange and terrible one found at the close of the Book of Revelation: "I testify unto every man that heareth the words of the prophecy of this book . . . and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life, and out of the holy city, and from the things which are written in this book." Of this passage two things are to be said: (1) It is found in one of the most doubtful of the books of the Bible — a book which had difficulty in gaining admission into the canon, and which has been distrusted by many learned and devout scholars of both ancient and modern times. (2) A very little consideration shows that the passage makes no reference whatever to the subject of whether the Bible is infallible or not. It says nothing about the Bible. Indeed, there was no Bible at that time, except the Old Testament, and to that it makes no allusion. It simply refers to the "book of this prophecy," that is, the book in which this passage is found — the Book of Revelation. The writer resorts to the very questionable expedient of undertaking to protect his production from mutilation or change, by launching a threat or curse against any one who should presume to tamper with it.

Thus we see how groundless is the belief that the Bible claims to be infallible. Indeed, there is much in it that teaches the opposite.

I sincerely wish that all thoughtful Americans might possess this valuable work, as it would enable them to discuss the new religious conceptions competently, and with the best critical biblical scholarship of the age as authority. It would also broaden their views, making them more tolerant, and, therefore, more Christlike.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### FACTS AND FICTIONS OF LIFE.\*

There are thousands of persons who greet with sincere pleasure any work written by our brilliant, high-minded, and keen-witted novelist

\* "Facts and Fictions of Life." By Helen H. Gardener. Pp. 270; price, cloth \$1, paper 50 cents. Charles H. Kerr & Co., Chicago.

and essayist, Helen H. Gardener. Her writings are always strong, vigorous, and sincere. They generate thought and give the reader new points from which to view the themes she discusses. She is a "rude awakener" to those who love to doze in the graveyard of the past. If we had to-day a church which dared to lead the thought of the world and fearlessly face every truth which dawned upon the brain of man without the idea that it had some old-time dogma or several-thousand-year-old view of life to uphold, it is possible that Helen Gardener would be one of the ablest preachers in that church; for, besides being absolutely fearless, she is a profound lover of justice and a teacher of the noblest ethics. Indeed, if the church dared to proclaim in the same brave and forcible manner the highest morality and impartial justice which breathe in all her writings, society would soon be standing on far higher ground, and civilization would mean much more than it does to-day. Helen Gardener has frequently opened her large, expressive eyes in wonder on reading enthusiastic words of sincere praise for her work from clergymen, and was much surprised when within the space of three weeks a Jewish rabbi, one Orthodox and one Unitarian clergyman preached sermons upon her great novel, "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" each warmly praising that brave but terrible unmasking of conventional religion and conservative society.

And yet there is nothing surprising to me in these facts; for the clergy contains many brave and earnest men who see deeper than the surface, and who, while they may regret some assaults upon what they hold dear, admire the earnest and true-hearted little woman who places honesty of thought on as high a pedestal as honesty in money matters, and who always stands for the highest morality, for untrammelled justice, and for wholesome freedom. Moreover, Helen Gardener has the elements of what should be among the distinguishing characteristics of a great preacher. She is a natural logician. She is able to see more than one side of a problem. She ever evinces superb courage. She is an enthusiast in all things which make for a nobler, cleaner, and healthier manhood and womanhood. She is not bound by traditionalism, conservatism, or intolerance. She is at once vigorous, logical, and brilliant. Possessing a keen sense of humor, she throws into all her works enough of the sunlight of mirth to lighten the gloom, but not enough to interfere with the serious purpose she has in view. I know of no living writer who can carry home a great truth to the heart of the humblest reader so tellingly as Helen Gardener does in her stories and novels. No blow has ever been dealt to the infamous "age of consent laws," which has proved so effective as that touching and fascinating novel, "Pray You, Sir, Whose Daughter?" During the past year this book led to the raising of the age of consent in at least one state, and I know of a number of persons who were indifferent to the subject before they read that story who are to-day fully alive to the iniquity of the consent laws. In the coming time emancipated womanhood will appreciate the

immense work which is now being wrought by this accomplished writer, through her unanswerable arguments for justice to women. The addresses delivered by this brilliant thinker before the Woman's Congress at the World's Fair were the most conspicuous features of the early months of the wonderful congresses, and it will be a source of pleasure to all lovers of womanhood to know that these addresses, which were universally pronounced to be distinctly great, have been brought out in permanent form, with other important essays written by Helen Gardener, which have appeared in *THE ARENA* and other magazines from time to time.

These addresses and essays have recently appeared in a handsome volume containing two hundred seventy pages. The literature of heredity gains an acquisition of special value in two of the chapters of this book—one dealing with "The Moral Responsibility of Woman in Heredity," the other with "Heredity in Its Relation to a Double Standard of Morals." These chapters are among the strongest essays which have been written during the present generation. They are loaded with facts, but nowhere are they dull. They are logical, but at no time tiresome. No one can read them without feeling that these utterances came from a powerful brain ablaze with moral enthusiasm.

The essay, "Woman as an Annex," is the most powerful and brilliant plea for equal suffrage for the sexes that has appeared in years. Her arguments are unanswerable, her illustrations are exceedingly well chosen, and her sarcasm is as biting as it is just. I wish every man and woman in America could read this essay. It would convince all true-hearted men who are not fossils or time servers, and it would shame many of the latter class into silence, while it would compel women to think. Now, too many of them depend on their husbands, brothers, and fathers to give them their opinions. Never until women think for themselves will we have a free, broad-visioned, and just race; and these facts Helen Gardener advances in a masterful manner.

"Sex in Brain" is another very strong paper. Indeed, it is one of the strongest essays in the book, and will do much for the civilization of to-morrow. The argument on "Divorce and the Proposed National Law," "An Irresponsible Educated Class," "Thrown in with the City's Dead," and "A Day in Court," are familiar to our readers, as they were written for our pages, and have appeared in *THE ARENA* from time to time.

The chapters are all bright, interesting, and thought-provoking. This book should be placed in circulating libraries, and progressive thinkers would be doing a real service to the race by calling attention to its merits from the platform or in the press as occasion might present. If, instead of bequeathing fortunes to old and well-established colleges which are conservatories of ancient thought, persons of means would spend money in disseminating such works as this, we would soon have a nobler, healthier, and truer civilization.

B. O. FLOWER.

## THE WORKS OF HENRY GEORGE.\*

The honor of having first awakened the interest of thinking people to the importance of studying economic conditions belongs to Henry George. His "Progress and Poverty" infused a new hope into the souls of thousands, who were conscious in a vague way that the few were growing immensely rich and that the many were slowly but surely being pressed toward the precipice of want. After Mr. George had aroused thinkers, many socialistic writers obtained a hearing, which would have been impossible a few years earlier, owing to the fact that the masses had grown accustomed to look to the politicians and a partisan press for their views; and since these united in denouncing as revolutionary anything which struck at the entrenched wrongs of existing conditions, the audience of the agitators was small. Mr. George, however, grasped social and economic problems with the mind of a master. He voiced in a larger way than had any statesman since Jefferson the basic principles of true democracy. He evinced a superb faith in freedom, and an appreciation for justice in the broadest and truest meaning of the term, which found an instant response in high-born souls. Numbers of Americans who had lost heart in the struggle for a better day now felt hope throbbing in their bosoms. Here was a broad, just, and comprehensive system outlined.

It is true that, popular as were Mr. George's works, they necessarily appealed to a limited audience, for comparatively few people in this busy age have time to do more than snatch a few moments now and then to read; and it is very difficult for an untrained mind, or one unused to reading abstract discussions, no matter how clearly presented, to grasp the writer's thought by reading in a desultory way. Hence, notwithstanding the phenomenal popularity of Mr. George's works as social and economic discussions, their audience was circumscribed; and many who enjoyed them in a way did not grasp the vital distinction between the theory of right and justice presented by Mr. George, and other views which contemplated a machine-made and perfected civilization, in which the minority had no rights which the majority were bound to respect, and which, on the plea of the best ends for the multitude, invaded the rightful freedom of the individual. Thus many who grasped in part the splendid ideal of freedom builded on justice, passed from a nominal acceptance of these views to a theory in many respects absolutely opposed to that entertained by Mr. George, who would secure justice by the destruction of special privileges and class legislation, and the giving to every man a right to God's great gift to all His children, the earth, through a system of taxation which recognizes the basic truth that

\* "Progress and Poverty: An Inquiry into the Cause of Industrial Depression and the Increase of Want with the Increase of Wealth." "The Remedy." Pp. 512; price, \$1. "The Land Question" — containing "The Land Question," "Property in Land," and "The Condition of Labor." Pp. 157; price, \$1. "Social Robbery." Pp. 342; price, \$1. "Protection and Free Trade." Pp. 360; price, \$1. "A Perplexed Philosopher." Pp. 320; price, \$1. All these works by Henry George, bound uniformly in cloth, stamped in gold. Published by Charles L. Webb & Co., New York.



the land belongs to the people, and that private ownership in God's common gift to His whole family on earth is contrary to justice, and must operate in such a way as to deprive some of His children of life's necessities, while a few become immensely rich through unearned increment. Mr. George's theory makes for freedom and rests on justice. It would decrease legislation and widen the bounds for experience and healthful freedom.

That the upholders of the present-day system savagely assailed Mr. George is in no way surprising. Every upward step mankind has taken has been attacked by popular and entrenched thought. But justice and progress, though sometimes hindered, ultimately triumph; and Mr. George's views, though not so popular as those held by some who fail, I think, to see as clearly as does this really great economist, and while still the object of envenomed assaults from those who defend injustice, are rapidly taking root among thoughtful people.

Few writers have made political economy and social problems in general so entertaining as has the author of "Progress and Poverty." As an essayist he is one of the most engaging writers of our time, and rarely does he excite antagonism by what might be termed undue severity. Perhaps an exception to this rule is seen in his "Perplexed Philosopher," which, as our readers know, is a review of Herbert Spencer's latest utterances. In this work occur some strictures which friends of Mr. Spencer regard as unduly harsh.

In striking contrast with the above-mentioned defect is the beautiful spirit which pervades "The Condition of Labor" (which forms Part III. of the volume bearing the title, "The Land Question"), in which Mr. George presents the ethical side of the land question to the pope. It is a most charming and persuasive volume, and I imagine had much to do with altering the attitude of the pope in the case of Dr. McGlynn.

"Protection and Free Trade" is probably the most convincing argument for free trade made by any American thinker. More than a million copies of this work, in various forms, have been circulated.

So great has been the hold taken by Mr. George's works upon thinking Americans that any one who wishes to be informed on social problems must have a knowledge of the views presented by the author of "Progress and Poverty." The general public, as well as Mr. George, should be congratulated on the fact that his works are being published and pushed by so thoroughly wide-awake a firm as that of Charles L. Webster & Co. They are issued by this house in excellent style and at an exceedingly low price.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### TWO NOVELS BY STINSON JARVIS.\*

Stinson Jarvis has written two novels which may be termed distinctly brilliant. His characterizations are for the most part strong. The action

\* "Geoffrey Hamstead." By Stinson Jarvis. Price, paper 50 cents. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

"Doctor Perdue." By Stinson Jarvis. Price, paper 50 cents. Laird & Lee, Chicago.

of "Geoffrey Hamstead" occurs in Toronto, and that of "Dr. Perdue" in Europe. The latter is a sequel to "Geoffrey Hamstead." Both works are exceedingly bright. There is present on almost every page, save those dealing with great passions or the more tragic phases of the lives depicted, a delightful humor, which adds much to the entertainment of the reader. Many of the scenes are laid upon the water, as yachting is a weakness with the author, and he has employed many facts which have come under his observation to excellent advantage.

Geoffrey Hamstead is a bank clerk in Toronto. He is a handsome, brilliant, but conscienceless man of the world; one of those gifted and self-poised men who captivate women, and while in love with a beautiful, modest girl, he gains complete supremacy over the affianced bride of his most intimate friend, and, after ruining the lady, almost ruins his friend by trying to fasten the crime of bank robbery upon him. Detection, however, leads to the conviction of Hamstead. The book terminates with his supposed death in an attempt to swim over Niagara Falls.

"Doctor Perdue" takes up the character of Hamstead, years later, when he has become a famous surgeon in Paris under an assumed name. Here he marries, afterwards settling in England. His wife has married for position and repels all advances. He then meets his old-time sweetheart and some exciting scenes follow, in which the action is very quick and some of the situations are exceedingly strong.

The stories are written to amuse, and, while the author throws in here and there some sage philosophical observations, a lack of reformative spirit is apparent, and it is evident that Mr. Jarvis has written to entertain. What, however, gives special value to the work is the subtle delineation of character. He touches with a master hand the well-springs of good and evil in the lives he portrays, and we see the action of brain and heart.

B. O. F.

#### IN THE WAKE OF COLUMBUS.\*

Mr. Ober, the well-known author and traveller, has contributed a work of real value to our literature in his latest volume, which is the result of his travels, under instruction from the World's Fair Commission, to search out all that could be found of interest pertaining to Columbus. He went to the birthplace of the discoverer of America, and thence, step by step, followed that eventful life as far as history gives us any clues as to the doings and whereabouts of Columbus. The book is written in a spirited and entertaining style, and it contains a vast store of information, not merely relating to Columbus, but facts regarding the past and present of the wide area in two worlds traversed by the author. Mr. Ober's style is chatty and pleasant, beguiling the reader's interest while he informs his brain by a number of delightful anecdotes, told in a few lines, which in no way lessen the interest of the work for

\* "In the Wake of Columbus." By Frederick A. Ober. Over two hundred illustrations; pp. 516; richly bound in colored cloth, stamped in gold and colors; price \$2.50. D. Lothrop & Co., Boston.

the general reader. For example, the landlord at Moquer, the town nearest Palos, being interrogated in regard to the subject uppermost in our traveller's mind, replied:—

"But this man Columbus, when did he sail, señor? And are you sure he sailed from Palos? No ship of any size has left there this many a year."

The frontispiece of the volume is a fine heliotype of Columbus' reception at court after his first voyage, and the volume is profusely illustrated by photogravures and pen and ink sketches. Many of the photogravures are very weak, owing to poor photographs. It is, indeed, surprising that a volume which otherwise is one of the finest specimens of the book-maker's art which has appeared this year should be marred by the presence of poor pictures, especially since the negatives might have been strengthened without sacrificing accuracy, and at a comparatively slight additional expense. With the exception of this defect, the volume is an exceptionally fine example of the triumph of the printer's art. Those who follow Mr. Ober in "The Wake of Columbus" will be entertained and instructed.

B. O. FLOWER.

#### LEE & SHEPARD'S SUMPTUOUS GIFT BOOKS.

As the Christmas season approaches, with it comes the usual influx of tempting holiday books, and, of all attractions, they seem the most appropriate and desirable as gifts of remembrance. Among the earliest issued are these offered by the enterprising firm of Lee & Shepard:—

##### I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS.\*

"I Have Called You Friends" is an ideal art book, embracing eleven choice poetic quotations from the Bible, and several poets of note. The selections are descriptive of the attributes of genuine friendship, and relate to its potent influence. As an opening affirmation the stanza by "D. M." is most beautiful:—

God never loved me in so sweet a way before;  
'Tis He alone who can such blessings send,  
And when His love would new expression find,  
He brought thee to me and He said, "Behold, a friend."

Another as deeply fervent is by Paul H. Hayne:—

He who has found a new star in the sky  
Is not so fortunate as one who finds  
A new, deep-hearted friend; the stars must die,  
They are but creatures of the sun and winds;  
But friendship throws her firm sheet-anchor deep,  
Beside the shore-lines of Eternity.

The printing is in clear Old English type, on heavy plate paper. Every page is illuminated in missal style, the designs being exact copies

\* "I Have Called You Friends." By Irene A. Jerome. Paper, 7x10 inches; full gilt edge; price \$2. Lee & Shepard, Boston.

in gold and color of the author's original conceptions. Pansies in the rich colorings of nature look forth from each leaf and cover with speaking faces, so emblematic of sweet and sacred thoughts.

FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET.\*

"From Sunrise to Sunset" is a collection of poems by the widely-known journalist, Curtis Guild, the present editor of the *Commercial Bulletin*, Boston. The author's books on foreign travel are exceedingly popular. His verse, covering a life experience from youth to reflective age, is simple but animated. It treats of nature's evanescent moods, life on land and sea, domestic joys, historical events, including also a number of Occasional Poems. The following stanzas from "The Mountain Cascade" afford a fair example of the author's style:—

Far down the wild mountain and from the steep height  
For ages thy waters have leaped with delight;  
From cloud-circled birthplace and cradle on high,  
'Mid peaks that seem rising to kiss the blue sky,  
In swift-flowing freedom thy wild waves have run,  
That smile in the moonbeams and laugh in the sun,  
Till in fresh-flashing rapids the valley they greet  
In musical murmurs of joy at my feet.

Here, scooped by thy glittering eddies of foam,  
Deep in the dark forest — the savage's home —  
Thy sweet mossy basins are filled to the brim,  
Beneath the broad branches that bend to their rim.  
And here in the aisles of the glorious wood,  
Where naught but the winds break the vast solitude,  
Would the chief's dusky daughter delight to recline,  
And in thy liquid mirror her features define.

The book is sumptuously gotten up, being bound in African red, stamped in gold. It is handsomely and suitably illustrated with full-page photogravures made from paintings in black and white. These, with many finely engraved wood-cuts, aid in giving fuller life and more tangible form to the author's mental pictures.

ALL AROUND THE YEAR.†

This calendar, issued annually, is always a convenient friend. Printed on heavy gilt-edged cardboard, it is compact and easy of access, as well as dainty and attractive. The contents comprise a card for every month, all fastened together with silver chains and rings, silk cord and tassels. Each leaf is ornamented with quaint child pictures, printed in color, also with verses suitable to the seasons.

\* "From Sunrise to Sunset." By Curtis Guild. Size, 7 1/2 x 10 inches; pp. 165; cloth; full gilt; boxed; price \$3.50, full leather \$6. Lee & Shepard.

† "All Around the Year." Calendar. Size 4 1/2 x 5 1/2 inches; boxed; price 50 cents. Lee & Shepard.

## OUR COLONIAL HOMES.\*

This is a volume which every American should prize for its historic value, and which will be warmly welcomed in New England for its local as well as general interest.

Presented to us in a most captivating form are perfect reproductions of the homes of revered Americans, who have endeared themselves by love and devoted service to the republic. Sketches of these lives are given, brightened by numerous intensely interesting incidents and anecdotes. Among the personages referred to are John Hancock, Governor Craddock, Paul Revere, Edward Everett, John Howard Payne, the Quineys, Adamses, Minots, Olivers, and others. The edifices described include the ancient church at Hingham, Mass., the Witch House in Salem, the Wayside Inn in Sudbury, the old Indian House at Deerfield, etc.

It is probable that the author, Dr. Samuel A. Drake, is of all New England writers best fitted to write authoritatively and entertainingly upon this subject. His previously published works, "Decisive Events in American History," "Old Landmarks of Boston," "Old Landmarks of Middlesex," etc., have necessitated extensive and arduous research. This latest result of his labor will undoubtedly meet the warm approval of the public.

## THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.†

It is universally admitted that this product of a haunted imagination possesses a giant individuality of its own. So utterly different from established poetic creations, it stands alone, draped in its fascinatingly weird and uncanny imagery. Yet skilfully combined with the supernatural is the natural element, beautiful in ethical import. Screened though it may be by the wraith of a superstition of the sea, we nevertheless glimpse a penetrating moral, that beams forth in the familiar, oft-quoted, immortal lines:—

Farewell, farewell; but this I tell  
To thee, thou wedding guest!  
He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

A most alluring feature in connection with this issue of the ballad is the introductory note by Hon. Francis H. Underwood. It awakens thought and reveals subtle conceptions that would otherwise be lost to superficial minds. Thus the writer observes:—

\* "Our Colonial Homes." By Samuel Adams Drake. Pp. 211; cloth; full gilt; gilt edges; price \$2.50, leather \$4.50. Lee & Shepard.

† "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner." By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Size 7¼ x 11 inches; cloth; full gilt; boxed; price \$2, full leather \$4. Lee & Shepard.

Time may tarnish marble and bronze, may crumble Gothic carving and Grecian ornament, but it has no power over an ideal creation like "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

The story readily lends itself to illustration, and the designs of Sir Noel Paton, so free, so large and masterly, furnish a certain effective interpretation. They cannot equal in vividness the poet's transcendent images, but they will enable most readers to follow the Mariner upon his long and marvellous voyage.

## PERIWINKLE.\*

"Periwinkle" is suggestive of all that is free, sweet, and restful in pastoral life. One thrills with pleasure at the close touch of nature, as "Periwinkle's" musical bell persuasively calls us to follow her devious wanderings:—

Still the mellow notes I hear!  
Up and down the sunny hills,  
Here you go, there you go,  
Where the happy mountain rills  
Tinkle soft, tinkle low,  
Where the willows all a-quiver,  
Dip their long wands in the river,  
And the hemlock shadows fall  
By the gray rocks, cool and tall—  
In and out,  
And round about,  
Here you go,  
There you go!

Tinkle, tinkle,  
Periwinkle.  
Day is done,  
And the sun  
Now its royal couch hath won!  
Homeward through the winding lane,  
Here you go, there you go,  
Where the bell in sweet refrain  
Tinkles clear, tinkles low—  
Tinkles softly through the gloaming:  
"Drop the bars—I'm tired of roaming  
Here and there, everywhere,  
Through the pastures wide and fair.  
Home is best,  
Home and rest!"  
Through the bars goes Periwinkle  
While the bell goes tinkle, tinkle,  
Low and clear,  
Saying softly, "Night is here!"

The illustrations which complement and mirror the poetic thought are exquisite. They reflect an all-pervading glory of summer sky and air, with the added charm of mountain, birds, and flowers. H. C. F.

\* "Periwinkle." By Julia C. R. Dorr. Illustrated from drawings in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Size 8½ x 11 inches; cloth; full gilt; gilt edges; price \$3, full leather \$5.



## A NEW PHILOSOPHY.\*

In the widest acceptance of the term, philosophical knowledge is the knowledge of effects as dependent on their causes. If Mr. Keely's theories as to cause and effect are sustained by demonstration, as is asserted in this book, this new philosophy is better worthy of such a definition than any of the systems of the schools; for much is explained that has never been satisfactorily accounted for before.

No thoughtful reader can give proper attention to the work, from its introduction to its close, without feeling that it is possible the prediction is about to be fulfilled which was made by De Moivre, when he wrote:—

Religion and science, in virtue of their natural affinity, will meet in the brain of some one man of genius, and the world will get what it needs and cries for—not a new religion, but the revelation of revelation.

Professor F. W. H. Myers, in his book "Science and a Future Life" writes:—

If man is to march with the cosmos, if his soul grow for ever, it must be progress and not joy which is his goal; no monotony of prayer and praise, but endless advance by endless effort. Is not all well, if to this end the cosmic laws be working? Prospects vast as these cannot be truly definable, nor clearly imaginable, by man. But that which, for us, is the vital point—the actual fact of the interaction of material and spiritual worlds—this surely ought to be ultimately capable of demonstration. The human end to the chain can at least be investigated, the human sensitivity tested, the human testimony weighed.

No sudden heaven, nor sudden hell, for man,  
But through the will of One who knows and rules—  
And utter knowledge is but utter love—  
Æonian evolution, swift or slow,  
Through all the spheres—an ever-opening height,  
An ever-lessening earth.

If Keely's discovery of celestial radiation demonstrates the existence of an unseen world, as is claimed, what possibility lies before mankind of equal magnitude with this possibility of investigating or researching the laws which govern man's communication therewith, and existence therein? Professor Myers, in declaring that this interpenetration or interaction between the spiritual and the material world, if it exists, ought to be susceptible of demonstration, and in arguing therefrom that to gain this end we must begin at the human end of the chain, is on the right road to attain this knowledge. The mechanism of the entire universe is all under unchanging order and law. The effect points to the hidden cause. To produce a photographic picture, there is need of strong light, a camera, certain chemicals, and a plate prepared, having just the right degree of susceptibility. If one condition is wanting, or if all conditions are not utilized after a certain manner, no picture will be produced. In the moral as in the material, throughout the universe, all things are subjected to the specific regulations of the law of cause

\* "Keely and His Discoveries: Aërial Navigation." Pp. 370; Kegan Paul, French, Trübner & Co., London.

and effect. Thought-transference, clairvoyance, hypnotism, all are under the iron rule of laws as yet unknown to us; but the methods of research which Keely's discoveries have opened up, in vibratory physics, promise to make known to us this knowledge in a new revelation of "the hidden things of God."

Père Hyacinthe says, in his "New Testament":—

For myself, the more I consider it, the more I am persuaded that Catholic Christianity is approaching a transformation. It seems as if the Lord were saying, a second time, as once to the prophet: "Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth." As yet the night is long; it even darkens round us, in spite of some deceptive gleams, and we vainly cry to the sentinel of our Israel,

"Watchman! what of the night?"

Watchman! what of the night?"

Enthusiast or diplomatist, the sentinel sees nothing. It is not on eyes fast bound by the infallibility of the past that the light of the new dawn can break. Not to the first Christians, simple and unlettered men, not even to the apostles, who were of their number, would God reveal the truths which men of their stamp were not fitted to receive. Jesus Christ expressly said so; and He added that the Spirit should guide His church into *all truth*, and should show her things to come! Upon which St. Augustine, that past master of orthodoxy, observes that it would be "absurd temerity" to maintain that the Eternal Truth could not communicate itself to man more fully than it has hitherto done. Its new communications cannot, of course, contradict the old. Truth does not contradict truth, even in surpassing it, but explains and completes it. . . .

Nor is the biblical revelation the only revelation, though it be the highest. God, as St. Paul asseverates, "has not left Himself without witness," even in the hearts of those nations whom He has left to walk in their own ways; and there is something of Him in all the great religions which have presided over the providential development of humanity. It is not true that all religions are equally good; but neither is it true that all religions except one are no good at all. . . .

Science also is a revelation, at once human and divine, and no less certain than the other. The clergy of the various churches have been slow to take account of it, and have thus helped to keep up between faith and reason a groundless and fatal antagonism. It is urgent, therefore, that we should correct what is scientifically defective in our teaching.

And here it is where, in "Keely and His Discoveries," Mrs. Moore makes a firm stand for the teachings of true science as against the canons of *pseudo science*; strong in her belief that, through all the conflicts of dogma and creed, Christianity and this new philosophy "will yet work out that luminous synthesis of truth which has nothing in common with the impure and confused amalgam of pantheism or indifferentism"; that "then, and only then, the human race will become one flock, under one Shepherd, the Word Incarnate, Jesus Christ"; that "our salvation must come from Christianity in its true, scientific character—the religion of the gospel, the religion of justice and of charity; that it must tear itself free from the superstitions which degrade it, from the sects which rend it into fragments, from the clergies and the governments who enslave and exploit it."

The English edition of the October number of the *Review of Reviews* contains a "prefatory note" to this book of Mrs. Bloomfield Moore, written by Grant Allen, which reached the publishers too late for inser-

tion. It is preceded by a short article claiming for this new philosophy that it gives to the world a system which teaches "a vast organization, absolutely perfect and intimately knit, from its centre to its utmost circumference, existing embryonic in every individual man, animal, plant, or other organism, the object of all life, experience, suffering, and toil; the ground of all sensation, and the hidden yet proper theme of all thought and study." We are also informed that "Mr. Keely has demonstrated his ability to hook on his machinery to the machinery of nature," drawing therefrom a harmless propelling and controlling power, the laws governing which have been studied by Keely for years, under the conviction that it is the sole energy of nature that is in every way safe and suitable for navigating the highways of the air.

The book is dedicated to Professor James Dewar, the successor of Tyndall in the Royal Institution of Great Britain, "in admiration of his distinguished services for science, and in grateful acknowledgment of his prolonged and steadfast interest in Keely's work of evolution."

Rev. John Andrew, of Belfast (who was instrumental in making known to Keely in 1884 that he had imprisoned the ether), mentions in his preface to Mrs. Moore's book that its aim is "to show the course of events in relation to Keely's researches, and to open the mystery of how it came about that he should have been so much misunderstood and hindered as he has been, as well as to bespeak for him the sympathy and patience which he needs, and which he will continue to need until his system is completed to that degree of perfection which will enable him to patent his airship."

It is gratifying to hear that Keely no longer needs sympathy nor patience; that his system is now completed with mechanical success; and that, if his sight is restored after the operation for cataract, which he is to undergo shortly, the device or machine which he has constructed, whereby polar negative attraction is utilized for all forms of service requiring power, will be immediately patented for the benefit of humanity. Before another year has passed away, Keely's discoveries will have opened up undreamed-of fields of research to medical men, as well as to the *savant* who has "set his own private boundary to the ever-advancing tide wave of the discoveries and the dominion of man."

As long as discovery dealt only with the physical side of things, no insight was gained into the more important psychical side, "the cause of the effect"; but Keely's discoveries throw light upon the "more than corporeal descent and destiny of man," teaching that henceforth "the evolution of the human race passes from the physiological into the psychological field," and that the streams of "celestial radiation" discovered by Keely bring "*wisdom from on high*" to those who hold themselves, or their powers of apperception, in a receptive state. This influence, falling from behind the veil of visible things on our spirits, is not supernatural. "Unchanging law" reigns everywhere supreme, and the laws governing "the interpenetrating presence of the spiritual

world" in which we live and move and have our being, will be unfolded, gradually, as have been the laws of nature already revealed to us.

“Man’s history is in its first chapter,” writes Professor Myers, “and science has lived as yet but a moment in the brief history of man.” If, as is admitted, there are cosmic laws still unknown, we must accept the possibility of Keely’s having discovered, as is claimed, a fourth law, lying at the root of psychology, a knowledge of which may enable us to “achieve a profound readjustment of our general views of the meaning of life and of the structure of the universe.” Many times, indeed, continues Myers, have declining nations risen anew, when some fresh knowledge, some untold adventure, has added meaning and zest to life. And if the central question in Plato’s philosophy — whether there exists in man a principle independent of the material universe — can be answered by scientific discovery, it must be by discovery in that which, if a science at all, is the highest of sciences. Mrs. Moore claims, in her book, that Keely has answered this central question of all systems of philosophy in the affirmative, and that he is able to demonstrate what he affirms. Spiritual evolution follows the same laws as physical evolution, and the human mind must grope its way onward to the fuller light, in the one inevitable path by which all knowledge is attained. Cases of telepathic transmission stand towards certain of the central beliefs of the gospels, and of some high philosophies, in the same relation in which laboratory experiments stand to the vast operations of nature. The same direct influence of mind on mind shown *in minimis* would, if supposed operative *in maximis*, explain “celestial radiation,” or the operation of the mind of Deity. The whole history of science is a history of the recognition and interpretation of even slighter indications of more subtle entities.

We are still in the first moment of awakening intelligence; we are merely opening our eyes upon the universe around us. (Page 16, "Science and a Future Life," Myers.)

The last chapter in Mrs. Moore's book of 373 pages, "Faith by Science," quotes the following passages from Julian Hawthorne's article, "The New Columbus," published in the June *ARENA*, 1891, in which he indicates what regions await the genius of Keely:—

Great discoveries come when they are needed: never too early nor too late. When nothing else will serve the turn, then, and not until then, the rock opens and the spring gushes forth. . . . What we are to expect is an awakening of the soul; the rediscovery and rehabilitation of the genuine and indestructible religious instinct, a spontaneous and joyful realization by the soul of its vital relations with its Creator. Nature will be recognized as a language whereby God converses with man. Hitherto the progress of science has been slow, and subject to constant error and revision. But as soon as physical research begins to go hand in hand with moral or psychical research it will advance with a rapidity hitherto unimagined, each assisting and classifying the other. . . . We have only attempted to indicate what regions await the genius of the new Columbus; nor does the conjecture seem too bold that perhaps they are not so distant from us in time as they appear to be in quality.

My son, the world is dark with griefs and graves,  
 So dark that men cry out against the heavens.  
 Who knows but all the darkness is in man?  
 The doors of night may be the gates of light;  
 For wert thou born both blind and deaf, and then  
 Healed suddenly, how wouldst thou glory in all  
 The splendors and the voices of the world!  
 And we, the poor earth's dying race, and yet  
 No phantoms, watching from a phantom shore,  
*Await the last and largest sense to make*  
 The phantom walls of this illusion fade  
 And show us that the world is wholly fair.

CLARA HOWARD.

## BORN IN THE WHIRLWIND.\*

A book which, at the very outset, introduces several of the characters preparing for and setting out upon a hunting expedition at three o'clock in the morning, and apparently without breakfast at that, and in the next chapter brings the hero and heroine before us just long enough to enable us to listen to the young man's declaration of love, whisking the young woman bodily "into the air amid a cloud of dust, of flying leaves," etc., and dropping her among some young pine trees — "unconscious as the dead," into another plantation, is pretty sure to be a stirring one, all through. And so it is. A flood which sweeps all before it, an earthquake which turns all the population out of doors in abject terror, tips a heavy wardrobe across a bed where lies a sleeping babe, and opens the heavy plate glass doors in such a way that the child is enclosed and saved from harm from the falling ceiling — all these convulsions of nature, described in graphic terms, and brought into the story at most interesting crises, make the reading as exciting as any ardent admirer of realistic drama could desire. Add to all this the unfoldment of a well-devised plot, showing the heavy villain and his black and white confederates, the schemes and machinations of these, and the final triumph of right, with a satisfactory adjustment of things, and the product is a novel which will be likely to be generally pleasing.

It is a vivid picture of life in the South after the war, and its real value lies in the light it sheds upon the negro character, and the need of careful consideration of the means of uplifting and governing this strangely unfortunate race. One who reads this book, and "Samantha on the Race Question," cannot fail to see this point.

It is in the descriptive portions of the book that the author's poetic power, his wonderfully fine perception of things, and his habit of trained observation are displayed. So wonderful are these, that the reader seems himself to see the very scenes depicted, to hear the slightest sounds spoken of; but this is more true of *things* than *persons*. The characters manifest themselves by their acts, but the personal portraits are sometimes coarse.

\* "Born in the Whirlwind." By Rev. Wm. Adams, D. D. Pp. 304; price, paper 50 cents, cloth \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

As a whole, the story is well told, the action well sustained. A notable exception, it seems to the writer, is in the case of the unscrupulous, crafty woman, who betrays herself and tells the whole story of her diabolical theft to her cat, out of doors, and is, of course, overheard! That seems unlikely and commonplace. But, despite a few minor faults, the book is a powerfully interesting one, evidently a description of scenes and persons "all of which the author saw, and one of whom perhaps he *was*"—as Dr. Gregg—when he preached in Georgia. To a Presbyterian minister, of Scotch-English descent, born in Ireland, educated in England, and settled over a large and prosperous church in Georgia, eight years of life there must have been full of incidents and observations which to a close student of human nature like himself would furnish material for many a sermon, and perhaps another book or two. If so, he will be sure of readers in all who have made acquaintance with his virile, dashing style.

JULIA A. DAWLEY.

#### ONLY A FLOCK OF WOMEN.\*

Mrs. Diaz emphasizes the fact that only by arousing hopeful and righteous discontent can we progress from an inferior to a higher plane of civilization. All reformers agree that peace, plenty, and goodwill are decidedly overbalanced by inharmony, corruption, wolfish greed, and distressing poverty. As the root of all this misery, the author affirms the first cause to be the past and present neglect of the moral and industrial education of the child at home, and later at school, during the pliable period of youth, such neglect being due to ignorance and lethargy on the part of humanity in general. Few persons are developed highly and roundly enough in character to serve as models for imitative childhood, or capacitated to instil correct life ideals in the child's mind. Children whose lives have been founded on purity and truth, in time fly from the parent nest. They find themselves in a seemingly conscienceless world, where dishonesty is respectable. This is instanced by the consideration shown our corrupt law makers, the majority of whom are ever open to bribes from the highest bidder, to such an extent that justice is almost unknown. These fledglings are enfolded by an environment where sensuality, if cloaked under wealth and family prestige, is tolerated without censure in our presumably cultured and prominent circles. Such a vitiated atmosphere is bitterly discouraging to conscientious parents. But as souls expand a more perfect civilization must dawn. This book is an especial call to woman to awake, study, and acquaint herself with the social and political evils of the day; to use her illimitable influence in hastening the regeneration of the great family of humanity, to the end that the masses may be benefited by such training as is tendered her own home nestlings. Many wise suggestions are given pertaining to the develop-

\* "Only a Flock of Women." By Abby Morton Diaz. D. Lothrop & Co., 364 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.



ment of children. The reasons asserted for our chaotic age are lucid and logical, convincingly advanced, and free from didactic terminology. It is a good book, and one which unfolding womanhood will appreciate.

HATTIE C. FLOWER.

#### CHRIST THE ORATOR.\*

This remarkably brilliant work by an Episcopal divine is awakening widespread interest among thoughtful Christian students. The author is a pronounced Trinitarian, and therefore regards Jesus as God. This is something which our readers should bear in mind, as well as the fact that the accomplished reviewer whose criticism appears below, taken from the *Boston Weekly Journalist*, is doubtless also an orthodox thinker. The review, if these points are taken into consideration, is so admirable that I reproduce it in full:—

Rev. Thomas Alexander Hyde of Cambridge, the author of this brilliant book, although a young man, has already achieved a high place in literature, in the pulpit, and on the public platform. He was educated in the public schools, and is a graduate of Harvard University, class of '81. After graduation he chose the profession of the ministry, to which he has devoted the greater portion of his time.

He is an orator of the first rank, magnetic and popular. Large congregations attend his ministrations in the pulpit and his public addresses. He has been successful in the ministry as a church organizer and builder, and congregations have grown rapidly under him.

Mr. Hyde is an extemporary speaker, never uses a note in his preaching or public lectures, and yet he is so fluent that reporters sometimes find it difficult to report him verbatim. We have an illustration of this in his sermon delivered upon Phillips Brooks in New York the Sunday after the great bishop's death. Mr. Hyde was called upon to deliver a sermon on the dead prelate, and without a prepared note he delivered to a large congregation a sermon which was widely reported and pronounced to be full of thought and eloquence, and worthy of the dead bishop. There were present reporters representing the leading papers of the city of New York, and the reports which appeared were their conjoint work, each reporting a part and afterwards uniting. A circumstance occurred a few days after Mr. Hyde preached this sermon which illustrates his strong love for Boston and Bostonian things. A friend came into his room, and, handing him copies of reports of his sermon, said in a triumphant tone, "This is the way New York papers can report a fluent speaker."

"Oh," replied Mr. Hyde, after looking at the reports, "these are very good, but the *Boston Herald*, which has just been sent me by a friend, beats them all, for it has some of the words I said."

Although Mr. Hyde speaks extempore, nevertheless his sermons are rich in thought and eloquent language. It was a remarkable tribute paid to him that the committee appointed to edit the Grant Memorial chose from many tributary sermons, two, Rev. Archdeacon L. W. Farrar's and Rev. Mr. Hyde's tributary sermons on the death of General Grant, and published them side by side in the Grant Memorial, as representing the best thought and eloquence spoken on the occasion of the great general's death.

His sermons, published in the *Church Magazine* and other monthlies, are splendid examples of deep thought and beautiful diction.

The literary characteristics of this author are such as we would expect from his large natural endowments and his broad education. His subjects embrace a wide field of literature, fiction, biography, and philosophy. Although a scholar, he does not weary by quotations or by attempt to show erudition, but is an original thinker, and clothes all his ideas in eloquent language and original illustrations. From his graphic

\* "Ecce Orator, Christ the Orator, or 'Never Man Spake Like This Man.'" By Rev. T. Alexander Hyde. Cloth; pp. 212; price \$1.25. Arena Publishing Company, Boston.

style one would infer that he exercises much care in the preparation of his manuscripts, but he is a most rapid writer, and seldom finds it necessary to correct. He is now engaged in writing a novel, three hundred manuscript pages of which he has written in a week, but much of it was composed during the night; for when once started, and the inspirational mood is in full vigor, Mr. Hyde sometimes writes on past midnight, until the exhausted lamp gives the signal to retire. Perhaps this is the reason he has accomplished so much work in addition to his professional labors.

Not only has Mr. Hyde enriched literature by his pen, but his personal character helps to uplift men and to shed a cheerful ray in dark places. He is strongly public spirited and alive to the issues of our day, and in sympathy with all movements which tend to promote the welfare and happiness of mankind.

His harmoniously developed temperament has been his best friend, since it supplies him with vital energy. Although leading a very busy life in the midst of his ministerial and literary labors, he has abundant health. He is genial and kind-hearted, courageous in his defense of right against wrong, and chivalrous in his support of the weak and oppressed.

His genial spirit wins the friendship of all who come in contact with him. In his course of lectures on elocution and oratory given to classes of ladies and gentlemen, among whom were many professional men, it was the general remark that Mr. Hyde was so genial that no one could feel nervous in his presence.

Although he is fond of wit and humor, and enjoys and can tell a good story, he never makes use of wit in the pulpit; therefore, in order to hear him in his humorous vein, one must listen to his public lectures, which he frames to amuse as well as instruct.

He was early drawn to literature, and when a boy contributed articles, stories, and poems to the local papers. One of these articles, on "Decoration Day," had a large circulation. It was published in a weekly paper which had begun life only a few months before. The article appeared in the Saturday morning issue, and in the evening there were crowds at the editorial rooms demanding copies. None could be had, for the edition had been exhausted in a few hours. The subscriptions to that paper increased beyond expectation.

Some of these early poems and stories have much excellence. Many of his articles written while a boy were called forth as indignant rebukes of tyranny and injustice. The large-hearted boy sympathized with the down-trodden, and many in trouble would call upon him to write something in their behalf.

At Harvard college he showed his broad intellectual endowments by the course of study he chose for himself. Besides mathematics and the classics he selected studies as wide apart as the poles in their nature. A full course of English, embracing Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Bacon, was mingled with geological science, and fossil gems of thought and fossil animals were made to live over again in his brain. Then he distinguished himself in his study of psychology and metaphysics, and also caught glimpses of ancient history.

"The Analysis of Types of Character" was the subject appointed by Dr. James, professor of psychology, for Mr. Hyde's graduation thesis, wherein he surprised the professor by his profound criticism of Professor Bain, the greatest writer on such subjects of our age. In this essay we can discern the power of original thought and investigation, which were afterwards to characterize Mr. Hyde's productions. In his analysis of the brain and the elements of character and in his criticism of Professor Bain, we behold a keen intellect, and many agree that the great professor's views and arguments were rudely shaken.

This article was enlarged and published in book form, under the title of "How to Study Character." The next great literary work was one undertaken in conjunction with Rev. William Hyde: "A Natural System of Elocution and Oratory, Founded on an Analysis of the Human Constitution, considered in its threefold Nature, Mental, Physiological, and Expressional." This is a book of over 650 pages with numerous illustrations.

It may be truly said that the "Natural System of Elocution and Oratory" began a

new era in the study of eloquence. Before the time of Walker, Steele, and Sheridan, elocution could hardly be called an art. It was simply a collection of receipts, derived from eminent actors, telling how to regulate the voice. Walker, Sheridan, and Rush did much to place the art of eloquence on a more scientific basis. The great Frenchman, Delsarte, introduced a number of philosophical principles gleaned from a life-long experience and observation into the subject of oratory, and here the labors of the strictly external school may be said to have ended.

The labors of other elocution writers, although they added to the stock of information, and made more clear the intricate problems of the subject, cannot be said to have added much new material.

These systems of elocution, by directing the attention of the student mainly to the externals of delivery, have tended to foster artificiality. Although there have been occasional exhortations by writers of elocution books, on the necessity of being natural, yet no scientific or practical basis was ever suggested. The "Natural System of Elocution and Oratory" was the first to take up this neglected side of eloquence, the education of the internal feelings. This book has accomplished a great work for eloquence, the influence of which can hardly be overestimated. This system finds the basis for elocutionary education in the human constitution. It clearly classifies and describes every emotion, instinct, passion, and intellectual faculty in the human constitution, and gives laws and principles by which to guide elocutionary training. It aims to open up the fountains of oratory and to let the streams gush forth freely and spontaneously, rather than to freeze them by artificial strictures. It lays bare the embryo thought and emotion, reveals their origin, and how to stimulate and develop them into activity and growth for oratorical purposes. This book, while supplying a much needed place in oratorical education, has also proved a grand addition to general literature, since the principles it unfolds throw light upon human nature. The artist, statesman, author, and philanthropist find its exposition of the emotions and passions and their language a great help to their labors, hence it was found to be a desirable book of reference for every gentleman's library. A new edition of this book has just been issued, with new plates and revisions.

Besides these books Mr. Hyde is the author of many essays which have appeared in leading magazines, secular and religious. His essay on Phillips Brooks, published in *THE ARENA*, had a wide circulation both in England and America and was favorably commented upon by all classes. It is the only literary production we have seen, that gives a correct analysis of the character and eloquence of this wonderful preacher, all other articles published being in the line of the old-fashioned biography. In this article Mr. Hyde has shown how biography may be made interesting and instructive by philosophical treatment. These literary efforts were a good preparation for his book on "Christ, the Orator." Such a work requires a knowledge of psychology, theology, and a power of original thought. All of these Mr. Hyde possesses in an eminent degree.

His new book "Christ the Orator" will prove of the utmost importance and interest to the great number of thinking people who desire fresh ideas and vivid thoughts. The subject itself is one of great importance and interest. To the student who wishes to become a preacher or public speaker, to the theologian who desires to form correct doctrine, and to the general reader who seeks for knowledge and the vivid presentation of facts, it must commend itself.

"Christ the Orator" is a connected monograph elucidating in its fifteen large chapters many topics of great interest and value. The author views Christ in the threefold relation to men, as God, as Man, and as the Logos or Manifestor. The Logos or expressional nature of Christ forms the golden thread along which run topics of thrilling interest such as "The Orator of Nature," "Expression the Supreme Power" in the universe, "The Kingdom of Expression," etc. "The Study of Christ's Oratorical Style Necessary to the Interpretation of Scripture" is a most wonderful chapter, which shows that most of the divisions in the church and diversity of doctrine arise from literal interpretation of Christ's oratorical sayings. This chapter will do much to unite divided Christendom and settle the vexed question of church unity. His

wonderful description of Christ's personal appearance, face, form, and habits of life cannot fail to make this illustrious Orator a real person, and not the dim, mysterious being He has so long been. The elucidation of Christ's voice, His elocutionary style, His tones and gestures, will surprise thousands who have regarded them as beyond resurrection, but under the Agassiz analysis of the author we have a feast of rare and real things even in this obscure domain.

The style of Christ's spoken language is skilfully analyzed and reveals multitudes of figures of speech—sarcasm, pathos, indignation, interrogation, and even (let the "incredulous, long-faced, and sober-eyed" smile, it is true, nevertheless) wit and humor abound. The general methods of Christ's oratory are treated in an original and forcible way. His oratorical battles are graphically told. The oratorical commission of the kingdom which Christ founded and its character are vividly explained. The book has the animation and progressive thought of an original thinker, and cannot fail to interest all who admire keen investigation and fearless advocacy of truth. The book must prove of great value to all classes of people, for it is an excellent aid to the proper understanding of Christ. Though doctrines and history are not primarily the aim of the book, yet scholars declare that it contains sounder doctrines and a clearer presentation of Christ than many large books which profess to deal with such topics.

The literary style of the book is so excellent, and the ideas so fresh and realistic that it is as interesting as a romance. It is like a great lamp shining in dark places which casts its illuminating radiance along untrodden pathways and obscure fields, and guides the bewildered traveller home. The reader finds on its glowing pages many truths that have long been obscure, sparkling in the light of original conception and animated expression, and now he no longer doubts, but with eyes opened anew beholds the Christ in wonderful reality—the Christ of olden time, not the Christ of Middle Ages, not the Christ of speculative doctrine, but the Christ of youth and manly vigor; the Christ that walked in simple majesty along the shores of Galilee, and addressed excited thousands that came flocking from populous cities to hear His living truths; the Christ whose voice speaks in the sweet accents of pathos, love, and faith, or in the strong denunciation, sarcasm, and rebuke.

In this book the solitary Man of the ages, the central magnet of nineteen centuries, breathes and lives anew. His very attitudes, gestures, and looks are seen again, and His voice sounds as if He were really now present and speaking to the men of our day.

"Christ the Orator" promises to have a large sale, judging from the criticism of professional men upon the author's article. An article on "Christ as an Orator," published in the *North American Review*, was contributed during the preparation of "Christ the Orator" for the press, and many readers voluntarily addressed the author, care of the *Review*, and personally, writing in high commendation of the subject and its treatment, and expressing an earnest wish that the author would furnish the public with a more extensive treatise upon this most interesting and important subject in book form. The volume just issued will more than answer that wish, since it embraces all the points, rather too concisely stated in the article, with very many others of still greater importance. Besides, the subject itself, new and fascinating, and dealing with a side of Christ's life almost untouched by any writer, cannot fail to draw a host of readers who must have something to feed the innate craving of human nature for light to dispel darkness, and for thought that is in touch with the earnest, truth-seeking spirit of our age.

#### FOR FIFTY YEARS.\*

Robert Brothers have recently published two volumes which will appeal to the many friends of Edward Everett Hale. One is entitled "For Fifty Years," and is a compilation of poems written by Dr. Hale

\* "For Fifty Years." Poems by Edward Everett Hale. Cloth; pp. 134; price \$1 Roberts Brothers, Boston.

on various occasions during the past half century. They are vigorous and terse, which in part atones for what they lack in rhyme and rhythm. It cannot be said, however, that the eminent clergyman and tireless worker for the betterment of humanity is as happy in his verses as he is either as essayist, preacher, or novelist. Still the volume will find a large circle of readers among those who love the noble-souled and indefatigable worker in civilization's vineyard. The volume contains Historical Ballads, College Verses, Translations from Greek and Latin, Poems of War Times, Occasional Verses, Sonnets, and Devotional Poems. Perhaps the best work falls under the last classification. The volume is bound in green cloth, stamped in gold.

B. O. F.

#### HELPFUL WORDS.\*

This beautiful little work, bound in white vellum, stamped in gold and purple, contains gems of thought and of art, the former having been carefully culled from the rich treasury of Dr. Edward Everett Hale's writings, and the latter being furnished by Frank T. Merrill. The selections from Dr. Hale's works were made by Mary B. Merrill, who has displayed excellent judgment in her work. Few men of our times have uttered more helpful words for man now and here than Dr. Hale. His sermons and works have been a living treasury of inspiration for more than one generation, and in this little volume will be found some of the sweetest, truest, and most helpful of his many inspiring utterances. Opposite every page containing a selection is an exquisite little photogravure, made from a masterly drawing. This will be a beautiful little book for a gift to a friend.

B. O. F.

#### MASSES AND CLASSES.†

This is a very valuable work, showing that in free-trade England, as in high-protection America, the lot of the masses is most pitiable. They are being ground under the stones of caste and special privileges. Their hope lies in organization. There are many facts and figures given, and some of the illustrations of the severity of the courts toward the poor and defenceless who transgress read as if they might be records of our own courts and the heartlessness of more than one of our judges in recent years. The industrial problem is practically the same in all lands. Unless equality of opportunity is given, and unless all special privileges and special class laws are swept away, the shadows will grow darker and darker for the toiler as time advances.

Some of the chapters which constitute this little book are as follows: Toilers by the Thames, English Clerks, English Shop Assistants, London

\* "Helpful Words from the writings of Edward Everett Hale." Selected by Mary B. Merrill, beautifully illustrated by Frank T. Merrill. Roberts Brothers, Boston.

† "Masses and Classes: A Study of Industrial Conditions in England." By Henry Tuckley. Pp. 180; cloth; price 90 cents. Cranston & Curtis, Cincinnati, O.

Working Girls, English Railway Men, English School Teachers, Toilers of the Soil, English Mechanics, A General View of British Workmen.

I cordially recommend this book to those interested in social problems.

B. O. F.

#### NOT ANGELS QUITE.\*

In his new novel, "Not Angels Quite," Mr. Nathan Haskell Dole has given us a bright story, although it is not particularly strong or specially engrossing. Indeed, I doubt if Mr. Dole desired to do more than give us an entertaining story, and incidentally to touch suggestively upon some timely subjects. The story deals with two couples who, though engaged, are unfortunately not mated. They are presented in various lights, and a large portion of the book is taken up in conversations which are bright and interesting. In the concluding portion of the work the unfortunate engagements are broken off, the leading characters marry congenial spirits, and the story ends in the good old way with peace and goodwill on all sides. Those who enjoy a light work, whose chief object is to amuse, and which at no time stirs the deep chords of one's nature, will like the book.

#### A FINAL WORD ON ZENIA.

A teacher of occultism states as a fact, capable of being proven, that there is a "subjective or intuitive method of acquiring or recovering knowledge by means of which the experiences and attainments of the race are being recovered and incorporated in the mental consciousness of the present age," and further claims that what we call imagination is to a considerable degree but the reflection of the living spirit of the past upon the polished mirrors of the mind.

It must have been by some such intuitive process, to judge by her own words, that Mrs. Margaret B. Peeke has been enabled to place before the public her remarkable book, "Zenias, the Vestal," a book purporting to be a novel, and containing enough of the inevitable love element to stimulate curiosity, while discussing metaphysical problems in the midst of every-day life. The author claims, evidently with sincere belief, that "Zenias, the Vestal" is but a literary incarnation of an idea that has been floating about in the mental atmosphere for a number of years. Her claim is in a way substantiated by the story of a woman who has dabbled in metaphysics to a limited extent. She says:—

I am a good deal inclined to credit Mrs. Peeke's statement that the "order" for this book was given some time ago, but as there was no one ready to perform the work it waited; for I believe that I was one of those who sensed the "order," but was unable to execute it because not sufficiently prepared by actual experience or intellectual acquisition. When I was about fifteen I indulged in day dreams and wrote poetry, and among the fragments of verse that remain from that formative period of my life is one that I have cherished with a great deal of reverence and affection, as it was in a way the crystallization of my moral and religious convictions and opinions.

\* "Not Angels Quite." By Nathan Haskell Dole. Pp. 328; price, cloth \$1.25, paper 50 cents. Lee & Shepard, Boston.



In this poem a priestess sought an aged prophet beside the "silver-lighted sea" to gain some saving knowledge, both for herself and humanity. I was too young, too inexperienced, to be able to get the information that I intuitively felt existed, and my childish mind could realize nothing but darkness and distress, while dimly feeling that light and help would some day be forthcoming. Do I believe that I originated the idea, and that it travelled around until Mrs. Peeke found it and embodied it in prose? No, but that she came nearer to the same truth, that the soul must aspire in virginal purity before the Spirit can descend in fulness and power, and that having large experience, better opportunity, as well as wider vision, she has been enabled to do what I could not. "When God gives the word, great is the company of the preachers," and I suppose that no two would present the same truth in precisely the same way, yet all would speak truth as far as individual limitation would permit.

Mrs. Peeke claims that occult phenomena are produced by vibrations, and asserts that "When men have developed their higher powers they will not doubt the vibratory laws. They will then hear a color and see a sound." However paradoxical this may appear, it is true that many finely organized and sensitive musicians associate the idea of color with sound. One vocalist claims that she never sings well unless able to *see* her own voice, which she describes as a current of golden light. The voice of Lili Lehmann, was described by her as a beautiful white current, very fine in quality, and of a pearly purity. It would be interesting to know whether all sensitive musicians agree in ascribing the same color to the same sounds; but whether or not, their testimony that sound suggests color would go to prove that there is something more in Mrs. Peeke's statement than what would at first thought seem only a charming fancy.

It is generally admitted by scientists that there must be a substance filling all space—even a so-called vacuum—interpenetrating solid bodies, acting as a medium for the conveyance of light, and possibly, as some contend, as the agent in electro-magnetic phenomena. It is also agreed that this hypothetical ether has a definite density, has elasticity, and is capable of transmitting energy in the form of vibrations or waves. Faraday says: "If there be an ether, it should have other uses than simply the conveyance of radiation."

Perhaps this tenuous substance is the connecting link between matter and spirit. Certainly an investigator of the material universe could scarcely come nearer to the spiritual realm than Huygens in propounding the theory of the luminiferous ether. Both scientists and oculists agree that there are vibrations, consequently there must be something that vibrates, whether it be ether or astral fluid. Perhaps if the hypotheses of the physical school and the faiths of the metaphysical could be submitted to expert examination, they would be found to agree in essentials if not in particulars. The definition of faith itself is a very good description of the ether of the scientists—being the "substance of things not seen." Could there be a general acknowledgment of such agreement, it would aid greatly in accelerating that union of science with religion which is prophesied for the twentieth century. If such a book as "Zenith, the Vestal" is a faithful indicator of the

trend of popular thought, such union will not be very many years delayed. That the book is an exponent of the beliefs of a very respectable minority is beyond a doubt, but whether it is an *avant-courier* of a new dispensation, or an old one revived, whether the result of natural evolution or of magical methods, remains to be proved.

The alchemy of the Middle Ages was the parent of modern chemistry, and in this age of scientific marvels—I had almost said miracles—it would perhaps be unwise to assert that the occultism of to-day will not evolve into the science of the rapidly approaching century. *Quien sabe?* It is generally the impossible that occurs. EMMA S. E. SALES.

#### AMELIE RIVES' LATEST NOVEL.\*

The central figure of the new novel, "Tanis, the Sang-Digger," by Amélie Rives, is another of those strange, high-strung, and passionate females that the author is so fond of representing as heroines, and after a reader has followed Tanis through her love adventures, the verdict must be that this low-born and wretched "poor white," this long-limbed, handsome digger of ginseng root, is a creature of intense fascination and remarkable characteristics. Tanis is a big, fresh, and lusty young savage of the Virginia mountains, with the figure of a goddess, which when we first meet her, is screened from the breezes and the gaze of man by a single garment. Her long hair sweeps about her like a veil, and she roams the woods in the wild and vigorous manner of the antelope. She is beloved by a young giant of her own class, a mammoth brute, possessing a splendid physical beauty, and who exercises an almost irresistible spell over her. Her battle against the passion and tyranny of this man is the motive of the story. She knows him for a fickle, heartless betrayer of girls, and the one shining quality of her character is her virtue, which sustains her at all times, which teaches her to despise the character of men like him, and to demand from a lover deep respect and constancy as well as passion. The big brute who worships her is mentally and morally unable to comprehend this part of Tanis' nature, and we find them opposed to each other in a most strange and interesting battle. Sam, the reckless lover, is bound to gain full control of Tanis without going into any argument over the matter, while Tanis, although on fire with love for him, sees him in all his weakness and wickedness, and knows that if he gets her he will love her for a day and a night, and afterward loathe her. And it is only by a wretched scheme on the part of Sam that Tanis is driven into marrying him. She becomes a martyr to save the friends that have been kind to her, and at the end she bows to fate and yields herself up to Sam, because she is powerless to fight him longer. The story is told in the sharp, aggressive, and often dazzling style peculiar to Miss Rives. She describes the scenes in which her characters move with her customary poetic facility, and probably

\* "Tanis, the Sang-Digger." By Amélie Rives. Handsomely bound in cloth; price \$1.50. Town Topics Publishing Company, 21 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

the most dramatic dialogue that she has ever written is that which passes between her hero and heroine in this book. A large element of the public will not accept Miss Rives as representative of that which is healthy and excellent in literature, but the number is small that will argue against her ability to attract and hold the attention by inventing strong characters and putting them through an absorbing series of emotions and adventures. "Tanis, the Sang-Digger," will surely be regarded with interest by the reading public.

"AN ADIRONDACK IDYL." \*

As charming a story as we have read in many a day is "An Adirondack Idyl," by Lida Ostrom Vanamee. As the title indicates, the scene is laid in the Adirondacks, but the "Idyl" deals not with the "natives," but with the lives and loves of those who spend their summers in the mountains. The Idylers—if we may coin a word—are men and women of the world, in fact, to tell the honest truth, the hero is very much "of the world, worldly." Mrs. Vanamee does not make the mistake of wearying her readers with set descriptions of Adirondack life and scenery, but by clever touches here and there gives her readers very distinct and vivid impressions of Adirondack life, and of the ever varying beauty of lake and stream and mountain. Her style is easy, natural, and very pleasing. The plot of the "Idyl," though not at all involved, abounds in incident and movement, and the story is so cleverly told that interest is maintained throughout, and no one who begins the book will wish to lay it down until the last page has been read.

UPLIFTS OF THE HEART.†

The present work is a new and materially enlarged edition of a little volume, the first thousand copies of which were some time ago exhausted. On the first appearance of the little book, *Public Opinion* (Washington, D. C.) one of the leading reviews of the country, deemed that from the volume's originality—manifested in its implicit acceptance of the power of the divine within the human soul itself to bring life into larger independence, grace, and blessedness—the work might seriously be added to the "curiosities of literature." And the quick interest in the little book, on the part of many wakeful minds whose free aspirational needs it seemed to meet, at least proved that it was an attempt in a direction where there was room for it. It was at any rate unique in this: it seemed really to believe in, and make practical, not simply dream of, man's possibilities within himself. It taught man's unmeasured might. It endeavored, in a simple and reverent way, to make the

\* "An Adirondack Idyl." By Lida Ostrom Vanamee. Cloth; pp. 152. Charles T. Dillingham & Co., New York.

† "Uplifts of Heart and Will." Religious Aspirations in Prose and Verse. By James H. West, author of "The Complete Life," etc. *Second thousand with additions.* Pp. 106; price, cloth 50 cents. George H. Ellis & Co., Boston, Mass.

modern intimation of the spiritual unity of the divine and the human a living, potent fact.

The titles, given in the table of contents, to the different sections of the book, are usually the opening words of the meditations themselves, and read after this fashion: Through love, to the source of love; With earnest and reverent hearts; In brotherly and sisterly confession; The secret chamber of our being; We look ever toward the Ideal; In the presence of the eternal truth; With reverent hearts we seek power; Strength for the battle of life; The sunlight calls us to gladness; From the actual to the Ideal; Conscious of weakness, of imperfection; Before the mystery of living; Anew to the Blessed Best; Surrounded by the infinite helpfulness; The energy in whose life we live; The deep things of life call to us; When we would do good; Overbrooded by what is more than love; The bounty of the unseen power; From all evil things of care; As the rain cometh down from the skies; We covet the best gifts; Always going out after the good; Not with ungrateful hearts; We follow on to know, etc., thirty-seven in all.

Some of the poems bear titles as follows: God and Man; Struggle; The Helper; Life's Beauty; Thyself Within; Be Ye Perfect; The Transcendent Possibility; Signs and Wonders; To Truth—My God; Earth's Golden Prime; Life; Times of Refreshing; After the Palm and Cheer; Neo-Resurrection; Up Higher, etc., thirty-seven in all.

We learn from the note to the present edition that in their previous issue these meditations or aspirations were called for not only in the United States, but from England and Germany, from Japan and China, from India, from Australia, and the Islands of the Pacific. And the author adds in the note, that "They can bring him in the future, from those who use them, no words of love and encouragement more deep and hopeful than they have brought him in the past."

#### SUN-SEALED.\*

This is a volume of some one hundred and thirty poems astrologically arranged under the incentive planet aspected by accurate calculation at each inception. In their classification and arrangement lies the charm of "Man, know thyself," which is arrived at by studying the "moods of mind" the author was in at each inception. Therefore the work is designed to be a series of studies of planetary effect upon the human organism.

The leading idea in these studies is, that every man has his own marked individuality and his precise mission to his generation in that individuality.

The author believes that a man's character is his distinguishing endowment, and that it is of more importance than anything that he says or does, or any circumstance in which he may be placed.

\* "Sun-Sealed." By George P. McIntyre. Pp. 200; cloth; price, postpaid, \$1.35. Astronomic Publishing Company, Room 64, 187 La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

The object of "Sun-Sealed," then, is to illustrate more forcefully than can be stated in prose that God has been pleased to give many invaluable moral lessons to the human race through the character of individuals, and the closer relationship of man to man is in direct ratio of fellowship with Himself. "Man, know thyself," no idle phrase defined, but had its birth and purpose in a pure and lofty mind.

#### RUSKIN ART CLUB MANUAL.\*

The Art Manual recently published by the Ruskin Art Club of Los Angeles, Cal., is a record of work which is perhaps unique among all the women's clubs of this country. The programs arranged for the club's study are here presented as a comprehensive and concise syllabus of two important subjects — "The Development and Technics of Engraving," and "History and Art of the Ancient World." The bibliography is very full, and the syllabus represents close investigation and unlimited research.

The course in engraving embraces a detailed study of the history of old line engraving, wood engraving, etching, and the minor forms of the art, and a careful examination of the great works of the masters of the past four and a half centuries. In the second course the effort has been to leave no important point untouched in the great civilizations from which ancient art is born. The origin, racial affinities, history, and literature of a people are carefully analyzed and thoroughly studied before approaching the art of the nation, which thus forms the crowning interest of a fascinating investigation.

The Ruskin Art Club is a member of the Federation of Women's Clubs, and its published syllabus receives very earnest commendation from the Federation president, Mrs. Charlotte Emerson Brown, in the last number of the *New Cycle*. It is expected that the courses of study thus outlined will be followed by many of the federated clubs, and provision has been made to supply a limited number of copies of the manual to clubs that may desire to adopt it as a handbook. The book is beautifully printed and artistically bound.

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#### BOOK CHAT.

Dr. Paul Carus has published a very thoughtful little pamphlet entitled "The Religion of Science," price 25 cents, Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. The work is helpful; it belongs to the new time and is one more contribution to the religious thought of our day.

The Arena Publishing Company has just issued a brilliant novel entitled "A Wedding Tangle," written by the well-known novelist, Frances Campbell Sparhawk. It will be reviewed at length in an early issue of THE ARENA.

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\* Pp. 64; price \$1. Arena Publishing Company, Boston, or Ruskin Art Club, Los Angeles, Cal.

Brentano's have in press reprints of "The Memoirs of a London Doll," and "The Doll and Her Friends," two books by Mrs. Fairstar that appeared in London over fifty years ago, and for two generations thereafter reigned supreme in England and America as standard "juveniles." They were the delight of those who had charge of the literature permitted to come to the eyes of our fathers and grandfathers; for the tales appeal to and afford amusement for both preceptor and pupil.

James T. Fields recognized their merits early in the forties, as his imprint, on the only other reprint than the present, attests.

These new editions, cleverly illustrated by Mr. Frank M. Gregory—who is acquainted with the localities mentioned in the stories—are put forth in the belief that it is wise, in offering books for the perusal of children, to endeavor to amuse them by stories founded on one of their favorite diversions, and to inculcate at the same time a few such minor morals as a little plot might be strong enough to carry—chiefly the domestic happiness produced by kind tempers and consideration for others.

As specimens of literary style the books are worthy of being classed with the best stories Dickens ever wrote for children. The author of "The Memoir of a London Doll" might have been the author of "A Child's Dream of a Star."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

"POEMS: LYRICAL AND DRAMATIC," by John Henry Brown. Cloth; pp. 204. Published by J. Durie & Son, Publishers, Ottawa, Canada.

"TANIS, THE SANG-DIGGER," by Amélie Rives. Cloth; pp. 187. Published by Town Topics Publishing Company, 21 West Twenty-Third Street, New York.

"CLEAR THE TRACK," by E. Werner. Paper; pp. 319; price 50 cents. Published by The International News Co., New York.

"MICAH CLARKE," by A. Conan Doyle. Paper; pp. 405; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"KEELY AND HIS DISCOVERIES," by Mrs. Bloomfield Moore. Cloth; pp. 372. Published by Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. (Ltd.), Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, London, Eng.

"I HAVE CALLED YOU FRIENDS," by Irene G. Jerome. Paper; pp. 24. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, Boston, Mass.

"FROM SUNRISE TO SUNSET," by Curtis Guild. Cloth; pp. 165. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"PERIWINKLE," by Julia C. R. Dorr. With illustrations in charcoal by Zulma De Lacy Steele. Cloth. Published by Lee & Shepard, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER," by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Illustrated by J. Noel Paton. Cloth; pp. 56. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.



"OUR COLONIAL HOMES," by Samuel Adams Drake. Cloth; pp. 211. Published by Lee & Shepard, Publishers, 10 Milk Street, Boston, Mass.

"MY FRIEND THE MURDERER, AND OTHER MYSTERIES AND ADVENTURES," by A. CONAN DOYLE. Cloth; pp. 288. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"HELPFUL WORDS," by Edward Everett Hale. Cloth. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, Mass.

"MISS STUART'S LAMACY," by Mrs. F. A. Steel. Cloth; pp. 460; price \$1. Published by Macmillan & Co., New York.

"ART, MUSIC, AND NATURE," by David Swing. Cloth; pp. 67; price \$1. Published by Searle & Gorton, Chicago, Ill.

"SEARCH-LIGHTS AND GUIDE-LINES," by Edgar Greenleaf Bradford. Cloth; pp. 103. Published by Fowler & Wells Co., 27 East Twenty-First Street, New York.

"IN RE WALT WHITMAN." Edited by his literary executors, Horace L. Traubel, Richard Maurice Bucke, Thomas B. Harned. Cloth; pp. 452. Published by David McKay, 23 South Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"THE PRINCESS MARGARETHE," by John D. Barry. Cloth; pp. 177. Published by George M. Allen Company, Broadway and Twenty-First Street, New York.

"A SHORT HISTORY OF THE TWELVE JAPANESE BUDDHIST SECTS," by Bunyiu Nanjio, M. A. Oxon. Published in Tokio.

"THE ROMANCE OF A FRENCH PARSONAGE," by M. Betham-Edwards. Paper; pp. 315; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"THE PRINCES OF PEELE," by William Westall. Paper; pp. 347; price 50 cents. Published by Lovell, Coryell & Co., 5 and 7 East Sixteenth Street, New York.

"THE RABBI OF THE BOARDING HOUSE," by Hon. H. H. Young. Cloth; pp. 371. Published by D. Ramley & Son, Publishers, St. Paul, Minn.

"SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE INTERSTATE COMMERCE COMMISSION." Cloth; pp. 404; Published by Government Printing Office, Washington, D. C.

"AN ADIRONDACK IDYL," by Lida Ostrom Vanamee. Cloth; pp. 452. Published by Charles T. Dillingham & Co., 766 Broadway, New York.

"UPLIFTS OF HEART AND WILL," by James H. West. Cloth; pp. 106; price 50 cents. Published by George H. Ellis, 141 Franklin Street, Boston, Mass.

"THREE INTRODUCTORY LECTURES ON THE SCIENCE OF THOUGHT," by F. Max Müller. Paper; pp. 28; price 25 cents. Published by The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

## NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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### SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS WHICH WILL APPEAR IN THE JANUARY ARENA.

The following are some of the striking features of the January ARENA:—

- I. **The True Education and the False**, by WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE. One of the most brilliant and thoughtful papers on popular education which has appeared in many years.
- II. **The Marvels of Electricity**, by PROFESSOR JOSEPH RODES BUCHANAN, M. D.
- III. **Higher Criticism**, by R. F. HORTON, A. M., of London, Eng.
- IV. **Among the Adepts of Serinagur**, by DR. HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D. A paper of absorbing interest, by a German scientist who spent ten years in Ceylon, India, Thibet, and Burmah.
- V. **Silver in England**, by HONORABLE JOHN DAVIS, M. C. A paper of special interest to thoughtful people who are interested in a careful and unbiased study of the money problem.
- VI. **The Voice as an Index to the Soul**, by JAMES R. COCKE, M. D. The result of fifteen years' careful study of the voice, by an ear rendered exceedingly acute through a naturally delicate organism and the loss of sight. A brilliant paper on an unhackneyed theme.
- VII. **The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It**, by PAUL TYNER. A striking and thoughtful paper.
- VIII. **The Ascent of Life**, by STINSON JARVIS: Second paper, in which the author gives some remarkable results obtained through hypnotism.
- IX. **Gerald Massey: The Mystic**, by the editor. Containing selections from Mr. Massey's verse embodying many of his finest spiritual utterances. (A fine portrait of Mr. Massey will be a feature of this number.)

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### THE EDITOR'S CHRISTMAS GREETING.

BEFORE another issue of THE ARENA reaches our readers Christmas will have passed. To millions in this opulent republic this season, supposed to be a time of gladness, will be a season of bitterness and gloom. It is not my purpose now to show how much of the suffering is man-made and due to class laws, special privileges, and the cunning of those who shape legis-

lation and, to a certain extent, public opinion, for private gain. On this great subject I thank God the thoughtful people of America are being daily awakened as never before, and to further enlighten them will be one of the great objects of THE ARENA for 1894. But at present I wish to say one word to our friends.

Do not, O friends of the suffering, let Christmas pass this year without making yourself happy by dispelling the gloom and brightening the lives of some who are needing succor. The highest happiness known on earth comes into the soul after it has unselfishly helped the suffering and needy.

Human sympathy stands on the crest of the divine attributes. It is all-including in its nature, and lifts the soul above the plane of sordid life. We speak of love so often, and frequently in so limited a sense, that this phrase, human sympathy, carries more with it to the popular mind than its sister word. What is it makes the name of Jesus so loved throughout the world? *The transcendent human sympathy everywhere manifested in act and deed by the great Nazarene.* If you could blot from the life and teaching of Jesus all that is summed up in this phrase, the vitality of the Christian religion would disappear. It is the element of human sympathy which gives vitality to a religion and marks the presence of the divine in its teaching. Ethics, no matter how pure and exalted, are lifeless unless fired with the love which leaps from heart to heart. And philosophies or schemes for the reformation of society and the establishment of justice may be preached for ages without touching the people, if philosophers and economists remain in seclusion and expect their cold intellectuality to transform society. Human sympathy, expressed now and here, must be wedded to clear thought and plans for exalted and impartial justice before their schemes will triumph. I do not overvalue palliative measures, but I do recognize the individual responsibility of every man, woman, and child, here and now, to aid in lightening the sombre lives of those less fortunate. And I believe that every sincere word, every unselfish act, every helpful deed, which comes from one of us, will enlarge our vision as well as impress us more and more profoundly with the need of immediate and radical reformatory measures.

With the advent of this winter come hunger and cold to thousands upon thousands of our people who are in no way personally responsible for these conditions, and it is the duty, the solemn, sacred duty of every one, to help bridge over this season for this army of unfortunates. Let us prove our religion this winter by such a generous and practical demonstration of human sympathy as never before has been witnessed in our land. At Christmastide most of our readers have been in the habit of bestowing presents most liberally upon their loved ones. In the face of the great want which this Christmas will see, let me make a suggestion to those who love their fellow-men and who wish to carry out the Golden Rule: Let all Christmas presents this year be confined to little, inexpensive tokens of love and remembrance, and let all the rest of the money usually spent for this purpose go toward buying wood, coal, and provisions for some neighbor or townsman who needs the necessities of life. Call your loved ones around

you, and tell them of the children who are starving in fireless rooms, suffering for the actual necessities of life. Say to the little ones: "Had circumstances been different, we also might have been suffering with them this month; and if we would be worthy of the God we love and worthy of the love of each other, we must do what lies in our power to make them comfortable. Therefore, this year, instead of any expensive presents, we will only give little tokens of remembrance, but we will make other homes bright and other hearts happy." This will do the children good, and will draw you nearer to God by drawing you nearer to the sorrow-weighted heart of humanity.

Ah, friends, in a few years the opportunities for brightening the lives of others will be past. We cannot afford to lose a single chance to gladden the heart, brighten the life, or lift the aspiration and stimulate the hope of a fellow-traveller on the pilgrimage to the beyond. Let us see to it that we do all in our power, now and here, to relieve the suffering poor. To those friends who know of none at their door who are in need of life's necessities, I would suggest that they send their contributions to us, and I will see that they are carefully expended in relieving the actual want of those who are under the wheel. In the North End of this city the misery is terrible, and there are earnest, willing hands there ready, in the future as in the past, to spend every cent conscientiously in behalf of the deserving poor. In Philadelphia, Rev. Charles Daniel, with his wife and children, have located in the heart of the slums and are devoting their lives to a labor of love. Every dollar which we forward to Mr. Daniel will be spent in such a manner as to elevate, enoble, and brighten human lives.

Friends, let us unite in this glorious work with heart and soul. If the deserving poor are at your door, help them by all means; make them the object of your loving care until the sun of spring shines, or until they are able to obtain work. If you know of none, then help us in our work here in Boston and in Philadelphia. Let this winter be a red letter winter in our expression of human sympathy. Let it mean all that Jesus would have it mean if He instead of you were here in the midst of suffering and want.

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### VOLUME NINE OF THE ARENA.

With this issue, we open Vol. IX. of *THE ARENA*, and we believe our friends will find that at no time in the history of this review has it promised anything like so inviting a list of attractions for earnest, justice-loving and live thinkers as we offer in *THE ARENA* for 1894. No expense has been spared in our efforts to present to our readers the best new thought of our time. The most vital themes will be discussed by men and women who while being among the most competent and authoritative writers are also inspired with a holy enthusiasm for truth and justice. We propose to make *THE ARENA* for 1894 *the most vital review published in the world*. The great live problems relating to life to-day and the civilization of to-morrow

will be discussed with that breadth, catholicity, and fearlessness which have given *THE ARENA*—to use the expression of a leading journal—"the proud distinction of being the leading progressive and reformatory review in the English-speaking world." In the *Toronto Sunday World*, October 1, the editor of that representative and influential journal made the following observation:—

"Boston is the head and centre of American literature, and *THE ARENA* is known as the leader of Boston thought."

It will be our aim to make *THE ARENA* for 1894 always, and along all lines of advance, the leader in the van of progress. To this end we have arranged for several series of papers which we believe will eclipse in real interest, for live, earnest men and women, any attractions ever offered by any other review.

**I. Among SOCIAL, ECONOMIC, AND POLITICAL PROBLEMS** the following papers will embrace the great live issues around which the real battle of the future will be fought:—

(1) **IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.** Including short papers fully explaining the Initiative, Referendum, Proportional Representation, etc., by such authorities as W. D. McCrackan, A. M., author of "The Rise of the Swiss Republic."

(2) **SHORT TALKS ON THE LAND QUESTION.** The opening paper of this series, on the subject of Rents, appears in this issue, and is an earnest of the thoughtful articles in store. Among the contributors to this series are Hamlin Garland, W. D. McCrackan, Thomas G. Shearman, Lee Merriwether, Edward Osgood Brown, Judge J. H. Ralston, etc.

(3) **THE MONEY QUESTION.** Discussed by profound students of finance who are not money changers for profit. Among the notable papers of this series will appear several contributions from the careful and thoughtful pen of Congressman John Davis.

(4) **THE NERVOUS AND ARTERIAL SYSTEMS OF THE NATION.** How they should be controlled, that they may prove a blessing to the millions instead of gold mines to a few privileged individuals.

(5) **The Slums of Our Great Cities and How to Abate Them and Other Plague Spots of Civilization.**

**II. EDUCATION.** Educational problems will be ably discussed by the most competent and progressive minds of our time. The opening paper of this series, from the pen of the eminent scholar and sculptor, William Ordway Partridge, will appear in the January number.

**III. RELIGIOUS THOUGHT.** Our papers on Higher Criticism will be the most exhaustive and brilliant series of religious discussions which has appeared in years. The opening paper, which appears in this issue, is by Professor William Sanday, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis in Oxford University. The other papers of this

series, which we now have in hand, are by R. F. Horton, A. M., the eminent English author and lecturer, Washington Gladden, D. D., and Rev. F. B. Vrooman. Other contributions by equally eminent thinkers will follow. These articles will be one of the strong features of *THE ARENA* for 1894 which will be of value to those who are interested in religious thought.

**IV. PSYCHIC SCIENCE.** *THE ARENA*, more than all other great reviews put together, has compelled the attention of thoughtful people in regard to the marvels of psychic science. In 1894 our papers along this line of research will be peculiarly brilliant, and indispensable to all persons who appreciate the fact that along this pathway lie great truths which will yet explain many of nature's mysteries, and which will prove of inestimable value to science. It is our intention to open this series in the January number by publishing one of the most thought-inspiring contributions which have been written in years, entitled "The Sixth Sense and How to Develop It," by Paul Tyner.

**V. THE CIVILIZATION OF TO-MORROW.** A series of original and unique papers on Heredity, Prenatal Influence and Early Environment, by such writers as Helen H. Gardener, Dr. S. B. Elliot, author of the most authoritative work ever published on Prenatal Culture, and the Editor of *THE ARENA*. These contributions will be of special value to parents and all who are interested in the civilization of to-morrow.

**VI. POPULAR PAPERS ON EMERGENCY SURGERY.** By William Thornton Parker, M. D. A series of papers of great practical value to all readers.

**VII. WOMAN'S WORLD.** The great problem which now stirs woman so profoundly will be fully discussed in the review which has given woman a fuller recognition than any other leading magazine in the world.

**VIII. IMPORTANT PAPERS BY REV. M. J. SAVAGE.** Rev. M. J. Savage and his brother, Rev. W. H. Savage, will contribute six papers to *THE ARENA* for 1894 on the religious views of our late great poets as reflected in their lives and utterances. These contributions will be of special interest to our readers, and a most valuable feature of *THE ARENA*.

**IX. OTHER FEATURES.** All great, live subjects which bear vitally on the world's progress will be ably discussed, while biographical sketches, stories, poems, striking portraits of leading thinkers, and the department of Books of the Day will be special attractions of this review.

We ask all friends interested in the world's onward march, and who appreciate the review which has always been the fearless and untrammelled defender of the people, to use their influence in aiding our circulation during the coming year. We propose to make *THE ARENA* a library of the best new progressive and reformatory thought in the world.



### The Ascent of Life.

In this issue we publish the first paper of a brilliant series of contributions on "The Ascent of Life." These papers will interest the general reader as well as the deeper student of life, as they are written in a brilliant manner, and are certain to create widespread interest among live thinkers.

### Professor William Sanday's Paper.

In this issue we open our series of papers by leading orthodox thinkers on the higher criticism. The initial paper is from the scholarly pen of Rev. William Sanday, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Dean Ireland's professor of exegesis, Oxford. It is able and deeply reverent, and should command the respect of all Christian scholars, even though they may not agree with the professor in his advocacy of higher criticism. Dr. Sanday will be followed by Rev. R. F. Horton, A. M., Rev. F. B. Vrooman, Dr. Washington Gladden, and other eminent orthodox thinkers who are advocates of higher criticism.

### Three Important Financial Papers.

No political problem is so prominent in the minds of the great thinking millions of America to-day as the monetary question; and this in despite of the strenuous efforts put forth by the usurers of Europe and America, and the political demagogues to divert the attention of the masses by raising old-time bogies. The American people are at last fully aroused. They will no longer take the *dictum* of those who change money for profit, or their agents in government, as final authority. Appreciating the importance of this great problem, and observing how rarely thoughtful and competent thinkers are permitted a hearing in magazine literature unless they speak as Wall Street dictates, we have arranged for a brilliant presentation of the monetary question from various points of view other than that favored by the Bank of England, the great money lenders of Europe and America.

In this number of THE ARENA, Con-

gressman John Davis opens his series of contributions which will prove of great value to thoughtful Americans. Mr. Davis will deal with famous passages in the financial history of the world. His opening paper is on "The Bank of Venice." Dr. George C. Douglas, whose paper in a recent issue of THE ARENA awakened general interest by its comprehensive ability, contributes an article of real value to this number, and Mr. George C. Kelley of Alabama gives a thoughtful paper on the financial problem from the standpoint of a Southern Democrat who favors state banks. The readers of THE ARENA for 1894 will find this review especially helpful, in that it will give authoritative discussions of the financial problem, presented in such a manner that all can inform themselves upon this important question, instead of taking the opinions given by those who are acquiring millions through special privileges and interest.

### Congressman Davis on Money.

Probably no man in the United States Congress has made finance the subject of such patient and exhaustive study as Honorable John Davis. Mr. Davis differs radically from the great financial lights of Wall Street, who are constantly having themselves interviewed, in order to make the people think as they desire. The Wall Street financier is a money changer for profit, or a gambler who acquires millions of money which he has never earned. Mr. Davis has no interest in finance beyond the interest of every patriot for the common weal of the millions who are the wealth producers of the nation. I trust every friend of THE ARENA will carefully read "The Bank of Venice" in this issue. It is the first of a series of calm and thoughtful papers on finance which will be of immense value to the students of the monetary problem.

### The Arena Album.

All subscribers to THE ARENA whose subscriptions are received after date of this publication, will receive The Arena Album, a companion to The Arena Port-

folio. This Album contains fifteen portraits with autographs, a handsome frontispiece consisting of portraits of Whittier and Tennyson, and a table of contents, all printed on heavy plate paper. The great popularity of our Arena Portfolio, and the general request for portraits of leading writers for THE ARENA whose pictures were not in the Portfolio, have led us to publish this new Album, which has been made expressly for our subscribers. We would take this occasion to say that all our Arena Portfolios are exhausted, and as the plates have been destroyed it will be impossible for us to print more; hence those who were fortunate enough to secure that publication possess a collection of fine portraits which in all probability will never again be duplicated. The following are the contents of the new Arena Album:—

- Frontispiece: Tennyson and Whittier.  
 Table of Contents.  
 Portraits and Autographs of  
 I. Richard A. Proctor.  
 II. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D.  
 III. Hamlin Garland.  
 IV. James A. Herne.  
 V. W. D. McCrackan, A. M.  
 VI. B. O. Flower.  
 VII. Lasalle Corbell Pickett.  
 VIII. Helen H. Gardener.  
 IX. Louise Chandler Moulton.  
 X. Helen Campbell.  
 XI. Will Allen Dromgoole.  
 XII. M. French-Sheldon.  
 XIII. May Wright Sewall.  
 XIV. Helen M. Gougar, A. M.  
 XV. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

#### **Rent: Its Essence and Place in the Distribution of Wealth.**

I desire to call special attention to the masterly paper which appears in this issue of THE ARENA on the above topic. This is the first contribution in our series of important papers on *the land question*, which will be such a notable feature of THE ARENA for 1894.

#### **Gerald Massey: Prophet and Reformer.**

In this issue we give the second of a series of three papers on Gerald Massey.

We hope next month to be able to publish the poet's portrait and autograph, as an accompaniment to the third paper. Among the brilliant champions of the industrial millions, no nineteenth-century poet has outshone Mr. Massey in boldly espousing the cause of the oppressed. His poems are timely at the present moment, when the masses are feeling so keenly the result of special legislation.

#### **Help Renovate the Slums While Reform Is in Progress Which Will Destroy Uninvited Poverty.**

I wish to call the attention of every reader of THE ARENA to the noble work being carried on by Mr. Daniel in the slums of Philadelphia. Mr. Daniel needs funds, and needs them badly, to further the splendid effort he is engaged in. Our readers will be doing a real good by sending money for this work.

A letter just received from Mr. Daniel describes the opening of the new guild room. "It was," writes Mr. Daniel, "crowded with young people, and gave promise of great work. Many of the boys and girls were of the very poorest class, who live from hand to mouth, and who otherwise would spend their time on the streets. The improvements," continues Mr. Daniel, "cost \$115, \$62 of which is still to be raised."

Friends of THE ARENA brotherhood, here is a noble, self-sacrificing family, consisting of Mr. Daniel, his wife and children, working for the uplifting of humanity in the slums. They have left a congenial home for the squalid quarters of a great city, that by imitating Jesus they might touch and lift lives which would otherwise be lost. It is a sacrifice few are ready to make; and where such a step has been taken, those who have engaged in the splendid work should be nobly seconded by means of funds to successfully carry on the enterprise. Will not all our readers lend a hand in the glorious undertaking? THE ARENA has thus far been enabled to forward \$53.25 for this work.

#### **Education True and False.**

A leading feature of the THE ARENA for January will be a brilliant essay from

the pen of William Ordway Partridge, the sculptor, on "Education True and False." It is one of the strongest and most thoughtful papers which have yet appeared on the subject of education.

### Illustrated Lectures on the Poor of Our Great Cities.

Mr. C. A. O. Powers of Findlay, O., one of the many readers of THE ARENA who have followed our portrayal of the terrible poverty and suffering of the very poor in our great cities, has been so impressed with the vital importance of this problem, that he recently spent several weeks in Boston and New York studying slum life and obtaining flash-light photographs which illustrate conditions. He and his friend, Mr. C. W. Taylor, have arranged to give illustrated lectures, during the winter, on the slums of our great cities and how to abolish them. These gentlemen are profoundly interested in the welfare of their fellow-men, and will do a noble work for humanity by compelling people to think upon this great problem. A percentage of all their lecture returns will be given to the deserving poor of the towns in which they lecture. Persons or societies interested in this important work would do well to communicate with Mr. Powers at Findlay, O.

### Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

Dr. James R. Cocke's able contribution on "Practical Application of Hypnotism in Modern Medicine," will be read with great interest by our readers, who, through the pages of this review, have been informed from time to time of the progress being made in Europe and America by leading scientists and physicians. The wonderful results which have followed the employment of this agent have led many ignorant people to greatly magnify its possibilities for evil, and this fear has been increased by numerous lurid stories, written by romancers who are entirely ignorant of the subject. With hypnotism, as with other truths, nothing is so safe as knowledge. Full, intelligent investigation is needed, and nothing is to be feared from open-

eyed truth. The triumph of hypnotism, more popularly termed mesmerism, is one of the most interesting and suggestive passages in human progress. Tabooed and ignored by science, it refused to vanish at the dictates of learned ignorance. Later it captured scientific minds among the medical profession, who set truth above prejudice. Now the intolerant wing of the profession, or those who would establish a medical priesthood, either wish to place that which as long as possible they refused to recognize as a phenomenon under the ban of law, or else desire to have the new knowledge given entirely into their keeping. *It is very difficult for humanity to learn that nothing else is so safe as liberty and knowledge, nothing so wholesome as freedom and justice.*

### Kind Words from an Educational Paper on our Position on the New Education.

The editor of "Primary Education," the leading journal devoted to this department of schools in America, thus notices our recent paper on "The New Education and the Public Schools":—

The editor of THE ARENA has done the cause of education a priceless service in his complete and comprehensive article, "The New Education and the Public Schools," in the September issue of that fearless magazine. It is noteworthy that no such discussion, discrimination, or defence has ever been attempted since the beginning of the wordy war between the new and the old, *by one outside the school world.* For this it is especially valuable. The "giftie" has thus given us the means to see ourselves through the eyes of one accustomed to pierce shams and tear away illusions. The wonder is that any man outside the school field could know so well the purposes, conditions, and equipments of the working army inside the lines.

The effect upon the teachers themselves of reading this presentation of the "New Education" will be to open their eyes to the tremendous, inherent force of the new ideas, to inspire effort to work in sympathy with them, and to increase the self respect of every one engaged in carrying on the cause.

### Prairie Songs by Hamlin Garland.

In this issue of THE ARENA we publish "A Human Habitation," by Hamlin Garland. This poem is from advance sheets of a handsome volume of poems

by Mr. Garland, entitled "Prairie Songs." The work is being brought out by Messrs. Stone & Kimball. It will be an attractive volume of about two hundred pages, profusely illustrated from original drawings characteristic of Western life. This work, which will be reviewed in an early number of *THE ARENA*, is strong, vigorous, and sturdy as the manhood of the great West. The price is \$1.25.

#### **Civilization's Inferno.**

The sale of "Civilization's Inferno" has been phenomenal, two editions having been exhausted, and the demand is unabated. Below we quote extracts from two criticisms which came to our office during the past week. *Messiah's Herald*, in a recent editorial, says:—

Dante's Inferno does not contain any more startling passages than does this volume. We differ with the author in some of his conclusions, but at the same time we regard this as one of the most important works bearing upon the condition of the poor of our cities. The facts and arguments presented in this book are not easily set aside.

The *Philadelphia Daily Press* of October 28 says:—

"Civilization's Inferno" is one of the strongest books of the day upon the question of social reform.

#### **Noble Work among Colored Orphans in South Carolina.**

Rev. D. J. Jenkins, a colored clergyman of ability and untiring zeal, has succeeded in building up a large orphanage for colored children in Charleston, S. C. It now accommodates three hundred children, and is proving a noble agent in the elevation of the young and friendless colored people. During the

recent terrible storm in the South, this orphan home was entirely unroofed, and it will require about five thousand dollars to repair it properly. Earnest friends have already sent in some funds, but more money is required. Indeed, the need is urgent, and if any friends of *THE ARENA* desire to help this work, they can forward donations to me, and I will send them to Charleston. Or, if they send direct to the mayor of Charleston, he will see that the funds are promptly applied in the work of repairing the asylum.

#### **On a Barn Roof.**

I wish to call the attention of our readers to the admirable and lifelike sketch, under the above title, in this issue. There is a subtle thought in the closing sentence which is very fine, and the entire sketch is so true to life as to be unusually charming. I look for splendid work from the author in the coming years.

#### **Progress of the Movement for Rational Dress.**

In an early issue of *THE ARENA* will appear an illustrated symposium, dealing with the rational dress movement and its progress, which will, I think, be interesting to thousands of our readers. The progress of this great movement is much more rapid than the most sanguine friends anticipated, and will succeed because it is along the line of health, common sense, and freedom, and also because it is far more artistic than the ridiculous, not to say monstrous, fashions which each decade forces upon women.

## PROSPECTUS OF THE ARENA FOR 1894.

### OUR SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

**A Chat about Some of the Good Things in Store for the Readers of Our Review.**

#### **The Ascent of Life: or, Psychical Laws and Forces in Nature.**

THE above work will prove so unique and valuable a contribution to the philosophical and scientific discussion of *man in search of his soul*, that we have felt it due to our readers to give a somewhat elaborate description of the work.

In issuing this work to the world, we are aware that it is the most peculiar one within our knowledge. Even if some of the author's deductions may afterwards be found to be partially incorrect, the work will still stand as a monumental contribution to modern thought. But allowing, as the author himself does, the chance of its containing some partial inaccuracies, we are of opinion that the educated public will endorse the work from beginning to end. It is altogether an appeal to the reason. With the exception of the facts given in reference to the experiments, the whole book is intended to be put interrogatively — even when, as the author says, his own conviction leads him to speak with certainty; so that, even if some deductions be found to be in part erroneous, the author's judgment is protected by his avoidance of all dogmatizing and by his friendly request that the reader shall come with him, both as companion and critic, to join in this search for knowledge in a hitherto trackless region.



STINSON JARVIS.

Yet the modesty with which his views are issued only increases the reader's appreciation of the boldness that was required to promulgate them in any shape. We remember no work in which a writer has more completely disregarded prejudice in order to win or give truth. It is true that it is only the prejudice of the uninformed which he has to face, but yet this is and has always been the greatest boggy that has stood in the way of original thought. The announcements which his own scientific experiments in the region of psychic laws and forces enable him to make, and the deductions necessarily arising therefrom, combine to produce a work in which extreme originality and convincing continuity of thought appear in almost every line.



Somewhere in the work is this sentence: "What is opinion, or any centuries of opinion, worth—what is any man's thought worth, unless it leaps into the heart as a truth?" and it is evident that not only in this but in his previous works this text has been before the author. It must have been with him throughout his life, for otherwise he could never have been able to produce this work and sufficiently pare down, skim off, discard, or gather up the world's best findings in regard to science, religions, and social life. The reader feels that the writer expects him to have all the latest findings on these subjects at his finger-ends, and yet the expressed desire for extreme simplicity has culminated in a wording such as any schoolboy may understand. Indeed, in this short and very condensed treatise, the writer is too much occupied in bringing extraordinarily mysterious facts of nature within the comprehension of readers to risk any obscurity in his own words. His aim is to banish mystery, as far as may be—not create it. In a letter to us he says he has "none of the evident purpose of some great writers, to suggest literary godhead by mysterious hiding in clouds of verbiage."

The work, therefore, may be termed a first chart of an untravelled region—vague, it may be, in some localities, with the shores but dimly outlined—but with many hitherto unproved realities surely and certainly defined, and thus, as a whole, making us far richer than when we possessed no chart at all.

It commences in a conversational way with a simple description of a series of experiments in psychic phenomena which prove beyond any doubt the existence of the human soul, and also many of its almost incredible powers. As a barrister who has practised for many years in the courts of law, and largely in the criminal courts, the author is well aware of the values, or lack of values, attached to human testimony; and he therefore asks for no further credence beyond that which will be sufficient to put others in the same channels of scientific inquiry. Several times in the text he assures us that almost any man, with suitable media, can find out exactly the same things for himself.

There is a total absence of mystery about the work—in fact it is clear in several places that the author even dreads the idea that a desire for mystery or peculiarity may be imputed to him. And it is partly in the convincing frankness with which he endeavors to remove all idea of the supernatural, and to explain every necessary item, that he wins the reader. For the sake of publishing discoveries which will undoubtedly advance to an enormous extent the cause of truth and the knowledge of the world, he is obliged, with strangers, to partly place reputation at stake. On this point his boldness for truth's sake is much to be commended.

After explaining how in human beings there are media by which thought transference can without words be made complete, he proceeds to show how similar abilities obtain in a lesser degree throughout the animal kingdom, and how this capacity for receiving wordless enlightenment is one method by which all life is assisted towards its progress into ascending grades. It shows how, wherever there is a mind, a sensorium, even down to the most primitive ganglion, there is the ability through its immaterial correspondences of gaining such intuitive impressions as are necessary for its welfare or advance. He shows how it is through these necessary demands of the sensorium in its immaterial correspondences that such enormous delays have occurred in the development of high grades of life and intellect upon this globe; and also that all advances are owing to the workings of the same processes, thus also explaining the rapid separation of man's



grade from the lower planes of life after thought and invention commenced to multiply through the conscious and determined effort of brain and soul.

Throughout the work, Stinson Jarvis confines his methods to the limits which strict science requires. When a conjecture is made, he openly states it to be conjecture. The reader follows in a charmed way — not asked to believe anything, but only to reason, and led on from one acceptable and totally new thought to another, until he is gradually brought into comprehension of a scheme of life such as never before has been published — so vast, so magnificent, so simple, that one's thanks are felt to be due for its portrayal.

Mr. Jarvis insists that the strictest science must extend its own methods into immaterial regions. He does this himself. He gives an aid to the science of evolution such as it has not enjoyed since Darwin died. In fact, while carrying it on, he satisfactorily explains the ascent of life on the great point where Darwin was entirely in the dark — or, in other words, he takes up the thread where the great naturalist dropped it, and carries it further. He quotes Huxley to prove that he is justified by science itself in advancing scientific methods in the way he does towards the discovery of the soul attributes and the proper study and acceptance of religion. A number of simple facts are marshalled to show in a cogent way that life (soul) is in part vibration, and thus is governed by vibratory laws; and the most beautiful portion of the work is the exposition of the part that music plays in nature — music being the language of the soul's phases, any one of which is producible by the music that is the language of such phase.

It would be impossible to give here a synopsis of the work, because it is itself a synopsis — of everything — condensed far too much for the reader, who is made hungry on one thought and then rushed on to the next. While scientific in its proofs of realities, the book is deeply religious. It does not collide with any religion; neither does it in any way offend the high priests of science. It takes a new and further ground for both.

While showing that life (soul) is in part vibration, the psychic phenomena as exhibited in the experiments are followed in the examination of their effects throughout all human intercourse, and that of the sexes, including the extraordinary results in nature's sacrament of marriage. Every living thing in nature is subject to and controlled by vibratory laws. Thus every living thing must conform to these. "Acquiescence is a song; prohibition produces a dirge; refusal means discord, despair, madness." The evolution into the spiritual life by natural means is beautifully traced through the teaching of love through marriage; and the spiritual life (the latest and highest known grade of life), is shown to be just as much a part of nature as the life of a worm.

In this work nature is shown to be all one huge symmetrical whole, with no jumps or chasms anywhere; and the work culminates in tracing the natural evolution of the animal man into the spiritual one. We do not think that any book ever published has gone so far towards *actual proof* of a life after human death; and yet the writer confines himself strictly to existing facts. It is the gladdest, most hope-giving production that we know of. After its perusal there can be no more necessity for agnosticism. It might be a fairly good subtitle for the work to add, "Or the Agnostic in Heaven." Not that the writing approves of agnosticism — on the contrary, it shows that this must mean continued suffering. It merely indicates the path of true happiness — that which has brought joy to every living thing when in its own grade it has lived in accordance with the laws which were at that time the appropriate ones.

It claims that the spiritual man discards those things, whether allowable or disallowed by society, which check the advance of the spiritual life — not always because the impediment is sin, but perhaps because it partakes of that which was once idealized, sought, acquired, enjoyed, found tiring, discarded, and therefore now an absurdity. The doctrine here advanced for the first time of the continual seeking, acquiring, and discarding of continually ascending ideals contains a wide observation of human life. The individuality knows happiness in the seeking and conquest of an ideal. But we are intended to move continually on; and after satiation that which at one time seemed so much a real fact is nothing but a *mirage* of the past. In our passage through life there are, strictly speaking, no facts — that is to say, an ideal ahead seems like a fact, but after it has been fully utilized, one sees that it was only a useful *mirage*. The ascent of the ideals is, therefore, the natural upward path to the Ultimate Ideal. Since this work went to press we find that in the latest of the celebrated Hibbert Lectures, delivered in England, some very similar ideas were put forward — the subject of the lecture being “God, the Source of the Ideals.”

Where ideas are condensed to a line which ought to take a chapter, where the paragraphs bristle with new thoughts, and where the sketch of a stupendous system is compressed to the confines of one hundred and fifty pages, it is difficult to give any account which would be satisfactory either to the public or to the author. But in conclusion it may be said that this work supplies the proof (or rather puts people in the way of supplying themselves with proof) of that which a great number of educated people of to-day believe without demonstrable evidence. Stinson Jarvis has for himself evidently avoided with care any alliance with any sect or cult. He holds that these things are to be discovered by each one in himself, such information being acquired from others as may be possible.

We pass now from the above work to its author, feeling sure that some details concerning his life will be found interesting.

*Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly* produced an account of his life when it published his portrait after his winning the thousand-dollar prize awarded last year in Chicago for the best novel submitted; and we use our contemporary's account, together with notes collected by ourselves.

Stinson Jarvis belongs to a family that has been American for two hundred and thirty-seven years — since Stephen Jarvis, an English lawyer, settled at Huntingdon, L. I., in 1656. Prior to the last ten American generations, the family was English, and in the older country can be traced back to a distant period, the name having passed, as shown in the *Patronymica Britannica*, through different spellings to the Norman French, Gervaise, and through this to the original Latin, Gervasius. In the “Jarvis Family Book,” which has been forwarded to us for inspection, are found many eminent men, and also the steel engravings made from their extant pictures. We here find reprinted many interesting records and wills of the family which are more than two centuries old, stretching back as far as 1668. We find them conveying their slaves and other properties in the quaintest way. On July 29, 1682, a person was fined twenty shillings for having brought a bag of meal from Oyster Bay on the Sabbath, and on June 3, 1683, a written confession of shame and repentance was required from three men who had travelled on a Sunday from Hempstead. Coming down five generations we find the Right Reverend Abram Jarvis, bishop of Connecticut, who was a historical man in the church, and was the first bishop ever consecrated in America. He was the present author's great-great-grand-uncle, and was also great grand-uncle of Caldwell Colt, the present commodore of the Larchmont Yacht Club. The bishop's son, the Reverend Samuel Farmar Jarvis, was

one of the ripest scholars this country has produced, his literary works making him as well known in England as in America.

At the time of the Revolution, this author's great-grandfather, Colonel Stephen Jarvis, of the English Dragoons, fought all through the war on the wrong side. His life, as it still appears in his own manuscript, was a romantic one, and will be published in the form of a historical novel. He remained, of course, loyal to the English flag, and afterwards became adjutant-general of the British forces in Canada. He, together with two brothers, abandoned properties in the United States after the independence, and settled in Canada. The energy exhibited by these people in accepting the trials of a new country for the sake of an ideal was transmitted to their descendants, who have since been chief justices, judges, barristers, and clergy in Canada. William Jarvis, one of the above-mentioned brothers, was subsequently Secretary of State in Canada for many years.

This family has therefore been historical in two countries, and the alliances formed by the marriages of its daughters are almost endless. They pass into the lines of William Dummer, the Powells, Seymours, Bleekers, Bernards, Sherwoods, Hamiltons, Irvings, Wetmores, Murrays, Waterburys, and many others; while in England the connection is large, through the lines of General Budgeon and Sir Samuel Raymond Jarvis, the Beaumonts, and others.

The Boston branch descended from Nathaniel, who was the brother of the original Stephen Jarvis of 1656. The number of men in the Boston branch who have held eminent positions in the navy, the state, and the learned professions could only be dealt with, as it has been, in a book devoted to the purpose. Notable, however, among these is Mr. Consul Jarvis, as he was known, whose life was published by his daughter, Mary Pepperell Sparhawk Jarvis, who married the Honorable Hampden Cutts, and was a writer well known in Boston society. It is through these memoirs, and in others of similar kind, that we learn of the claims made by Sir John Jarvis at various times to his cousinship with the American branches. Sir John was then admiral of the hostile British fleet during the Revolution, and afterwards (then Lord St. Vincent) met Mr. William Jarvis when he was American consul at Lisbon, and again brought forward his claim. Whatever Lord St. Vincent's proofs were, they have been lost, and as he was the most celebrated naval commander of his day, the fact of the loss may reasonably be regretted.

As the present author has come back from Canada and made New York his home, his family's temporary indiscretion of one hundred and seven years may readily be forgiven.

In his idea, a college education is merely the preparation for the real education which continues throughout one's life. The college course being passed, he left at the age of eighteen on an unmapped course of travel. After a winter spent in the European cities and a two months' study of Rome, he went east and lived in various oriental countries. It was at this time and through accidentally meeting a man who was well known throughout Europe and Egypt for his odd knowledge, that Mr. Jarvis first gained some insight into those usually unobserved powers of nature which subsequently attracted him towards experiments. After a year's travel, and before he was twenty years old, he published a book on oriental travel. For several years after this, in the latter part of the seventies, he divided his time between law, general reading, and yachting, with occasional experiments in regard to the phenomena of which we are now publishing the account.

In the practice of his profession as a barrister, his successes were chiefly

in the criminal courts, where his knowledge of men and his power for discerning human character assisted him. Before three years had expired he had made some name for himself in regard to certain important extradition cases in which he was counsel, and then received a commission from the Canadian government to act judicially in extradition matters.

Stinson Jarvis has put more into his thirty-nine years than most men. Two subsequent visits to England and Europe assisted his chief study, namely, that of men and life. The odd ways of odd people have for him a scientific value; and there are few really odd corners of the world with which he is unacquainted. Always travelling alone, he knows Jerusalem and Damascus better than New York, and has lived for months in the tents with the Arabs, riding daily through foreign lands.

"The Ascent of Life" will be seen to be the outcome of the serious studies of a lifetime. His favorite authors have been Darwin, Huxley, Herbert Spencer, Hæckel, A. R. Wallace, Max Müller, and many others. In prose fiction George Eliot holds supreme place with him. Then comes Balzac, then Thackeray. Among religious writers he deems Sir Edwin Arnold entitled to first place, but for one poem only, namely, "The Light of Asia." When the amount of reading matter is now so great, and when our time is so limited, he holds that we must not lose grasp of general views by absorption in any one groove of study, but feed on the published results of all the specialists, and thus seek the dovetailing of the whole. Whatever doubts which he, in common with all readers of science, has had to cope with, his early experiments, with psychic forces and his actual proof of the existence of soul and its powers continually advised him that the full extent of man's possible knowledge is not to be found within the confines or through the material methods of material science.

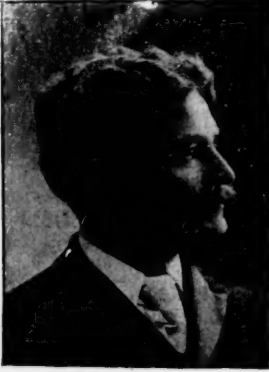
It is natural to desire that a lifetime of study and generalization should not be lost as to its results. We are not surprised that Stinson Jarvis abandoned the more lucrative practice of the law for the life of letters. We believe it was his duty to make this venture, and that to hold secreted in his own brain such a sequence of ideas as appears in "The Ascent of Life" would be a wrong to others as well as to himself. What particularly strikes the reader of this work is the amount of profound study of all religions and science, which is not mentioned, but makes itself felt; and while it is our intention to review Mr. Jarvis' novels in an early issue of *THE ARENA*, we cannot avoid adding here that even if he never writes another line after the publication of "The Ascent of Life," his name will be already made in the realm of lasting and invaluable literature.

### **The New Bible; or, The Higher Criticism. What it Aims to Accomplish.**

*A series of papers by leading orthodox clergymen and scholars of Europe and America who advocate the broader view of the Scriptures.*

We are in the midst of a religious revolution, deeper and broader in influence, if less belligerent and demonstrative in character, than the Reformation. The latter great protest was an appeal to the consciences of men and women who, while profoundly religious, had not had the opportunity to view life or its great problems broadly; for the centuries which preceded it had narrowed rather than widened man's vision, and the era of material, scientific, and intellectual progress for Western Europe was only then beginning to dawn. Since that period the world has become knit together as one huge commonwealth, through invention and the discovery of methods whereby steam and electricity may be utilized. Since then the

printing press and popular education have changed a world of unreading ignorance to a world well informed, even if as yet there is far too little independent thinking; while astronomy, physical science, and psychical research have revolutionized the conceptions of other worlds.



REV. F. B. VROOMAN.

That this broadening of thought and increase of knowledge should affect in a very real way the religious views of Christendom is perfectly natural; while a deeper study of the Bible, and profounder research into the mental attitude, the religious conceptions, the influence of scholarship, and the inherited ideas entertained by the Greek, Jewish, and Roman worlds at the time when Christianity became moulded into a great dogmatic system of thought, together with the important facts revealed by ancient manuscripts, not known to exist at the time of the Reformation, have flooded the intellectual world with new light, and to a certain extent compelled leading thinkers among the expert scholars of the religious world to take an advanced position on questions relating to the Bible and Christi-

anity. Then again, the keener sense of justice, the higher respect for right, the finer conception of what any God must be who is worthy of love and respect, have obliged the religious world to discard views and opinions long ago cherished by Cotton Mather and Michael Wigglesworth. That the brutal doctrines long taught by the church have driven a large number of earth's noblest, most humane and thoughtful children into materialism is unquestionably true. And this important fact has been recognized and appreciated by the leaders of the great religious reformation, now in progress within the confines of the church, which is known as *Higher Criticism*.

It is perfectly natural that the leaders of this great movement should be persecuted and charged with heresy by that class which in the time of Jesus were loyal to the sanhedrim, and in consequence persecuted the great Nazarene; that class which in later years raised the cry in the city of Ephesus, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" that class which sought to destroy the leaders of the Reformation; and in a word, the class which at all times have believed they possess the only saving truth, and that those who fail to see it as they did ought to be dealt with as mercilessly as public opinion in the age and land would permit. The enemies of the higher criticism have been heard on every side. Abuse and bitter invective have been hurled at men who are among the most reverent and deeply religious, and also among the most profound scholars in the biblical world, simply because they have found that in the light of modern research old positions were untenable to those who placed truth above prejudice.

Now it is our determination to give the thoughtful American, during the next year, a series of papers which will show precisely where these great men stand; why they have been forced to take issue with old-time popular conceptions; what the new thought involves, the nobler view of religion it gives, and the aims of the movement. The ablest scholars in the orthodox churches, who represent the new movement in Europe and America, will contribute to this series.

Among the early papers will be contributions by Professor WILLIAM SANDAY, A. M., D. D., LL. D., Professor of Exegesis, Oxford, Eng., Rev. WASHINGTON GLADDEN, D. D., ROBERT F. HORTON, M. A., whose "Revela-



tion and the Bible" created such a profound impression on thoughtful Christians, and who was called from England to deliver a series of lectures to the students of Yale College last winter, now published under the title of "Verbum Dei," and Rev. F. B. VROOMAN, pastor of the Salem Street Congregational Church of Worcester, Mass.

Of interest as belonging in a general way to this topic, we have a very noteworthy paper, to appear in an early issue of THE ARENA, on "The Roman Catholic Church and Higher Criticism," by Merwin-Marie Snell, who for the past decade has been the private secretary of Bishop Keane of the Washington University.

Our series on the higher criticism will be the most authoritative and brilliant contributions setting forth the claims and objects of this great movement ever published in a review.



MERWIN-MARIE SNELL.

### Indian Occultism; or, A Scientist in Eastern Wonderland.

By HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.

This series of papers embraces the following discussions: I. *The Marvels of Hindoo Magic*. II. *The Remains of an Ancient Civilization: or The Ruined Cities of Ceylon and Their Story*. III. *Occult Science in Thibet*. IV. *Among the Adepts of Serinagur*. V. *Glimpses of Eastern Wonderland: or Five Weeks with a Hermit in the Neilgherry Mountains*. VI. *The Secret Doctrine of the Brahmins*.

These papers are certain to awaken widespread interest, and to call forth much discussion. They are carefully prepared and are distinctly able.

The author, a German scientist, was, at the time of going to India, a pronounced materialist. He has carried into his researches the careful, critical methods of modern scientific scholarship, and he is perfectly candid. Nothing is glossed over or covered up. He has aimed to narrate events which have transpired under his personal observation exactly as they occurred. Some of the statements are astounding to the Western mind, but, as he suggests, the profoundest minds of India have spent centuries upon centuries in introspective contemplation, or the mastery of the human brain.



DR. HEINRICH HENSOLDT.

Dr. Hensoldt's career in India is exceedingly interesting. Indeed, if he chose to devote his facile pen to a narration of his wanderings in the Island of Ceylon, up the rivers and through the forests of India, over the mountains of Thibet and through Burmah, the work would read like a powerful romance, while proving rich in information. For the author has the critical spirit which is the strong characteristic of modern scientific research. He has given special study to natural history and



geology, and is an interested student of archæology. Thus the story of his travels, aside from the strong interest attending his researches in occultism and Eastern metaphysical conceptions, would render such a work at once valuable and absorbingly interesting.

He left Germany with a fellow scientist, who was some years his senior, to assist in archæological researches. His friend desired to spend some years in studying the ruined cities of Ceylon in order to give to the Western world as much knowledge as it is possible for research to unfold of a wonderful civilization, about which even the ancient civilization of the Orient to-day knows little. Unfortunately for the enterprise the senior student was stricken with fever, and died shortly after reaching Ceylon. Dr. Hensoldt remained two years in Ceylon; thence he went to India, Thibet, and Burmah, spending ten years among the scholarly adepts and learned men of the East. He has carefully and critically investigated the remarkable phenomena witnessed in the presence of the mystics, and also has made their philosophy the subject of years of careful study. In his papers, prepared for THE ARENA, he discusses these problems in a masterly and scientific manner, and describes scenes which will awaken widespread interest. He also elucidates the philosophy of the East as he received it from the ablest students of the Orient. Those who have read his charming paper on "Atomic Worlds and Their Motion," published some time since in the *Popular Science Monthly*, and those who enjoyed his "Naturalist's Rambles in Ceylon," and other delightful contributions to scientific literature which have appeared in leading journals of opinion, will be aware of the easy grace and charming frankness which mark this brilliant author's style. He possesses the rare power of making dry scientific subjects fascinating to the general reader, and in these papers our subscribers will find an unusual treat. Whether one desires the truth for truth's sake, appreciating knowledge wherever it may be found for its own priceless sake; whether he merely desires to be entertained with glimpses of a strange world, which, while it was old when Homer sang, and when the children of Israel were making bricks without straw, is new to us; or whether one studies the facts merely to controvert them, as some persons who assume that we have all truth, and that whatever cometh not through certain channels must be error, will be eager to do—in either case these papers will be invaluable, especially to all who think for themselves and who enjoy new truths fascinatingly presented.

The first paper of this series will appear in the December ARENA, and is entitled "The Wonders of Hindoo Magic." Dr. Hensoldt's papers will rank among the most important contributions to magazine literature in recent years, and, coming from a critical scholar and a man trained in scientific methods, will be of special value to thoughtful people.

### Important Political and Economic Papers Dealing with the Present Crisis in our Political History.

The year 1894 will unquestionably be one of the most memorable in the political history of the republic, because we are now in the midst of one of those great educational agitations which immediately precede radical and fundamental changes. Or, in other words, the people are preparing to take another upward step toward ideal republicanism. The conflict of the present hour strongly suggests the tremendous agitation which convulsed the colonies before Britain sent her armed force to Concord. In the early stages of the Revolutionary conflicts our fathers protested and fought against injustice; but their views soon broadened, and they came to see that nothing save freedom could satisfy the high demands of the hour.

So the discontent which has been smouldering for the past twenty years, owing to injustice caused by special privileges and class legislation, at first expressed itself in demands looking toward temporary relief for those who were being pressed downward to the precipice of want. Later, the people began to read and think for themselves; the West, and to a certain extent the South, became a great economic school, and it is doubtful if ever before so many people, at the same time, have been engaged in the study of political economy and important social problems as there have been in the United States during the past decade. This independent study soon led the people to see the fundamental evils of present conditions. They began to understand why, in a nation of untold wealth, honest, hard-working, and sober men, women, and children were being driven to starvation and servitude or crime, while a few hundred gamblers, landlords, and monopolists, who were feeding off special privileges, were able to luxuriate on palatial yachts, dazzle English society by lavish entertainments, squander fortunes in continental Europe, buy coronets for their shallow-brained daughters by wedding them to ruined *roués* in the Old World, and in various ways to fling away in dissipation and wanton waste millions upon millions of dollars — money enough to have made thousands of homes joyous had their occupants received their just earnings instead of being robbed through the aristocracies of finance, transportation, landlordism, and other monopolistic combinations which through special privileges have acquired millions of money legitimately earned by the despoiled wealth producers.

Appreciating the fact that only vital issues and real reformatory measures now appeal to men of independent thought and the wealth-producing millions, who are day by day coming to think for themselves, we have arranged for our readers a series of political papers, which we confidently believe will prove the most thoughtful and brilliant contribution to the political and economic literature of recent years. Under the general caption, "A REPUBLIC OR AN OLIGARCHY," will appear the following papers, which will show why (1) special privileges must ultimately transform a republican form of government into an oligarchy; (2) the real underlying or basic causes which have led to the present deplorable social conditions; (3) how the dream of civilization may be realized, and a republic in reality established through wise and just legislation.

This great symposium will be divided into the following series: —

- I. *THE LAND QUESTION.*
- II. *IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES.*
- III. *THE NERVOUS AND ARTERIAL SYSTEM OF THE STATE.*
- IV. *THE PRESENT ASPECT OF THE MONEY QUESTION IN THE LIGHT OF EUROPEAN AND AMERICAN HISTORY.*
- V. *THE SLUMS OF OUR GREAT CITIES.*

#### I. The Land Question.

Embracing short and able papers on "First Principles of the Land Question," "Free Trade and the Land Question," "The Rights of Eminent Domain," "The Land Question and Social Experiments," "The Single Tax and the Farmer," "The Land Question and Mining," "The Land and the Woman Question," "Relation of the Land Question to the Natural Development of the States," "The Land Question and Socialism," etc.



HAMLIN GARLAND.

As before observed, these questions will be discussed in brief papers of from twelve hundred to two thousand words each. In this way every reader of *THE ARENA* will obtain a full, fair, and comprehensive view of the great land problem, given by the ablest students of this question. Among those who will contribute to this series are HAMLIN GARLAND, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Judge J. H. RALSTON of Washington, EDWARD OSGOOD BROWN of Chicago, E. B. GASTON, C. A. BUELL, THOMAS G. SHEARMAN, and LEE MERRIWETHER. They will be followed by eight or ten other scholars who have made the land question in all its phases the subject of exhaustive research. This will be the most complete and valuable

presentation of the problem ever made in a review.

## II. Ideal Republican Measures.

*THE ARENA* was the first American review to give prominence to the successful social experiments in Switzerland known as the Referendum, the Initiative, and Proportionate Representation. The interest awakened by these papers and through such admirable works as Mr. J. W. Sullivan's "Direct Legislation," Mr. W. D. McCrackan's "Rise of the Swiss Republic," and other scholarly volumes, has gradually grown until the industrial millions of our land are everywhere demanding the introduction of these measures, in order that the republic may be saved from the absolute control of a soulless plutocracy.

That these great reforms will become leading issues, in the near future, no thoughtful student of political affairs can doubt; and that their introduction will be favored by all who love free government, and opposed by those who favor an oligarchy under the name of a republic, is equally certain.

After having contributed so largely to awakening an interest in this vital question, *THE ARENA* proposes to further the great educational agitation by a series of thoughtful papers, which will appear in 1894, under the general caption, "IDEAL REPUBLICAN MEASURES." Those wishing to be informed upon one of the great political issues of the next presidential campaign should not fail to read these papers.

## III. The Nervous and Arterial System of the State.

No question has grown more steadily in popular favor, unless it be the demand for an increased volume of currency, than that which looks toward the government taking to itself what have been aptly termed the circulatory and nervous systems of the State. The people are beginning to feel that as long as the great highways over which they and their products must pass remain in the hands of corrupt, lawless, and soulless corporations, the producer and the consumer will be robbed to support profligate wealth, to enrich Wall Street gamblers, to pay interest on watered stock, and to enable the plunderers of the millions to continue to debauch legislators. On the other hand, it is claimed that with such measures as the Initiative and Referendum in active operation, all possible objections which have heretofore been urged against governmental ownership would lose their force. Certain

it is this will be a great issue of the future, as well as the government ownership of the telegraph and telephone, and the ownership by municipalities of street railways, lighting, and other things in which all citizens are necessarily interested and which are popularly denominated "natural monopolies." We have arranged for a series of important papers along these lines. Among the early contributors to this series will be Rabbi SOLOMON SCHINDLER and Honorable IGNATIUS DONNELLY.

#### IV. Present Aspects of the Money Question.

During the ensuing year the financial problem will be discussed from various points of view. THE ARENA will not, however, follow in the wake of conventional reviews by going to those *who make money by changing money, or to the great gamblers of Wall Street who style themselves "financiers,"* for its contributions on this question; neither will it wait upon Lombard Street for wisdom. The papers which will appear in THE ARENA series on finance will be prepared by statesmen rather than demagogues, patriots rather than pirates on the financial seas. They will all be from men who have made the money question a profound study, and who are actuated solely by a desire to bring about a condition of national prosperity in which the industrial millions will share.



RABBI SOLOMON SCHINDLER.

A very important series of papers on the money question, which will be a feature of THE ARENA for 1894, will be from the pen of Honorable John Davis, M. C. Mr. Davis has made the money question a subject of careful study for many years. He is far more conversant with the history of finance than most of the eminent financiers of Wall Street, who so frequently manage to get into print, in order to bolster up legislation which enriches the few and impoverishes the millions. These papers should be read by every patriot in America. They will be clear, logical, and convincing. Mr. Davis will notice: (1) Some Important Passages in the Financial Legislation of Europe; (2) The Financial Legislation of the United States from 1860 to 1890; (3) The Financial Problem of the Present Hour in the Light of Past History. Other papers will deal with: (4) The South and the Money Problem; (5) The West and the Money Problem; (6) The East and the Money Problem.

THE ARENA is the only great magazine in the English-speaking world which has given a full and fair hearing to the side of the financial problem which represents the opinion of the wealth-producers. The papers on the money question for 1894 will be invaluable for all who would keep abreast with the views of disinterested statesmanship on this great problem.

Many other papers on live political questions will appear from month to month. The problems which will be the issues of the next few years will be fully discussed, while no space will be given to the political bogies with which the designing have for years diverted the mind of the people from vital problems.

#### V. The Slums of Our Great Cities.

The frightful condition of tens of thousands in these plague spots of Christian civilization have been in a measure brought to public attention

during the past two years by THE ARENA's systematic agitation. During 1894 we will publish several important papers dealing with the slums of our great cities.

### **The Civilization of To-Morrow. Papers of Special Interest to Parents and Teachers.**

One of the most important features of THE ARENA for 1894 will be a series of papers which are now being prepared by eminent authoritative writers, dealing with the civilization of to-morrow. These papers will discuss: I. Heredity. II. Prenatal Influences. III. Early Environment.



HELEN H. GARDENER.

These vital problems must be thoroughly expounded and their real import forced home upon the consciences of the people before we can hope to approach a true civilization. The writers who contribute to this series will discuss heredity and prenatal influences in an able manner. The problem of early environment will also be comprehensively treated. The paper dealing with early home influences, school influences, and the influence of persons and love on the young, all parents and teachers should read with especial care. The whole series will abound in hints, suggestions, and illustrations which will be of great value to them. Among the contributors to this series will be HELEN H. GARDENER, who is one of the ablest writers on heredity in America, and Dr. SYDNEY B. ELLIOT, the author

of the best work ever published on prenatal culture. The editor of THE ARENA also will write some papers on early environment.

### **Woman's World.**

Since THE ARENA was started, four years ago, we have published more than three times as many contributions from women as any other high-priced review in the English language; while no magazine of opinion has so strongly advocated justice and freedom for womanhood as THE ARENA. In 1894 the cause of woman will be ably upheld, while the brightest and strongest thinkers among our American women will add to the interest of its pages.

### **Popular Papers on Emergency-Surgery, by WILLIAM THORNTON PARKER, M. D.**

These papers are of great practical value, for after perusing them our readers will be acquainted with the latest and best methods of proceeding in case of accidents, such as wounds, hemorrhages, burns, sprains, dislocation, the treatment of those apparently drowned, those suffering from collapse or apoplexy, and those who have been poisoned. These papers are as follows:—

I. General Anatomy. A brief but comprehensive survey of this subject, to render the subsequent papers intelligible without further explanation.

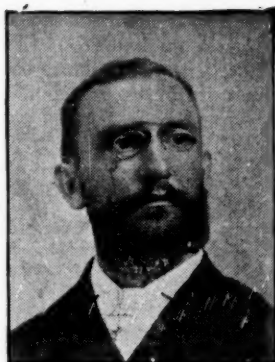
II. Treatment of wounds in general, including hemorrhages, burns, scalds, etc.



III. Treatment of fractures, sprains, dislocations, also giving explicit directions for the use of the triangular bandage.

IV. The treatment of those apparently drowned and of those suffering from shock, collapse, apoplexy, with observations on the care of those who have been poisoned.

These papers are scholarly, yet practical; and while not in any sense so technical as to render them incomprehensible to those not versed in medicine and surgery, they will give our readers the most advanced and improved methods of treatment in cases of emergency. They contain a vast amount of vitally important information which every intelligent person should know.



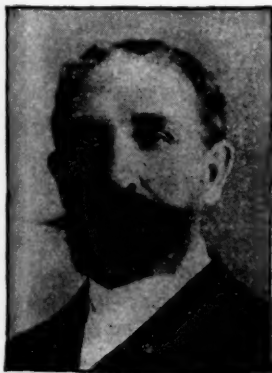
PROFESSOR WILLIAM THORNTON  
PARKER, M. D.

## Religious Views of Our Late Poets as Voiced in Their Poems.

Six short papers prepared by Rev. M. J. SAVAGE and his brother, Rev. WILLIAM H. SAVAGE. These papers will be charming expositions of the religious and ethical sentiments of Lowell, Longfellow, Whitman, Tennyson, Whittier, and Browning, and will contain many exquisite quotations from the writings of these great poets. They cannot fail to be exceedingly helpful.

## Hypnotism as a Therapeutic Agent.

A series of important papers by scholarly physicians who have employed hypnotism with marked success in the treatment of disease, will be an important feature in the next volume of *THE ARENA*. These papers will be of great value and interest to all thoughtful people. The opening contribution will be from the pen of James R. Cocke, M. D., who after having graduated from the Boston University School of Medicine (homeopathic) completed a post-graduate course at Harvard. Dr. Cocke has met with marked success in hypnotic treatment. He is a scholarly physician, rigidly scientific in methods. His narration of important cases in which hypnotism has been successfully employed is very interesting and valuable, furnishing additional evidence of the power of mind.



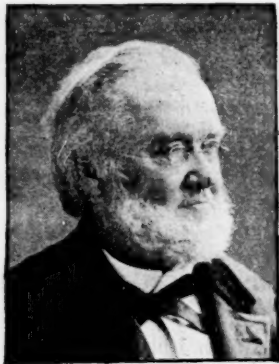
REV. M. J. SAVAGE.

## Psychical Science.

Embracing scientific papers on various psychical phenomena, including a series of valuable contributions prepared by leading scholarly physicians on hypnotism as a therapeutic agent. The first paper of this series will be a feature of the January *ARENA*. It is entitled, "*The Sixth Sense and How To Develop It*," and has been prepared for *THE ARENA* by Mr. Paul Tyner. It is an essay of peculiar power, scholarly, scientific, and yet in perfect sympathy with that new thought which we believe will do



much to redeem the world. Dr. James R. Cocke will follow Mr. Tyner in a remarkable paper on "The Mind in Ancient and Modern Medicine." THE ARENA more than any other magazine or review in the world has awakened general interest in scientific investigation of psychical and occult phenomena. During the past three years many of the most eminent thinkers of our time have discussed these problems in our pages, among whom we might mention Alfred Russel Wallace, Camille Flammarion, Rev. Minot J. Savage, F. W. H. Myers, of Cambridge, Eng., and Dr. Richard Hodgson, LL. D. In the future, as in the past, this review will give space to scholarly papers looking toward solving the great problems of the scope and power of the mind, and the to-morrow of the race.



PROFESSOR J. R. BUCHANAN.

### Physical Science.

A number of timely papers on Physical Science will appear in THE ARENA for 1894. The first of this series will be entitled, "The Marvels of Electricity," and has been prepared for THE ARENA by that profound scientist and philosopher, Professor Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D.

### Editorial Department.

In the future, as in the past, the editorial department will be characterized by the vigor, boldness, and earnestness of purpose which have done so much to make THE ARENA the most popular and most loved review in America. In this department Mr. Flower contemplates devoting a few pages each month to current events of vital significance, which will be an epitome of important happenings in the republic.

### Special Features of The Arena.

Fine portraits of leading thinkers, choice illustrations when the subject calls for illustrations, critical biographical sketches, stories of American life by American authors, prose etchings, character sketches, etc., will be features of THE ARENA for 1894, making the review interesting to all members of the family.

The popular southern short story writer, Will Allen Dromgoole, will contribute her best work to our columns during the coming year.



WILL ALLEN DROMGOOLE.

### The Books of the Day.

In addition to the 1550 pages which have constituted Volumes VII. and VIII. of THE ARENA, we have published during the past year over two hundred and thirty pages of reviews of the leading books of the time. The aim of the writers of these reviews has been to give the readers of THE ARENA a clear and intelligent idea of the nature, character, and contents of the books noticed.

In addition to the reviews prepared by the editor, carefully prepared criticisms have appeared from such able writers as Helen Campbell, W. D. McCrackan, A. M., Hamlin Garland, Henry Wood, Hattie C. Flower, Rev. Philip Moxom, Rev. E. L. Rexford, Rev. H. W. Thomas, D. D., Honorable Carroll D. Wright, Mrs. Annie I. Fields, Grace Carew Sheldon, Professor A. B. Curtis, Helen H. Gardener, Lucinda B. Chandler, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and other critical writers. The two hundred and thirty pages of book reviews in themselves make an invaluable compendium of literary news and criticism, and added to the regular pages of *THE ARENA* make this magazine the largest review published.

The book department for 1894 will be specially attractive, as no pains will be spared to make it indispensable to the reading public.

## A MAGNIFICENT GIFT TO EVERY SUBSCRIBER.

### Our Special Premium.

Two years ago we gave every reader of *THE ARENA* who remitted twenty cents extra for postage, our *Arena Portfolio*. Perhaps no premium was ever more appreciated by the public, and a large number of copies were sold at three dollars to persons wishing to make choice presents to friends. All the editions of our *Portfolio* have been exhausted, and owing to the destruction of a number of the plates, it will be impossible to republish that collection of portraits. At the urgent request of several thousand of our readers we have, however, decided to issue an *Arena Album*, very similar in many respects to the *Portfolio*. The initial page will contain fine portraits of Whittier and Tennyson; there will also be an index, giving list of portraits, and the following portraits with autographs, printed on heavy plate paper, suitable for framing, or the whole making a portfolio of special value and interest:—

Title page: Whittier and Tennyson.

Page giving list of portraits.

#### LIST OF PORTRAITS.

- |                                   |                              |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| I. Richard A. Proctor.            | VIII. Helen H. Gardener.     |
| II. Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D. D. | IX. Louise Chandler Moulton. |
| III. Hamlin Garland.              | X. Helen Campbell.           |
| IV. James A. Herne.               | XI. Will Allen Dromgoole.    |
| V. W. D. McCrackan, A. M.         | XII. M. French-Sheldon.      |
| VI. B. O. Flower.                 | XIII. May Wright Sewell.     |
| VII. Lasalle Corbell Pickett.     | XIV. Helen M. Gougar, A. M.  |
| XV. Ella Wheeler Wilcox.          |                              |

These portraits are placed in a handsome portfolio, cloth back and board sides, stamped in silver. Every subscriber to *THE ARENA*, whose name is received after Oct. 1, 1893, will receive a copy of this magnificent Album, post-paid and **ABSOLUTELY FREE**. The retail price of the Album alone is three dollars.

We are determined to greatly increase our subscription list during the ensuing year. We believe the papers arranged for and which are prepared or being prepared by master brains, are unequalled in vital interest by any contributions ever before arranged for by a single publication. We are resolved to make THE ARENA for 1894 incomparably better than ever before. And in addition to this we give, absolutely free, our magnificent Arena Album.

In return we ask our friends, in sending in their subscriptions, to secure one or two additional names. Our family of readers have done splendid work in the past, and we doubt not that they will appreciate our efforts and contribute a little time to the work which we are carrying on, and which we believe is dear to the hearts of our people.

AMONG THE ADEPTS OF SERINAGUR, By HEINRICH HENSOLDT, Ph. D.  
P.  
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